Collier's

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Russia Could Take Europe in

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And above all—Real Enjoyment!

The real enjoyment of Christmas comes with the heartwarming customs of the season. Above all, is the enjoyment brought by the gatherings of family and friends. And for over 90 years, superb A&P Coffee has played a real part in these cheerful get-togethers. For this roaster-fresh, Custom Ground coffee is America's favorite...and will be enjoyed in more homes this Christmas than any other coffee you can name!

You'll find that any one of the three distinctive blends (mild, medium, and strong) adds a festive note to your holiday meals and *everyday* meals. Try A&P Coffee, won't you? And above all, enjoy a really—**Merry Christmas!**

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AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES

Mild and Mellow — *Rich and Full-Bodied* — *Vigorous and Winey*

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A&P

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"Where are you?" asked a breathless little voice

The little boy who talked to Santa Claus

Direct Line to Toytown — *Billy had seen Santa Claus in the stores. But this was the first time he had ever talked to him by telephone from his home.*

Billy was four and a half and as full of questions as a quiz program.

But the telephone man didn't mind. He had a little boy of his own and he knew how it was. Patiently he kept explaining every step as he installed the new telephone in Billy's home.

Finally the job was done and he was about to make the usual call to the Central Office to be sure everything was in perfect working order.

SANTA'S HELPER—"Would you like to talk to Santa Claus?" he asked. "Right now—over this telephone?"

But it wasn't the usual call this time. For it happened to be just a little while before Christmas and you know how excited a little boy of four and a half can get about then. And the installer and his co-workers at the Central Office had something specially arranged for just such a situation.

"Would you like to talk to Santa Claus?" he asked. "Right now — over this telephone?"

"Ooooh! Yesss!" said Billy.

So the telephone man got the Central Office and asked Santa Claus to come to the telephone if he wasn't too busy making toys.

Said there was a nice little boy named Billy who wanted to talk to him. By now Billy's eyes were big as saucers, but quick as a flash he had the receiver to his ear. Next thing he knew, he heard a voice saying—

"Hello, Billy. This is Santa Claus."

"Where . . . are . . . you?" asked a breathless little voice.

"The North Pole," said Santa.

"Is it cold up there?" Etc. Etc. Etc.

They talked for several minutes and there wasn't a happier lad in all the land than Billy. You can just bet those telephone people were pretty happy about it too.

THIS IS A TRUE STORY *of how a telephone installer spread gladness among little boys and girls wherever he found them in the homes he visited during the pre-Christmas period. . . . Nobody asked him and his Santa Claus conspirators in the Central Office to do it. It was their own idea—and just another example of the friendly spirit of telephone people. . . . Wherever they are, and whatever they do, they aim to serve you not only with efficiency but with courtesy and consideration as well.*

Bell Telephone System

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gives you
Handsomer Hair!

FEEL the difference
in your scalp—SEE the difference
in your hair!

What a wonderful wake-up glow—when you use *"Live-Action"* Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout!"

50 seconds' massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb ... and your hair is neater, handsomer—set to stay that way all day! Natural looking—never "slicked down." Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil.

For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "Live-Action" Vitalis at any drug counter or barber shop.

• **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp.

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and the
"60-Second Workout"

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VITALIS HAIR CREAM
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CLEAN-GROOMED LOOK
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NO messy hands!

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The Cover

One day last summer, as he watched a public pool full of people near his home in New Jersey, Artist Homer Hill started wondering what such institutions as swimming holes and playgrounds are like when the last duck has flown South and snow presents a slippery problem. He decided to take a look, come winter. The result is the cover you see, depicting late afternoon at an aquatic arena named Sunnyfield. Apparently only kids think it's fun at this time of year.

Week's Mail

Admiring Relatives

EDITOR: Your article on "Burma" Walters (Prettiest Doctor in the Fleet, Nov. 11th) is to be commended. It is without a doubt one of the most sincere and perceptive pieces of writing that I have read in a long time.

The fact that Dr. Walters is my cousin has not prejudiced me, believe me. You see we were raised together and only one of her own kin can appreciate your fine perception. ERNESTINE J. WARREN,
New York, N. Y.

. . . I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the article on my niece, Dr. Bernice Walters. It is an amazingly sensitive, penetrating, accurate job. LILLIAN D. ROSEN,
Lawrence, N. Y.

. . . In your article on Bernice Walters, you showed a picture of some wounded men being transferred to what you called an LSU. I believe that the ship shown in the picture was an LSM (landing ship medium). In fact, I do not believe that there is any ship in the Navy classified as an LSU.

I spent two years in the amphibs and therefore I am quite interested in amphibious craft. FREDERICK HAYES,
Plattsburg, N. Y.

. . . What is an LSU? This picture shows the greater part of an LCT.

A former quartermaster who spent two and one-half years on such a craft is glad to see that the "matchboxes" we left in Japan are being put to good use again.
JOHN PASNICKY, S. Charleston, W. Va.

LSU stands for Landing Ship Utility.

Good, Bad or Indifferent?

EDITOR: Some of us are still smarting from the blistering attack which you made on the American Medical Association and the medical profession for urging caution in using antihistamine drugs (editorial Let's Win This Cold War, April 22d). Now the nine-day wonder of antihistamine has died down and dispassionate results are available, clippings of four of which I have enclosed for your perusal. It shows clearly that maybe the doctor was right after all.

It was not the question of being right or wrong, in the first place, that bothered us. We are used to being wrong and rightfully accused of so being. What really hurt was the accusation of attributing mercenary motives to us in our judgment. I feel that it is no more than right that you should set the records straight and give it equal prominence to the editorial which originally started the controversy.
ROBERT B. SMALLEY, M.D., Willits, Cal.

Dr. Smalley has sent us reports on four tests conducted on Navy personnel last spring. But there have been other, more recent, controlled and "dispassionate" tests involving thousands of persons which indicate that antihistamines do inhibit or alleviate early cold symptoms without injury if taken soon enough and

(Continued on page 49)

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"TED'S GREAT on skis, but he sure falls flat when it comes to good-looking hair. He's got Dry Scalp! Dull, unruly hair that must be hard as the dickens to comb! And just look at that loose dandruff. I'd better tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic right away . . ."

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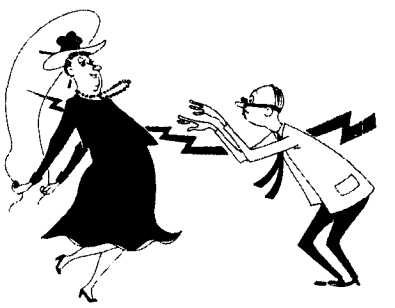
Keep Up with the World

By JOHN DENSON

In getting at cures for neurosis, psychoanalysts sometimes use hypnosis. In this way, they have their patients live over again a painful experience rather than simply reconstruct it from vague memory and their own imagination. By employing hypnosis, the patients are taken back, year by year, to their earliest childhood.

Robert M. True, Vermont psychologist, has devised a test to determine whether patients have recaptured early memories, or are indulging themselves in a dramatization of events. He first



asked his subjects, 40 men and 10 women, to name the day of the week on which certain recent events fell. Very few remembered correctly. Then the scientist hypnotized the 50 patients, and took them back to the ages of ten, seven and four, stopping at such landmarks as Christmas and their own birthdays. On such days—ones that a child would be apt to remember vividly—he asked: What day is this? Entirely correct answers were given by 82.3 per cent of the test patients.

What the tests prove is that we never really forget anything. The problem is just how to get at specific memory. Hypnosis seems to be one way.

* * * * * * * * *

Queen bees, the highest caste of the honeybee, acquire their distinction by feeding on nothing but royal jelly, a secretion of the glands of the young working—or lower-class—bees. A chemical analysis of royal jelly shows that it contains at least 19 amino acids, among the most valuable contributions to life and health. Amino acids are what humans get by eating beefsteak, eggs, cheese and other foods containing proteins. All of which probably proves that the queen bees are also smart.

* * * * * * * * *

What are the noises under the sea? Researchers from the famous Woods Hole, Massachusetts, Oceanographic Institution listened to a school of porpoises—nicknamed the "sea canaries"—over underwater microphones 60 to 90 feet down. The scientific listeners-in described the porpoise noises as "high-pitched resonant whistles and squeals, varied with ticking and clucking sounds slightly reminiscent of a string orchestra tuning up, as well as mewing and occasional chirps." The scientists also said:

"Some of the sounds were bell-like and a few rather resembled an echo sounder. Occasionally the calls would suggest a crowd of children shouting in the distance. At times there were sharp reports, somewhat like a blow with a split bat or a slap on the water, although nothing could be seen striking the water in any way."

On two occasions, the scientists heard trilling, which appears to justify the nickname "sea canary." Putting all the sounds together, there was considerable talk among the porpoises which is in sharp contrast with most herd mammals but which compares with such chatterboxes as monkeys and men.

* * * * * * * * *

Americans traveling abroad in 1950 may have exceeded a million. Foreign travel has increased steadily since the end of World War II. By 1949, the figure had reached 600,000—and more than 450 000 came to the U.S. in that year for study, business or to tour. And, in 1949, nearly 200,000 men, women and children entered the United States with the intention of becoming American citizens.

* * * * * * * * *

C. E. Pemberton, of Honolulu, reared nine toads from eggs to study their longevity. The oldest, a female, lived 15 years, 10 months and 13 days, and consumed about 72,000 cockroaches in her lifetime. The other eight toads lived from 8½ to 14 years.

* * * * * * * * *

Primitive man found it necessary to lubricate the axles of carts and wagons to reduce friction and wear. A lubricant taken from the axle of a chariot discovered in a tomb sealed in about 1400 B.C. was analyzed and found to be beef or mutton tallow or a product of similar characteristics suitable for use in a warm climate. Oil as a lubricant has, of course, made possible the industrial age. Without it, we could not run our ball-bearing machinery.

* * * * * * * * *

We won't be hearing them until spring but the ruby-throated hummingbird is the smallest bird to be found in this hemisphere. The rubythroat weighs

HARRY GOFF

only about a tenth of an ounce and is just a bit over three inches long. Tiny as they are, these hummingbirds have courage. They will protect their nests against any invasion, often striking at the heads of those who molest them.

* * * * * * * * *

Teredos, the termites of the sea, do an estimated $100,000,000 in damage each year to wood bottoms, piles and other water-front structures in the United States and its possessions.

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Happy New Year to YOU!

★ ★ ★

Threatened are the days when you almost had to hide under the bed to avoid getting a government job in Washington. Furthermore, to win promotion all you had to do was hang on for a few months. But now the government is installing highly complicated (and of course very expensive) mechanical brains which measure your capacity for the job. As if that weren't bad enough, the gadget also rates your worthiness for promotion. They've just ordered 20 of the heartless contraptions as a starter. Until further notice Presidents and their Cabinets will be exempted. All governments have to take some chances.

★ ★ ★

There's a guy in Houma, Louisiana, who bounced home with the news that the Citizens Bank and Trust Company

was about to adopt a drive-in and practically curb-service plan. His wife was something less than enthusiastic. In fact, she said: "Okay, but if the gal employees don't wear any more clothes than the waitresses down at Joe's Bar-Bee-Q, you're going to change banks."

★ ★ ★

We're happy to report that the public schools in Meigs County, Tennessee, are open again and that Miss Annette Hipps was finally chosen Miss Meigs County High School. Our southeast Tennessee bureau phoned us that Miss Hipps "had a close shave," which we think is a singularly inappropriate term to use, considering the feminine loveliness of Miss Hipps. However, before the crown was placed upon her pretty head, the high-school principal, A. B. Culvahouse, Republican, and Professor D. P. Powell, Democrat, started feudin' and fightin', each accusing the other of playing politics in the queen selection. The county school board not only demoted both Dr. Culvahouse and Professor Powell but began quarreling amongst themselves. Two of them resigned and the superintendent ordered all schools closed until something resembling order could be restored. But it's all right again. Queen Annette has the situation well in hand.

★ ★ ★

We are writing a nice letter to Mrs. T. Greene Entwhistle. Mrs. Entwhistle lives in LaFayette, Indiana, and has invited us to a blackstrap and yoghurt party. We shall not be able to be present. For a party of this kind you mix blackstrap (the sediment of boiled molasses) and yoghurt (fermented goat milk) in equal parts with liberal handfuls of brewers' yeast and wheat germ. Then you drink it, chilled or lukewarm —suit yourself. Very good for you if you're fat, we're told. Seems blackstrap and yoghurt parties are becoming quite a rage amongst overweight Americans.

★ ★ ★

They were just about to put the finishing touches on the new Greene County Memorial Hospital in Xenia, Ohio, with its magnificent maternity wing, when a cat walked in, gave birth to four kittens, and was duly registered as the institution's first patient—Mrs. Aly Catt.

★ ★ ★

We extend our sympathy to Mr. W. C. Dannenberg, of Chicago, chairman of the World Secret Service Association's first convention. Mr. Dannenberg, a detective, wants a Code of Behavior for writers of whodunits and radio private-eye stuff. "These birds," said Mr. Dannenberg to the assembled shamuses, "ought to be reasonable. Due to them, our profession has got to the point where a client gives you a case in the morning and expects to have it solved by noon."

★ ★ ★

And the Decatur, Illinois, Association of Commerce detailed a couple of its best men to look over the list of commodities wanted by the United States government. The idea was to find out what Decatur could supply with profit and honor. The research went along quietly until they came to the item: 4,610 spools of red tape.

★ ★ ★

As one who cherishes traditions, folklore, legends and fairy tales we hate to pass on what happened when they dredged the Truckee River which, as a great many Americans know, bisects Reno, Nevada. There's a pretty legend that divorcees, having won their decrees, throw their wedding rings into the river. We won't attempt to tell you all that the dredges fished out of the Truckee—dice, tires, boots, slippers, compacts, empty beer cans, one no-parking sign and on and on and on. But just one wedding ring—and not a very good one either.

★ ★ ★

Of course you know Butch, the cartooned burglar whose exploits are one of the innumerable reasons why alert Americans buy Collier's. Apparently Butch has a younger brother and we regret to tell you that he was grabbed early one recent morning in a Cincin-

JACK BETTS

nati, Ohio, restaurant. Junior had robbed the cash register of $30 in nickels. He was still playing the restaurant's pinball machine when the cops entered. He had ten nickels left. Said it was more fun.

"My future's still in the bag!"

"Fiddlesticks, Santa! There's nothing left in that bag."

"Oh, but I'll have it filled to the brim again by next Christmas—and every Christmas as long as children are looking for me."

"I know the children will always want you."

"Yes...and their dads will keep making me possible year after year."

"It's comforting to see you so sure, Santa."

"That's because I know how thoughtful fathers are, Ma. They not only make sure there'll be a 'Merry Christmas' for the children—but they also see to it that their families will be well taken care of every day, year after year, even though they might not always be around to do it themselves."

"You must be talking about life insurance again."

"You bet I am! Every Christmas makes me appreciate it more and more. You know, Ma, there's nothing quite like it to make families happy and secure. And you know what that means to our future."

* * *

Merry Christmas from your good neighbor, The Mutual Life Field Underwriter.

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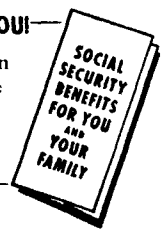
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET—containing specific, detailed information you wish to know about Social Security and how it teams with your life insurance. If you are 45 and under, you will be particularly interested in this booklet. Mail the coupon today. You'll also receive a handy filing envelope for keeping necessary official records.



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You certainly can be on top of the world!

Why not? Your car is paid for and your house is halfway there. You're making pretty good money . . . the kids are healthy and happy . . . and your wife just bought a new outfit—shoes to chapeau!

You don't owe anybody a red cent. Not only that—you've got a little money salted away for the kids' education and your own retirement.

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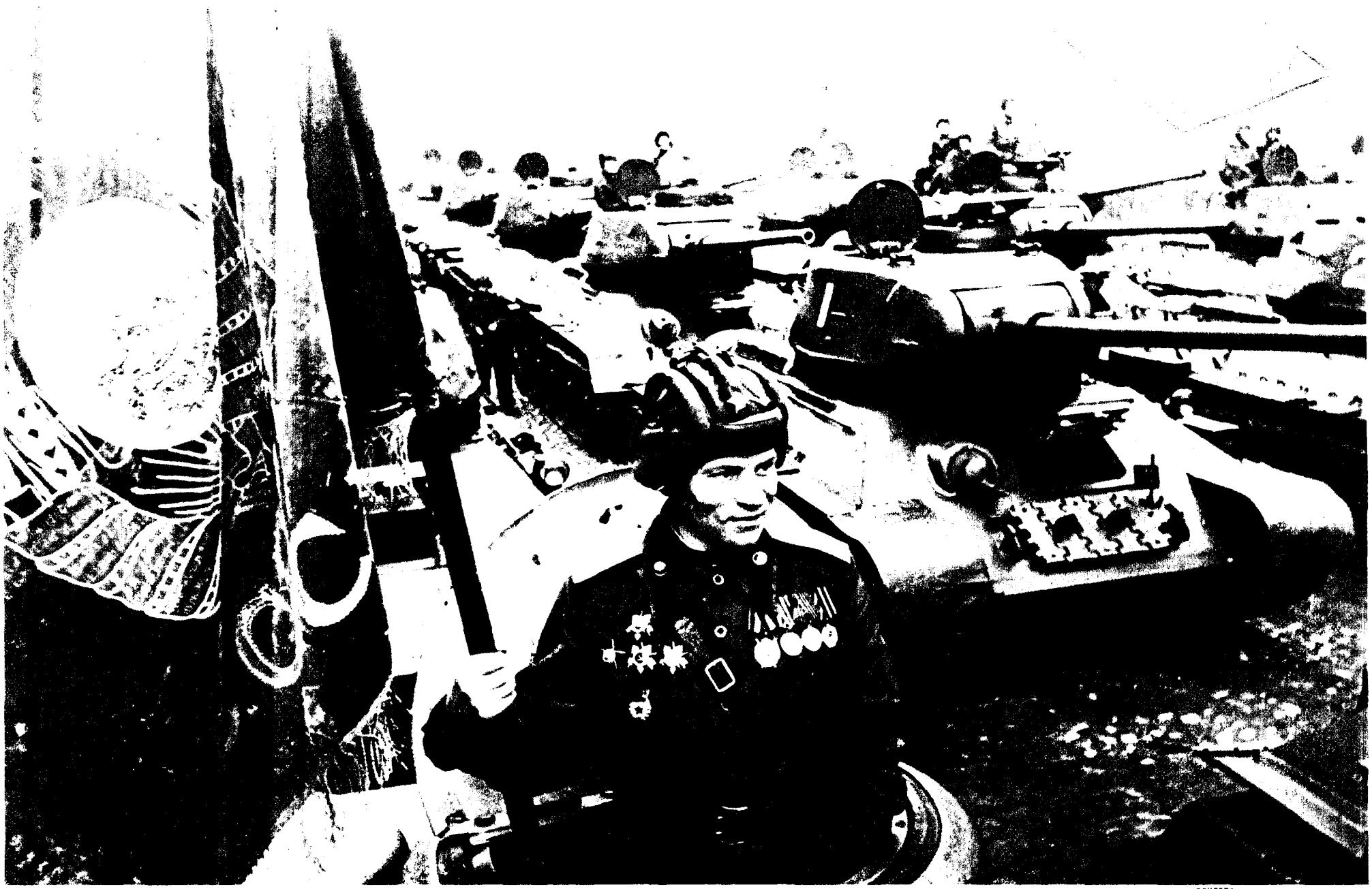

SOVFOTO

Powerful, well-equipped Soviet forces stand poised east of Germany's Elbe River, ready to slash westward at a moment's notice

Russia Could Take Europe in Three Weeks

If the Reds choose to shoot it out in the near future, they could quickly overrun the Continent. We can only hope they'll stall for two years more while we race to build up our military strength

London

By ALLAN MICHIE

SUPPOSE Russia decided tomorrow to dispense once and for all with the diplomatic niceties and wage all-out war; suppose she suddenly ripped loose the full power of her mighty forces and sent them crashing through Eastern Germany onto the free soil of Western Europe. What then?

By late January, Red Army officers would be billeted in the homes of Frenchmen a scant 25 miles across the Channel from England. Soviet cannon would be aimed down the throats of many millions of people who are free today, and the menace of armed Communism would hang darkly over the Western Hemisphere.

For the sad fact is that the democratic world is simply not prepared to halt a savage Russian onslaught against the nations of the West. Today, the Kremlin can have all of Europe for the taking. Between the East Coast of the United States and the grim specter of the Soviet Army lie little more than the Atlantic Ocean and a paper-thin defense system which could be crushed with one blow.

On a six-week, 1,500-mile survey of Western Europe, I met not one high military authority who seriously questioned this fact: If Russia chose at any time in the anxious near future to send the Red Army pouring across Germany's Elbe River, it could reach the English Channel and the Pyrenees in three weeks—or five at the very most.

This is why:

On the eastern side of the Elbe stands the German Reds' *Bereitschaften* police army, 50,000 strong, trained in offensive war, and ready at a moment's notice to touch off another Korea in its own divided homeland. Looming massively behind this puppet force is Russia's own might, deployed in positions convenient for a westward thrust. First would come a phalanx of 4,400 modern tanks, spearheading a ground army of 25 or 30 well-equipped infantry divisions, and topped off by a sky-darkening fleet of some 1,500 airplanes, many of them jets that are the plane-for-plane equal of the world's best. In the rear, but ready for swift action, are 40 more divisions, at least another 9,000 tanks and 6,500 additional aircraft.

Against this monstrous threat, the sister nations of the Atlantic Pact could, by scraping hard, muster a bare 25 divisions, both infantry and armored. Of these, 17 would be reserve units, not now in uniform. Of the remaining eight—two American, two British, three French and one Belgian—only the

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Spotlight is on General Eisenhower to boss North Atlantic Treaty organization defenses

Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery heads Western Union's five-nation military staff

Firsthand Observation

To gather the material for this definitive study of Western European defense, Allan Michie spent a month and a half visiting key points and interviewing top diplomatic and military officials—including Viscount Montgomery, first defense chief of the five-nation Western Union. "Driving back and forth across the great plain of Western Europe," Michie writes, "where the great battle—if it comes—will be fought, I saw evidence of our defensive preparations, and noted too the wide gaps through which Soviet forces could pour. I also learned something of the hopes and fears of the people whose fate is at stake, the ordinary folk of Europe."

first four are considered in real fighting shape. The rest are under-strength and underequipped. In the air, the Allied position is stronger, but not strong enough. Against the estimated total of 8,000 bombers, fighters and ground-support planes in the hands of the Russians, the West could pit a force of some 4,000 to 6,000 planes of all types. We also have the atomic bomb, for what it's worth: It is almost certain that we wouldn't use it where it might hurt our friends; and it is doubtful that we could prevent the swift occupation of Western Europe by using it in Russia.

This is a grim picture indeed. But it is saved from being hopeless by one salient fact: The Russians—engaged in a desperate armaments race with the democratic nations of the world, and apparently fearful of American atomic superiority—have not attacked. Furthermore, assuming that Russia wants war in the first place, top Allied intelligence officials predict the attack won't come for at least two more years, and possibly three, while the Kremlin proceeds with its plan to rearm and modernize its fighting forces and build up a stockpile of atomic weapons more nearly comparable to ours.

The big question is: Can we win the race? The military experts of Western Europe and the United States think we can—if we hurry, and if we don't slacken our pace.

Relative to the West's present military position, Russia's armed strength obviously is considerable, and her rearmament far ahead of us in time. But relative to the resources of the Atlantic community, this strength dwindles to matchable proportions.

The aggregate resources of the Atlantic nations —a mighty grouping of nearly 350,000,000 people, with their industrial and agricultural potential fully developed—far exceed those of Russia and her satellites. Together, the free nations hold almost 80 per cent of the world capacity for heavy industrial production. For example, we produce five times as much steel as Russia and her satellites combined, and almost eight times as much oil.

Furthermore, Russian military strength has certain important weaknesses which may be masked to the casual observer by the great size of its ground forces.

In the air, for instance, the Soviet Union runs far behind the West, in quantities of aircraft, if not in quality. The most reliable American and British estimates give the Red air force about 15,000 to 18,000 first-line planes (including transports) of which up to 8,000 are in reserve. Of the craft which are now operational, perhaps 8,000 would be available for an all-out war in Europe. By contrast, the U.S. Air Force alone had some 9,000 operational aircraft before Korea, with 8,000 more in reserve squadrons, and 17,000 in moth balls. The American Navy and the R.A.F. have perhaps 15,000 more in operation, in reserve, and in storage.

On the ground, the Soviet forces are indisputably massive. But they have an enormous area to defend, which tends to diminish their strength at any given point. Further, any division-by-division comparison of strength is misleading; a Red division has only 11,000 to 13,000 men, while an American or British division contains some 18,000. For another thing, sheer superiority in man power is not in itself a guarantee of victory. The 1940 German blitz against France involved fewer than 10 Nazi

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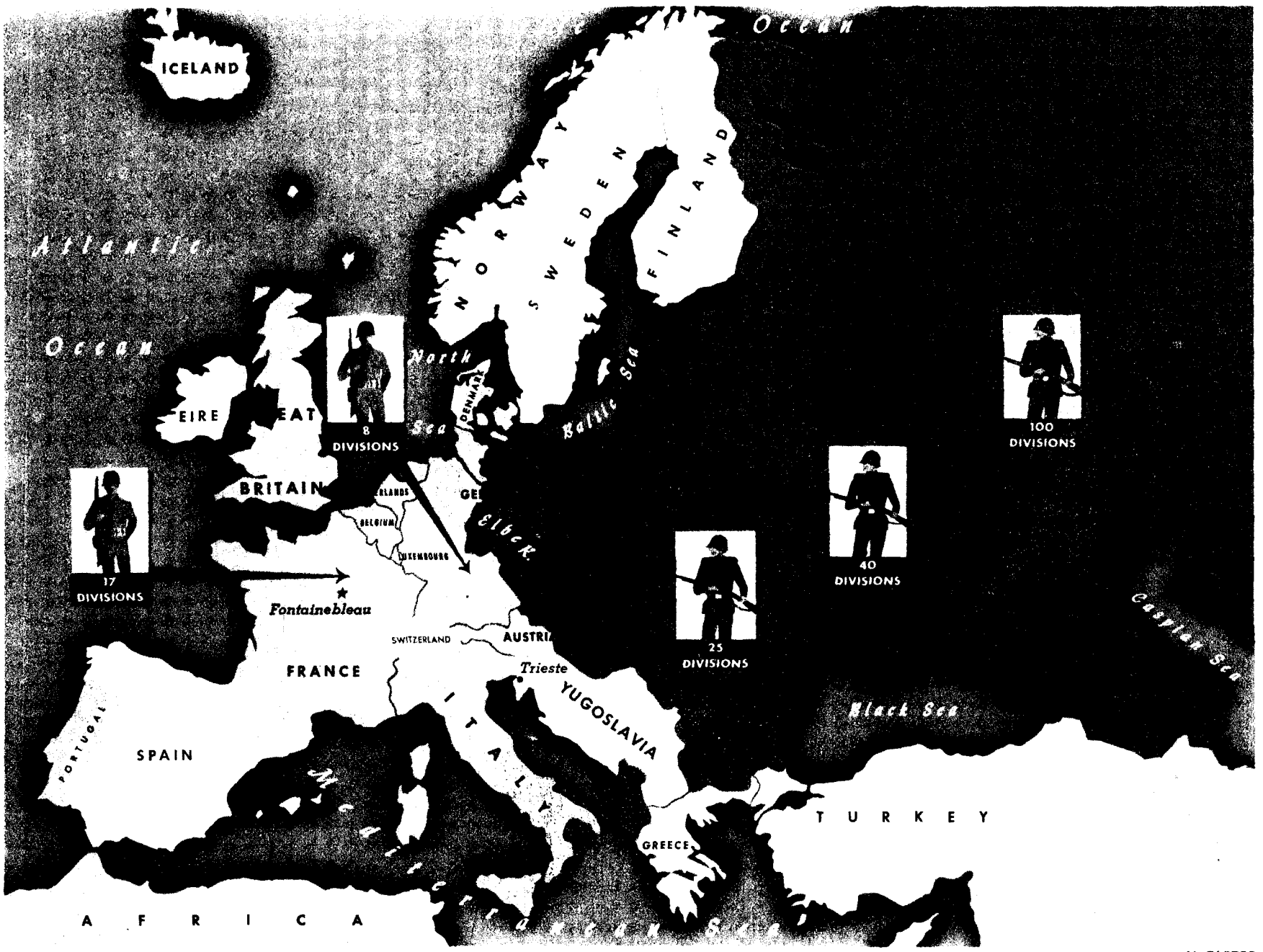

AL TARTER

Right now the Reds could mount an attack with at least 65 active divisions, plus 100 more in reserve. To stop it, all the Atlantic alliance has is eight active, 17 reserve divisions (Pact nations not shown are U.S., Canada). Major Russian forces in Europe, poised for a quick drive across the Elbe River, are based along Lübeck-Trieste line and near the cities of Leningrad, Minsk, Odessa, Tiflis

divisions, which cut the opposing mass armies of the Allies to pieces.

Finally, the Red Army has always had one glaring flaw: It has never been a modern army, even by World War II standards. To those of us who saw it in Iran in 1941 and in Berlin four years later, its most striking feature was its almost complete lack of motor transport. It would be straining credulity to say that war-stricken Russia has succeeded since 1945 in wiping out this basic shortcoming in its armed forces.

As to the actual strength of these forces, many widely varying estimates have been made, each more scarifying than the last. Even among those charged with the defense of the Atlantic community there is public disagreement on this score. British Defense Minister Emanuel Shinwell told Parliament in July that Russia had 175 active divisions, a third of them mechanized, backed up by 25,000 tanks and 19,000 planes—and could double its ground strength in emergency. Both U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson and French Minister of Defense Jules Moch promptly disassociated themselves from Shinwell's statement. Moch commented: "The military forces immediately available to Russia are less than the figures given by Mr. Shinwell."

The following estimates are the most credible I could gather in Western Europe—not from a single source, but rather from many American and British intelligence officials—as evaluated by sound military authorities:

Along the line from Lübeck on the Baltic to Trieste on the Mediterranean, the Russians today deploy between 25 and 30 combat-trained divisions, ready for anything. Eight of them are armored, with perhaps 4,400 tanks in operation and in reserve. (It is reckoned that the U.S.S.R., producing a reported 1,500 tanks annually, has 13,000 to 15,000 of them in its 33 known armored divisions. The U.S. and Britain between them had before Korea about 12,000 tanks in operation and in storage, most of them light and medium.)

Behind this European army Russia is maintaining an additional 70 to 85 divisions, of which up to 25 are known to be armored, organized in five separate armies based in Leningrad, Minsk, Odessa, Tiflis and Soviet Asia. From these forces it is known that 40 divisions, drawn from the armies of Minsk and Odessa, are stationed close enough to Germany so that they could start moving within two weeks to back up a westward thrust. In addition, the Russians plan in a crisis to mobilize 100 extra divisions which could be put into action within three months.

With 25 to 30 divisions within easy striking distance, and another 40 not far behind, what do the Western nations need, at a minimum, to protect themselves? Here is the considered judgment of the best-informed American military authority I met in Europe:

"To hold back a Russian blitz through Germany or Austria," said this general, "Western Europe requires *at least* 35 full-sized divisions, of which 15 should be armored or have armored units attached to them, to act *purely as a delaying force*.

"This force must be kept standing by like a fire brigade with its engines running, ready to rush to any spot where Russian spearheads penetrate our defensive belt. Behind it there must be strategic demolition zones, consisting of previous mined bridges, roadblocks and vast mine fields.

"To further back up our delaying force," he went on, "the West must be able to call upon a minimum of 25 and, if possible, 40 reserve divisions which could be mustered, complete with arms and equipment, and put into action within 10 days at the most.

"To deal with the Russian spearheads, in close co-operation with our standing force, we must have a modern tactical air force, and to paralyze the mass movements of Russian troops we must have a massive strategic bombardment force.

"This is a big order—but it is not impossible," he concluded. "If survival is the issue, nothing is impossible . . . and we must convince ourselves and our allies in Europe that survival *is* the issue."

This estimate, by an American general on the spot, coincides with the targets fixed by the North Atlantic Treaty powers at their New York meeting in September. Although details of their defense plans remain secret, it is known that the 12 Pact nations have agreed to bring their combined strength in Western Europe up to 36 divisions before the end of 1951, and to achieve a total of 60 divisions stationed in Western Europe during 1953-'54.

A goal of 60 divisions should not be unattainable. Little Belgium, with a population only slightly larger than that of New York City, was able to muster 22 divisions when World War II began; France, which maintained *(Continued on page 53)*

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LONG CHARLES *Has His Christmas*

It was the right season to find a child. And Long Charles stared at this homeless waif as once, long ago, the shepherds stared at another child

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

HOURS before the gale struck the schooner on that December day, Captain O'Hara had word that it was bound to blow. The glass told him. It was off a point since noon. His heart told him, too. His heart was also off a point because he wanted his men to be home in Gloucester for Christmas, and he wanted very much to be there himself, snug under the wintry elms of Folly Cove, the fire crackling and his sleepy boys listening for Santa on the roof. Even with calm weather, the Mara had far to go and little time to do it in.

She lay alone in the Gully of Banquereau, east of Sable Island. The ninety thousand pounds of halibut in her pens had to be carried to the Fish Pier at Boston, where the price of halibut lay almost out of sight, it was so high. It was for Christmas money they had come so far, a few more dollars to make a merry day merrier. Now the Mara had to heave to, had to ride the gale out until a blue day broke and he could safely call for a whole mainsail and let her romp.

Despite the trouble in his heart, the skipper stayed glossy and calm. He had already announced that he wouldn't take no for an answer, even from a gale, and he kept on his face the smile with which he had said it. He was aware that the coming of the gale had left certain tempers a little worn. Across the trays of broiled beefsteaks and the platters of corn muffins, he saw a glance or two from one rusty face to another that betrayed sad thoughts of home. These, too, were thoughts of Folly Cove and the firesides and children there, for they were all Folly Cove men, the last of the old school of halibuters. He gave a bold twist to the points of his black mustache, forked another steak onto his plate and sang out bravely in his deepest style.

"Take my word for it, boys! There's absolutely no cause for worry. My word of honor!"

The dorymen made their way through the next tray of steaks that Long Charles skillfully carried in from his galley. They smiled politely at the cook's genial inquiries and ate away.

"My word of honor!" said the skipper. "This can't keep up another day. I won't stand for it—and that's a fact."

They all smiled a little. The dorymen up and down the table nodded, and the firstcomers, stretched out in the bunks above the table and in the peak, nodded their heads, too. It wasn't disbelief that made their nods somewhat less vigorous than they should have been. The trouble was that even there, even amidst the shriek of the gale against the Mara's spars, they heard the bells of Christmas loud in the lanes of Folly Cove, and they were fearful lest Christmas be a lonely day for themselves and for those waiting anxiously so far away.

Now this fear of the lonely Christmas was known to Long Charles, who had made men of them with his steaks and white loaves and had kept them as men. For forty years, Long Charles had fed them, generation after generation of dorymen, skipper after skipper. He had grown gray and a little bowed; and now seemed a little more so, straining against the pitch of the Mara when the rollers struck her hull. Long Charles knew their fear of loneliness because he had always been a lonely man. Neither wife nor child waited for him in his cottage at Folly Cove. Because he had always wanted these things for himself, and had never had them, even for one Christmas, it was easy for him to understand why their eyes darkened with the increase of the gale.

Long Charles now did what he had often done before under such circumstances to cheer their hearts. He took out his fiddle from its place under the shack locker. He tightened one string and loosened another and he tried the strings out, with squeaks and short flourishes, until the true notes made their way above the music of the sea and put a silence to the talk in the forecastle, even to the skipper's talk, who was a hard man to stop, once he was going well.

"Ah, well!" said the skipper. He settled back on the locker and shut his eyes because he enjoyed the music of that fiddle as much, if not more, than he enjoyed the music of his own voice.

It wasn't for the skipper alone that Long Charles lifted the bow and drew it across the strings. It was for the others that he played, too. He played without really knowing what his music might do, or whether it should be sad or gay. He let the bow do its own choosing, and it ran aimlessly into the ballads of Newfoundland, where he was born, and told the tale of The Star of Logey Bay, the star that had set in sorrow and had risen again in joy. He played the plain songs of their Gloucester childhood, refrain after refrain keenly piercing the clamor of the sea against the Mara's hull.

He then began the playing that they liked the best, the simple music of their hard lives that he made up himself, music that was always changing, season to season, year to year. Gales and squalls and hungry gulls, icebergs and ice-making on deck and gear—all these he poured out of the bow into the strings. Having told those stories, the bow could not resist the tale of the great day soon to come, so that the wailing winds in the song ceased and the clamor of the Atlantic waned, and there came the songs of the Christmas tree.

At this, the skipper shouted, "Ah!" and he struck the table with his fist and sat up straight with a look on his face that meant he was listening to sounds that nobody else could hear. The music ceased, the dreaming heads came up, and they waited for the word he had to say. "God's love! Didn't I tell you I wouldn't stand for it? She's blown herself out."

They heard a man shout on deck. A moment later, the watch pushed the slide away and tumbled down the companionway, laughing like a boy. Beyond his shoulder, the stars sang out in the clear night sky.

Up they climbed. They gave the skipper a whole mainsail and rode the winter at twelve knots and better all the long way to Boston, sold her right through at the best price of ten seasons, and sailed the Mara home to Gloucester. It was after nightfall that they tied her up. The lanes of the old town already beamed with Christmas lights and snow lay, deep and thick, on the hills and headlands. Two by two and three by three, the dorymen and their jubilant skipper strode off into the town on their way to the cottages along the lanes of Folly Cove. Christmas was a week away; they had arrived in good time.

LONG CHARLES watched them go and sent his Christmas wishes after them along the wharf. He still had work to do in his galley, a fire to dump and lesser chores that only a neat old hand would keep in mind at such a season and after such a triumph. This was how his Christmas would be spent. When the big day came, it would be exactly like this. He tried to whistle it away, but he couldn't help a little envy of the others because he knew well enough the greetings that awaited them, greetings made all the more joyful by the long, gray days without word of the Mara.

He did what he had to do, and he fussed about a bit, not wanting to begin the long trudge home, and hoping that maybe a doryman might send a boy over to call him and his fiddle to a crowded fireside. These were the things he had in his heart and mind when it seemed to him that he heard a step, a sharp one, on the deck above him.

"Who's there now?"

He called out sharply and listened in hope for an answer. None came to him. He heard only the sighing and rapping of the Mara settling down to her holiday sleep. Just the same, he was sure that there had been an unaccustomed noise, and he listened, hoping against hope that the skipper had come back to take him home for Christmas as he had done before. Being sure of the noise, Long Charles went out of the galley and stepped to the companionway.

When he looked up at the slide, he saw that it had been opened and closed. It wasn't closed tight, as it should have been. A rift of glittering flakes had whistled through.

He sang out again, "Who's there, do you say?"

No answer came. Only a deeper silence fell over spars and shrouds. It was then he heard the other music: the music of *(Continued on page 51)*

Then he took up the child in his arms and when he showed fear, Long Charles whispered to him. The boy lay at ease

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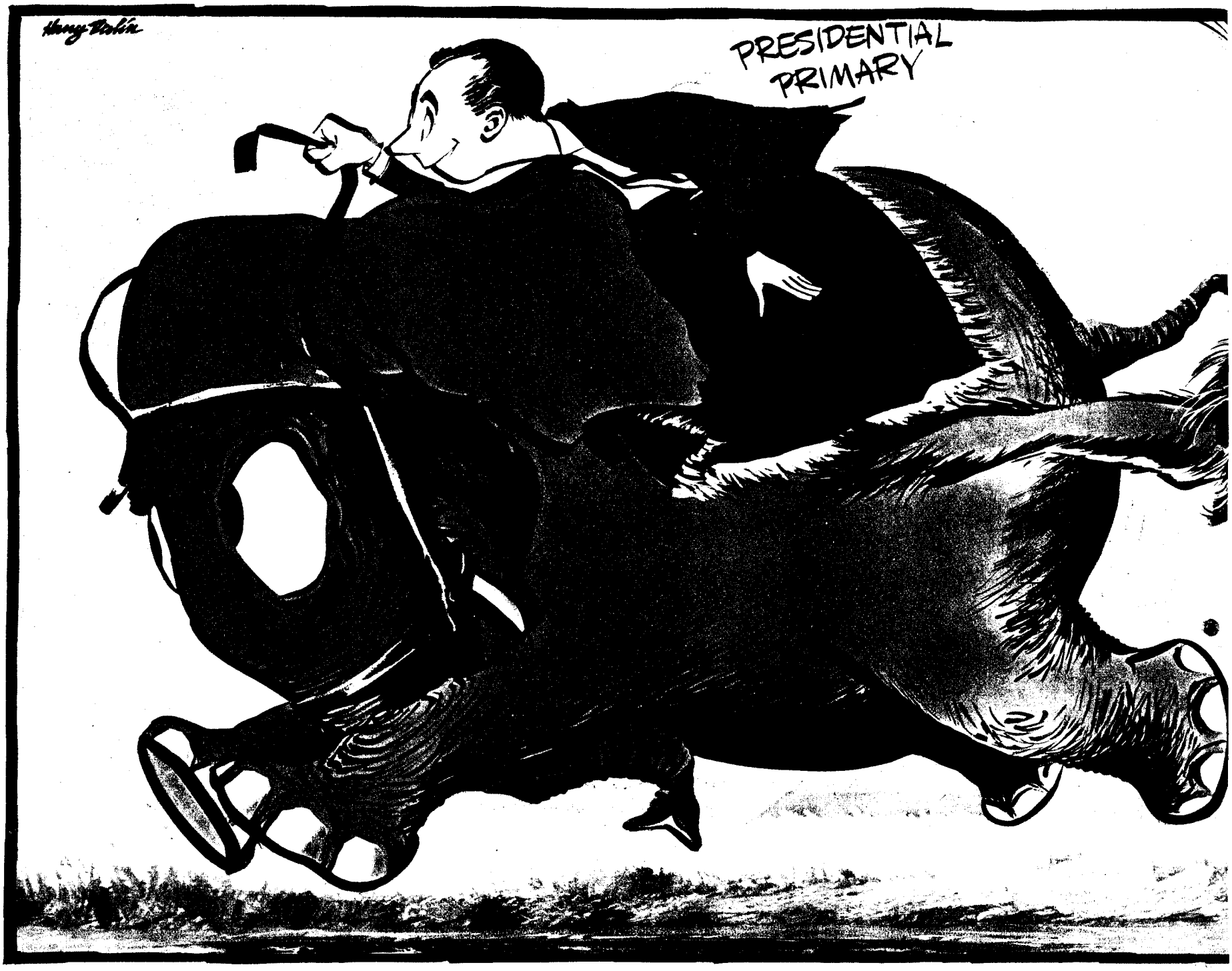

How the REPUBLICANS

The G.O.P. has a golden chance to win the Presidential election, if it will let the people choose its candidate in direct primaries, as Nebraska did in 1948. The author calls for an end to the picking of nominees in boss-ruled conventions

THE Republican party must win the next Presidential election if it is to survive, and it can do it. But in order to win, the party must be willing to try something new, something that will excite and attract voters—something as radical as democracy.

Political corn is no good. Criticism of the other fellow is not enough. Statements of policy that represent watered-down compromises will be read only by those who are hired in party organizations to read such stuff. Slam-bang denunciations will be listened to chiefly by those who already agree with the denouncers. The nailing of old-time political planks together to make a party platform will be driving nails into the party's coffin.

The broad policy issue today in the domestic field defies black and white definition. This issue is one of opinion and of degree—where to halt government expansion. As many positions on this subject are possible as a circle has degrees. If we attempt to define the party's position precisely, we will narrow its appeal; and if we try for generalities to please everybody, we will generate no enthusiasm at all.

We can't outpromise the Democrats, or outspend them, or outexpand them or outorganize them. They have the inside track in these matters. Neither can we outsmart them for the favor of many self-conscious and self-interest groups. They are a collection of minorities, and experts in political dynamics.

Then what can we Republicans do to be saved? I think this is the answer: We can outdemocrat the Democrats.

We can let the people choose our candidates for President and Vice-President in 1952. The Democrats, being in power, will try no such departure from the system under which they have been winning. A party in power is held firmly by its office-holding leaders, and they naturally are satisfied

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Why Not the PEOPLE'S Choice?

This article, in spite of its one-party emphasis, offers a bipartisan prescription for one of our most persistent political ills. Pointing to Nebraska's pace-setting program, Mr. McConnell not only proposes a sensible salvation for the Republican party and the two-party system; he presents a reasonable, simple method for achieving, at long last, a truly democratic procedure in the most important single choice that American voters are called upon to make.

The "smoke-filled room" has been with us too long. That apt and enduring phrase was first used to describe the Republican choice of Warren G. Harding in 1920. But backstage deals were nothing new then, and they have figured in the selection of several Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates in the ensuing 30 years. Now it is time the smoke-filled room was aired out, and the politicians checked out of it—permanently.

Collier's believes the Presidential primary in all states is long overdue. As this country's importance in world affairs has increased, it has become not only cynical but dangerous to permit the choice of candidates for the nation's highest office to be reached through political horse-trading.

Three times in the past 80 years the citizens of the United States have acted, through amendments to the federal constitution, to broaden the base of suffrage and to give themselves a more direct and active part in selecting candidates for elective offices.

They should now, through both major parties and by the same means, take this next important and necessary step so we may truly say: Ours is a government which derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. —THE EDITOR

CAN WIN *in '52*

By RAYMOND A. McCONNELL, JR.

with their policies and themselves as custodians of the common good. But we outs have freedom to try anything, even democracy, in the choice of our national candidates.

That never has been tried directly. Up to now the people have elected their Presidents and Vice-Presidents, but they have not selected them. Normally in modern times the voters have been given their choice between two tickets, both named by nominating conventions run by politicians. It is customary for candidates after being nominated to say they have made no promises of favors to anybody, which could be true. But their managers have made plenty.

Some of these candidates would have been chosen by the rank and file of voters, if that had been possible, but also some of them emerged from the famous or infamous smoke-filled rooms where politicians dickered and traded for their own private purposes. These politicians handed us something and said take it or leave it, and you know what the people have done with the offerings of Republican conventions these past five Presidential years.

It is a notorious fact that nominating conventions are manipulated by professional politicians, most of whom have personal interests to serve. The people wait outside in the street to learn for whom they will be allowed to vote—if the candidates arouse enough enthusiasm in them to make them want to vote. That is not democracy. You don't get a party of the people for the people and by the people via the politicians.

Warren Gamaliel Harding certainly was not chosen by the Republican people as their candidate in 1920; nor was John W. Davis the choice of the Democratic rank and file in 1924. In 1936, Alf Landon had what politicians call "availability," which fell short of being enough. In 1948, a Pennsylvania political deal made the nomination of Thomas E. Dewey certain. Probably he would have won anyway, because he had done such a thorough job of lining up the politicians in advance. But the fact remains that certain Pennsylvania politicians tripped the convention into his lap, and so far as I know they did not call up the Pennsylvania people to ask their permission. The leaders ran that convention, as the leaders run all conventions. But the Republican party can't live on its leaders. It needs followers.

The Republican party has a chance to throw all this kind of political scheming out the window. It can ventilate the smoke-filled room, turn on the lights in the dark corridors, put loud-speakers behind the partitions where politicians gather to whisper. It can nominate candidates in 1952 who will be not only for the people—all candidates claim that—but of and by the people. It can become the people's party, and I'll tell you how.

In 1948, Nebraska had *(Continued on page 63)*

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The Quarter-Deck Shell

By ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

The first love is often the sweetest—and even though the sweetness may turn bitter, the memory of the time and the place can haunt you for a lifetime

THESE shells, the ones that are shaped like shoes or little boats, they call them quarter-decks, and they are common on this coast, but it's been years since I have seen one. A scent, a sound, those are the things that cause most memories to come to life for a tricked instant, but sometimes the sudden sight of an object will produce a similar result, and that is what happens to me when I see shells like these.

The island is a terrible place in winter (at least I used to think so in that distant time); in summer it's all right; even if the weather isn't always good the people who leave in September remember it as being good. They remember the trees on Main Street all laced through with sunshine, and the marvelous blue of the harbor at four o'clock in the afternoon. They forget the thick wet days with the foghorn off the jetty sounding like a calving cow; they forget the lunatic northeast wind that whines in the screens and pushes the smoke back down the chimney. All the malignant turns of temper in an island summer are banished from their memories and only its moods of benevolence are retained.

But for the others, left there when the last boatload of summer people has departed; still there after the cobalt-copper blaze of fall has quit the moors, there is no escape from the island's winter facts, and these are terrible.

The days are all the same color: a mirthless, stony, disenchanted gray. If that's the color of truth, I used to think, who wants it? Let's go back to the lies of June and August; yellow and green and blue, those are the colors of the best living . . . But on that winter island there is no choice. The cobblestones are gray. The sky is gray. The furniture store, the post office, the Greek's, the bank: they're all built of red brick, but they become gray too. The elm boughs scrawl and tangle against the dull sky, and there is only one boat a day; three o'clock in the afternoon it docks, and by four o'clock everybody on the island jams into the post office to wait for the mail; and the mail isn't likely to grant them any promises, either.

It is terrible to be young on the island in winter. All of it seems a prison; the cold and the color and the sour wind are like restraints that never can be broken. And it lasts so long! People getting off the boat on June fifteenth are cowed by the sparse demonstration of the island spring. The air is chilly still, and the old elms are just beginning to show a fuzz of leaf, like the down on goslings.

Spring, however, does not start my story. Winter starts it. . . .

When I was sixteen I got into a jam at school and was expelled. My mother was dead, and my father did not like, or was afraid, *(Continued on page 44)*

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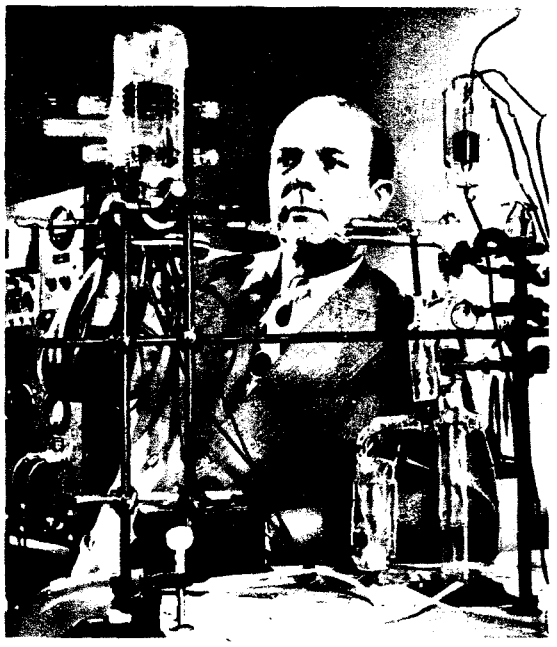

Vacuum Tube **research, an important project at the university, is inspected by Dean W. L. Everitt, who directs the Engineering College**

Flue Gas **from burning soft coal is checked for carbon dioxide content by Professor J. R. Fellows, famed inventor of smokeless furnace**

Dollars and Sense Research

By DONALD ROBINSON

At the University of Illinois, scientists study everything from improving metals to the vitamin needs of animals. And it pays off—handsomely

IT TOOK some of the best brains at the University of Illinois to find the cure but the railroads of America no longer are troubled with tired tracks. Two decades ago, rail lines all over the country were suffering from cracked rails. No fewer than 1,000 were failing each month and, what was worse, many of the breaks were occurring internally so that no track walker could spot them. Although some could be found by a mechanical detector device, others remained in service and sometimes caused tragic accidents.

Railroad men were seriously concerned. So was the steel industry. For 25 years the steel men had been working to eliminate these rail fractures but they had not completely succeeded. With the failure rate mounting, both groups decided to seek help from the scientists at the University of Illinois. They offered to put up as much money for research as was necessary.

"We'll try anything once," a tall, gangling engineering teacher named Herbert F. Moore said, and soon a full-scale research program was under way.

Soon one of the fine Georgian buildings on the university's Urbana, Illinois, campus began to look like a roundhouse. There were hundreds of rails heaped high. There were piles of crossties and car wheels. There were cranes and hammering machines. There was even a full-sized locomotive.

In their laboratory, Professor Moore and his associates subjected rails to the same sort of pounding they would have received on a regular roadbed, X-raying their reactions as carefully as if they had been live beings. The rail failures, of course, were due to "metal fatigue." As Moore explained it, "Some rails get tired and develop weak points. As trains pass over these rails, the points of weakness spread and become cracks. Then the rails snap."

But what to do about it?

Moore remembered hearing of a "controlled cooling" process, originated by a Canadian named I. C. Mackie. The process was virtually unknown in the steel industry, but he decided to give it a try. For three years, he experimented with this process, checking it, refining it, improving it. Finally, he put it to the test.

The result? Moore's "controlled cooling" is now used in the manufacture of all rails and not one of the new rails has yet failed. The Moore project cost the railroads and steel companies $200,000 but it is saving them countless millions.

Down-to-earth, practical research of this sort, on everything from smokeless furnaces to soybeans, is a specialty at the University of Illinois. It was there that the first sound film was made. The all-powerful betatron that splits atoms, attacks cancer and takes industrial pictures was invented there. It was there that the heating of houses was turned into a science, that the commercial worth of soybeans was demonstrated to Illinois farmers. Even a new type of wear-resistant enamel for cooking pots was developed there.

State statisticians estimate the cash returns to the nation on the University of Illinois's discoveries at more than $400,000,000 a *(Continued on page 49)*

Guinea Pig **in a study of warm-air heating, Robert W. Roose, special research associate in engineering, sits in his living-room lab**

Sound-on-Film **inventor Joseph T. Tykociner holds a strip of his original film, shown in 1922. On it his wife counted and rang a bell**

Rolling-Load **machine used to develop ways to increase the durability of railway rails is examined by retired Professor H. F. Moore**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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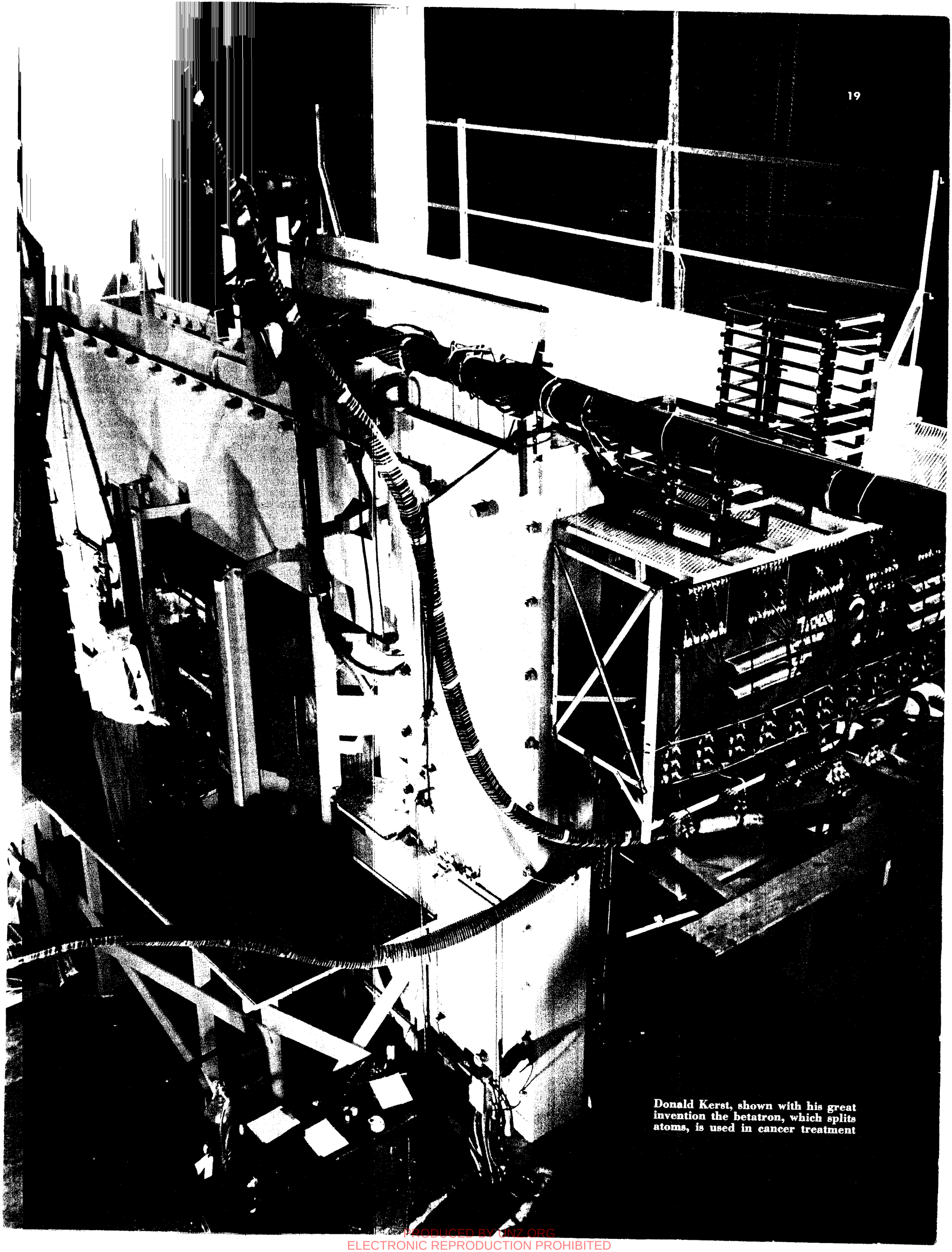

Donald Kerst, shown with his great invention the betatron, which splits atoms, is used in cancer treatment

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WINGED WORK HORSE

By JAMES H. WINCHESTER

Pilots lovingly call the venerable DC-3 the Model T of aviation. No other airplane has ever made more flights, carried more people—or lasted so long

IN THE first frantic stages of the Korean fighting last summer, U.S. military men in the Far East had little to cheer about. But one fact evoked their daily prayers of thanks: the presence in Japan of a scant few dozen American-made planes of an outmoded type known commercially as the DC-3, in the Air Force as the C-47.

Although shunted to the sidelines by plane makers back home in favor of bigger and newer models, the plane proceeded to put on a stellar performance. One of the few types which could operate on Korea's primitive landing strips, it brought into the battle zones, during the first two weeks of July alone, 100,000 pounds of badly needed supplies, at least half of them explosives and other inflammables. Designed for a normal maximum pay load of about 6,000 pounds, it landed regularly with loads as high as 8,000. It also flew missions to evacuate wounded personnel. And when the tide turned and Taejon was liberated, it sprayed the city and surrounding area with DDT, a move which the Eighth Army's medical officers credited with keeping down the incidence of typhus and cholera.

The plane's role as Jack-of-all-trades of the junior air lift between Japan and Korea came as no surprise to flying men. For months, even before the explosion in the Far East, they had been hashing and rehashing the rugged old DC-3's exploits in a burst of sentimental nostalgia unsurpassed since Henry Ford stopped making the Model T, and for much the same reason: Officially, the DC-3 was on the way out.

Progress had finally caught up with the venerable plane, which—since it first took to the air at Santa Monica, California, on December 15, 1935—had made more flights, carried more people, and visited more places than any other airplane on earth. The Civil Aeronautics Administration, which licenses all planes in the U.S. and its possessions, had announced that it would not recertificate the DC-3 for scheduled passenger flights after 1952. Safety standards for stall characteristics, take-off, rate of climb, and one-engine flying performance are more rigid now than in 1936, when the DC-3 was first certificated. As sturdy and reliable as it had proved itself, the plane could not meet these new standards.

When American Airlines moved to retire the last of its fleet of 94 DC-3s, which carried 10,500,000 passengers some 4,600,000,000 passenger miles in 13 years of service, editorial writers all over the nation mourned the plane's passing like that of a faithful friend. Robert C. Ruark, Scripps-Howard's unsentimental columnist, grew practically misty-eyed:

". . . She was a wonderful old hunk of tin . . . the Old Three was the clincher in converting the landbound boy to a casual acceptance of the air as a safe and practical avenue . . . She was small and she was slow, but . . . never cranky nor apt to blow up in a crisis . . . Never were fine girls more insulted than the Threes. They thrived on a steady diet of neglect and overwork . . . they flew with sand in the carburetor . . . and were maintained by cannibals and aborigines. They rattled, banged, jumped and bounced, but by and large they flew."

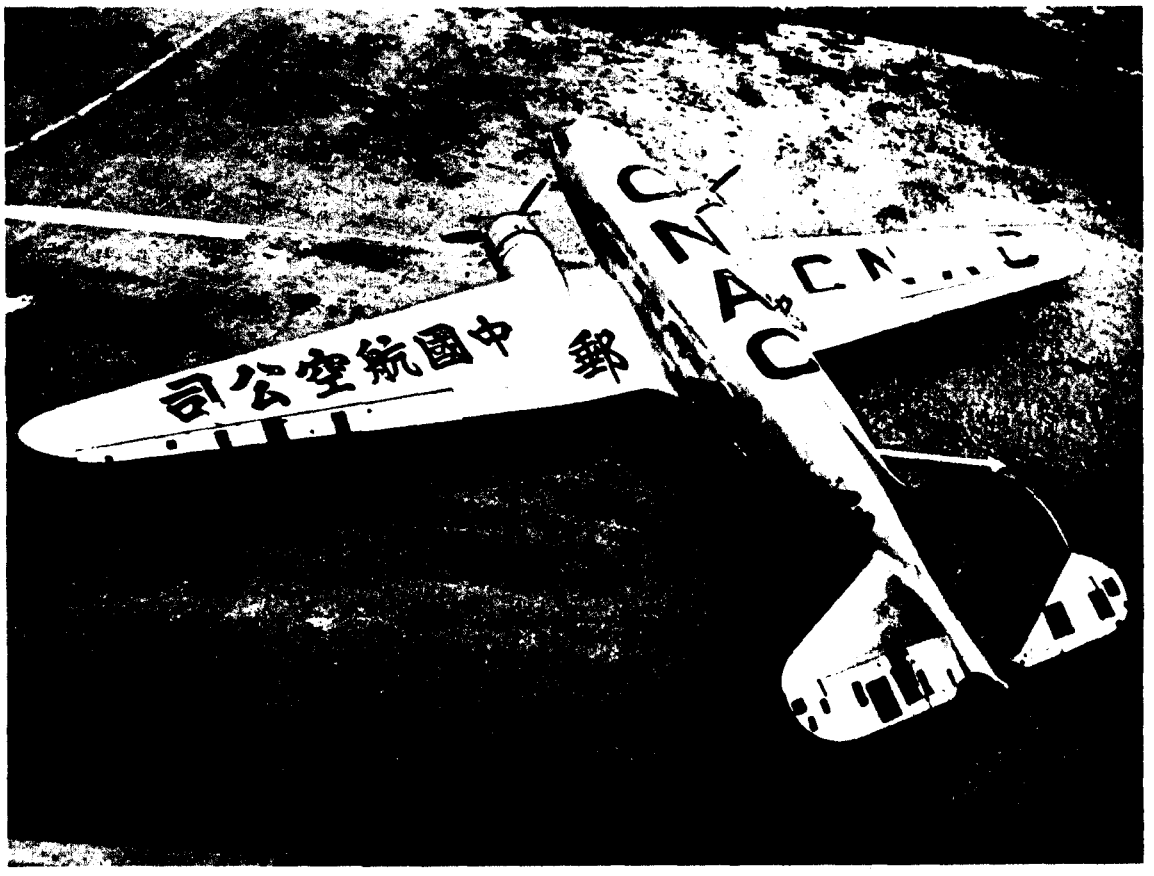
Actually, obituaries for the DC-3 were premature. For there are roughly 6,000 of the old planes still in operation all over the world—and the grave is not their goal. Two years ago, the Douglas Aircraft Company announced that it had surveyed the market and had found a strong desire among DC-3 owners to keep their craft in operation, if possible. Accordingly, the company said, it was prepared to modernize those DC-3s still flying—to enable them to meet CAA standards without difficulty—at less than half the cost of a new plane. Douglas pinned new wings and a new tail to the slicked-up version, gave it more powerful engines, made certain other changes, and dubbed the result the Super DC-3. The face-lifting treatment is expected to double the plane's useful life.

Not all the DC-3s now flying will get that treatment, of course. But even those due to live out their allotted span wearing the same old look show little sign of weariness. At last count there were 110 certificated, scheduled air lines in the world still flying two or more DC-3s. Aside from some 30 air lines in the United States, Alaska and Hawaii, the list includes such carriers, as Excello, a Russian air line, Aer Lingus, in Eire, and Pacific Northern, which hedge-hops the bush runs along the edge of Hudson Bay.

So that while, under the CAA ruling, the original version will be obsolete as a passenger carrier in the United States, it has years of active service ahead as a freight carrier and possibly as a military plane at home and as a passenger carrier abroad. Old-timers predict that the DC-3 will still be flying across remote jungle and desert when today's young pilots are grandfathers.

Not long ago, Northwest Airlines sold one of its last DC-3s to a Latin-American air line. Already ten years old, this plane had chalked up more than 34,200 flying hours. Its engines had been changed 50 times and it had flown more than 5,500,000 miles. Yet the pilots who delivered it south of the border estimated that it was good for another 20 years.

"You might wreck one," a pilot said. "But you'll never wear one out."



The famous DC-2½, a DC-3 which lost its right wing to Jap strafers and couldn't get another. A DC-2 wing, 10 feet shorter, was substituted. The plane looked lopsided, but it flew fine

Lands Safely After Mid-Air Ramming

He might have added that it is not easy to wreck one. There have been numerous instances when DC-3s continued to fly even after aerial collisions. For example, at Milwaukee a Capital Airlines DC-3 with 23 aboard was rammed in flight by a smaller plane. The outer five feet of the air liner's wing, together with 52 inches of aileron, were torn off. Yet the pilot, Captain Jack Bolick, proceeded to the airport and landed safely.

Other stories of DC-3 feats are legion. Although designed to carry only 21 passengers and a crew of three, the plane has occasionally been known to take off with more than 60 people aboard. Once, in Burma, a China National Airways DC-3 evacuating refugees took off with 74 passengers. They included 21 women, 21 children, 10 Indians, 21 soldiers with full equipment, and Lieutenant Colonel Jimmy Doolittle, who was on his way back to the States after bombing Tokyo. After Captain Charles Sharp got the plane into the air, Doolittle went forward to the cockpit and announced: "If I'd known you were crazy enough to try to fly this thing with this many people aboard, I'd have *walked* home."

While the DC-3 made its mark initially for the commercial air lines, it was as a World War II plane that millions of Americans got to know it best. Called the R4D by the Navy and Marines, and the Dakota by the British and *(Continued on page 65)*

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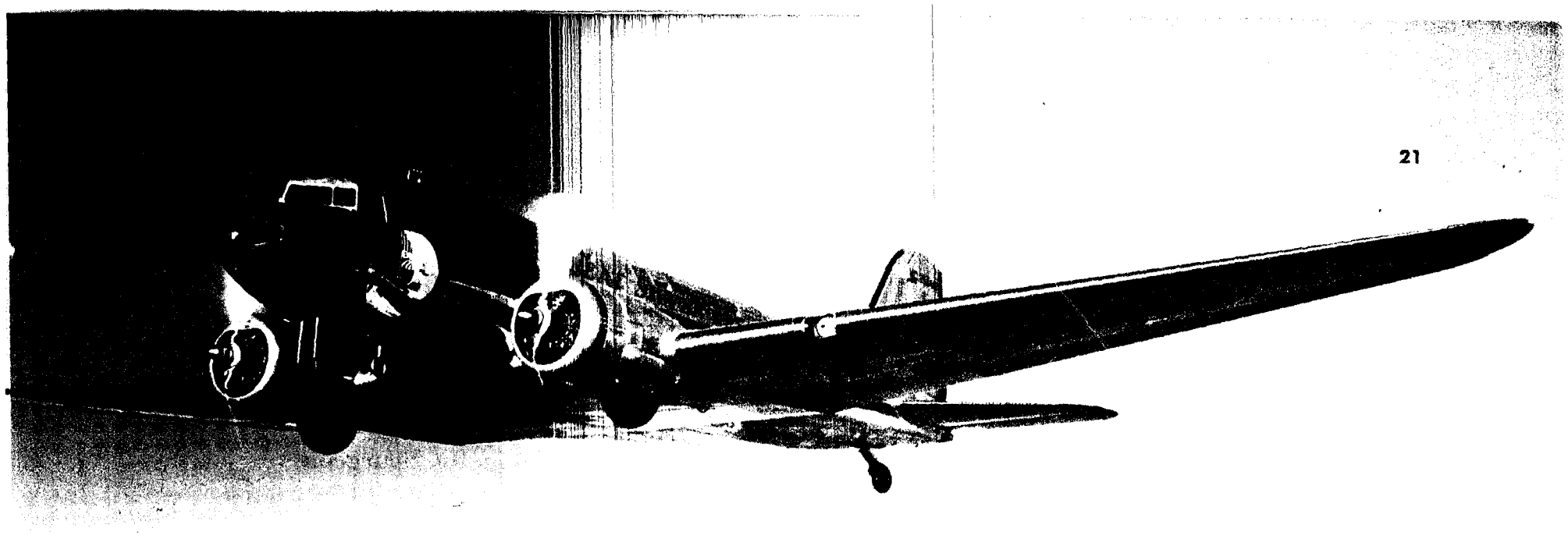
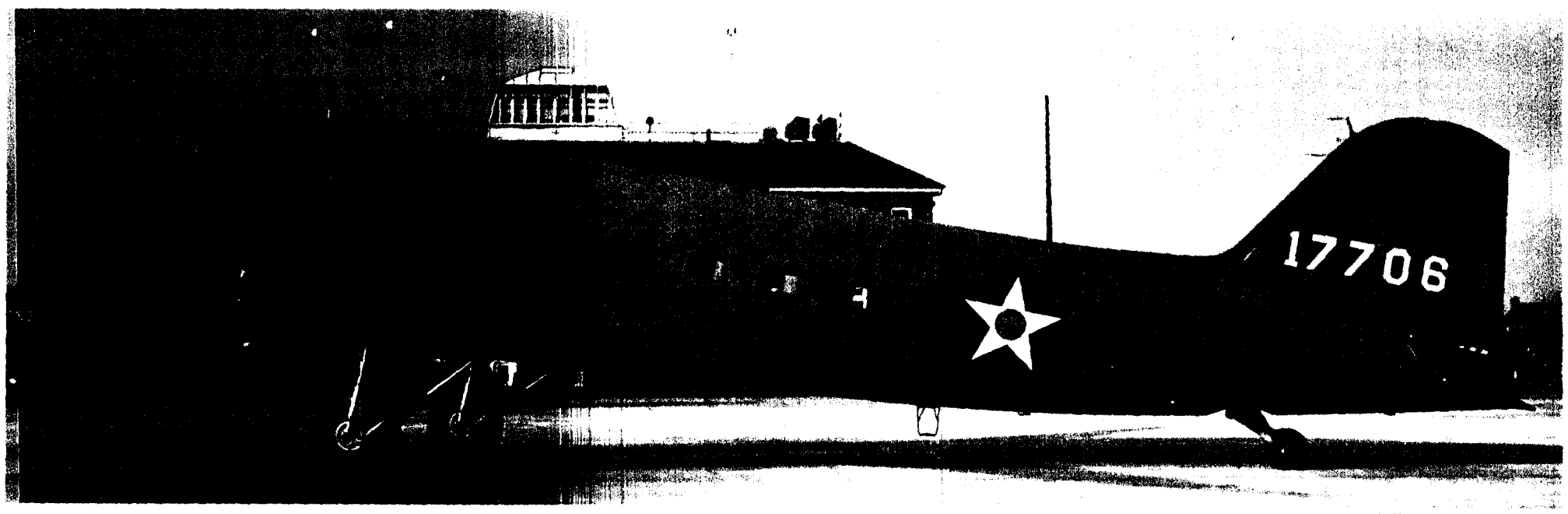
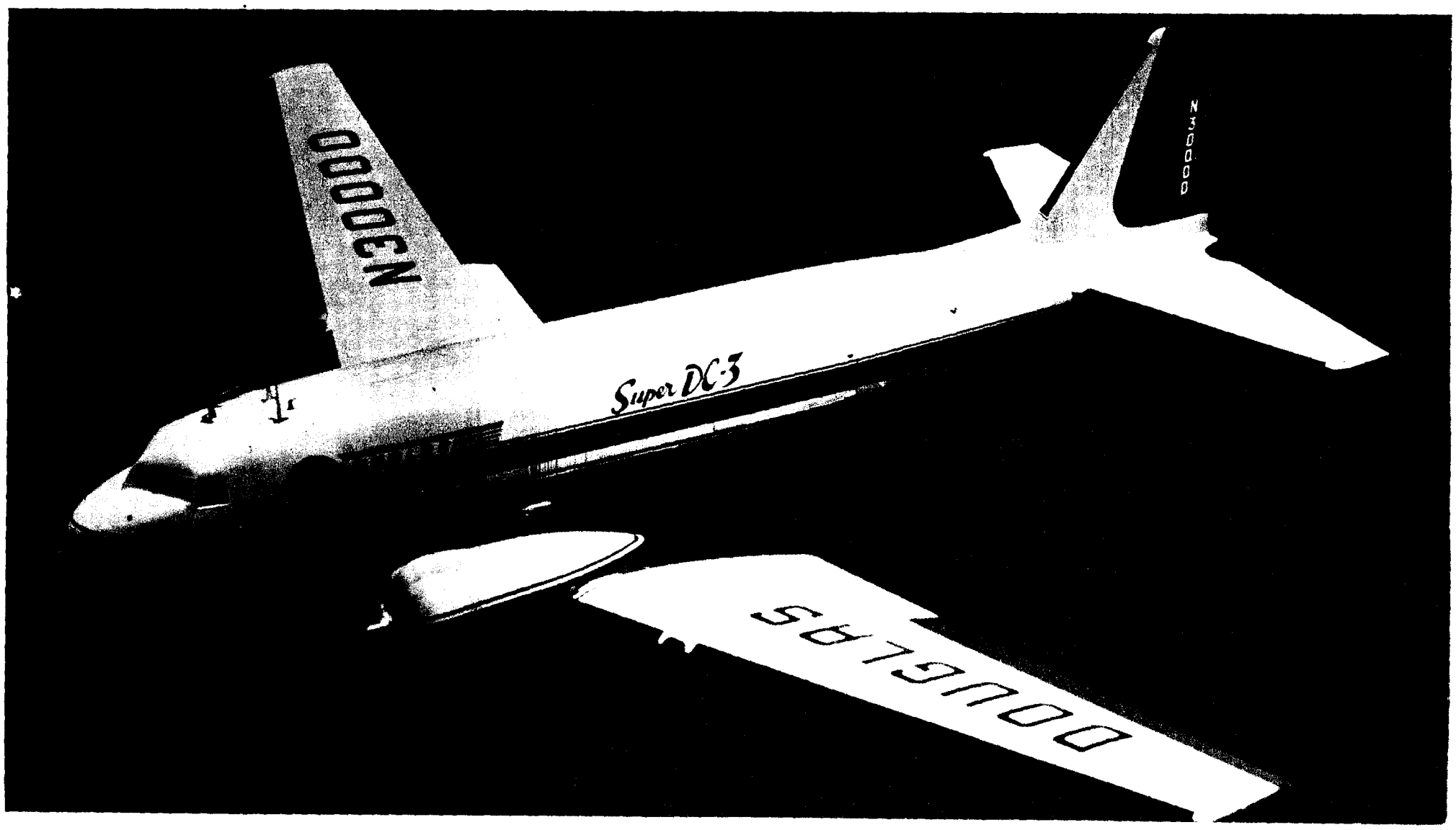


The original DC-3, built in 1935, was a lifesaver for the air lines. It was big, fast, safe and economical—and it had the public's confidence



With the war, the sleek air liner donned olive drab and labored mightily for democracy. General Eisenhower called it one of our four best weapons

The old transport refuses to die. As the Super DC-3 it's the same plane, but changes have increased its speed, pay load and life expectancy



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SPEAKING *of the* BOSS

By TUBBY THREADBINDER

Unaccustomed as he was to public speaking, and to eulogizing Mr. Spurgeon, Tubby found himself in the soup when the waiter walked off with his notes

Someone in the kitchen dropped a tray with a resounding crash and my memory went completely blank. The silence was oppressive

Collier's for December 30, 1950

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IN THE history of public speaking you can put me down as a one-speech man. I did it once, and that's enough. My speech was a memorable occasion, and it has given me an outstanding reputation in the diaper business.

The 40th anniversary dinner of the Sam Spurgeon Diaper Company was an event of some importance in the textile world. Nearly a hundred of the most prominent figures in the industry were there, as well as all of Sam Spurgeon's employees, a comprehensive assortment of obstetricians, educators, trade-paper editors and every American "Mother of the Year" from 1935 to date. At each place was a souvenir safety pin of sterling silver, engraved with the founder's name and the significant dates, 1910-1950.

The employees had decided to give Sam Spurgeon a $300 wrist watch and it was my wife, Sybil, who persuaded me to make the presentation speech. A natural back-seat driver, Sybil has guided my destinies for better or for worse every since high-school days.

When the office staff picked me for the "with all our affection and esteem" speech, I was flabbergasted. I had never made an oration in my life, not even to my mother-in-law.

Undoubtedly the office politicians had decided that I was the most harmless candidate, the only member of the staff who could be counted on not to do himself any good. I could hear the boys saying, "Why not let Tubby make it? The boss hardly knows that he's here, and besides, maybe he won't be when the evening's over."

I had the good sense to refuse, but then I made the mistake of telling Sybil about it.

She was pretty sore. Sybil said that it was typical of my lack of initiative, that I had just thrown away the best opportunity I had had in 10 years to show old man Spurgeon what he had overlooked.

"Anyone can learn to make a speech," she said, "even you."

Sybil has an uncanny way of making me agree with her. I found that I had reconsidered and the next day I kept my promise and told the boys I would accept.

The next evening after supper—such a good supper that I knew Sybil had something up her sleeve—she showed me some books she had brought from the library. "These are all about speech-making," she explained. "They're exactly what you need."

I leafed through the top book and picked a page at random. "How did Daniel Webster prepare his speeches?" it asked. Then came the secret formula: "As he went about his usual work, as he walked the street, as he sat in the barn milking his cows, as he made his daily trip to the butcher and the grocer, he kept his mind busy with the subject he was going to talk about. From time to time he jotted down notes, fragments, sentences, on stray envelopes or bits of paper. These he stored away in his top hat until he was ready to sit down and arrange them in order, and shape them for delivery."

Somehow I couldn't visualize Mr. Webster wearing a topper while he milked his cows, and for my purposes it seemed highly impractical to buy a top hat as a filing cabinet.

Eventually I settled back in my easy chair with an anthology of the world's greatest speeches, and I found a couple by Artemus Ward and Mark Twain that I really enjoyed. But for the next few days Sybil took over as head coach. Every evening she turned out all the lights in the living room, to keep visitors away, and we practiced in the cellar. She made me read speeches of all the great orators from Demosthenes to William Jennings Bryan.

The echo from the coalbin and the stone walls gave my voice an uninspiring hollow sound, but Sybil said my only difficulty was in gestures. She called my attention to a chapter in one of her books, on the "Importance of Gestures." The author went into the most minute detail. For instance:

"In public speaking, your forearm has three radii, called respectively the Colloquial, Rhetorical and Epic. The colloquial radius is the most useful, forming a quadrant with the center of the elbow at the middle of the sternum, and the upper line of the angle passing through the middle of the humerus."

While I lacked the engineering and medical education to understand this description fully, I did the best I could. I drew back my elbow with a sweep and began impressively, "Friends, Romans, countrymen!" There was a loud crack as my hand hit an iron jack post, and everything went black. Half an hour later I heard the doctor saying to Sybil, "Just a bruise. You can take off the bandages in a day or so."

"Anyone can learn to make a speech." Sybil said, "even you." And she has an uncanny way of making me agree

When the great occasion was almost upon us, Sybil decided I had better have my speech written out and read it. Her suggestion came as a crumb of comfort, and we spent the next few days working on this tack. That is, we worked on it until she found an authority who insisted it was bad form to read a speech. "Such delivery is always ineffective," he cautioned.

So I started on the difficult job of memorizing the text we had prepared. But every day the text was changed here and there, and a memory like mine has a tendency to get confused under such circumstances.

I recited the fifth draft several times in front of the living-room mirror, and it sounded pretty good. The speech paid a nice tribute to Sam Spurgeon's rise from the ragpicking business to his present eminence as head of the International Association of Breechcloth Manufacturers. It pointed out how he had pioneered with the stork's-eye weave, invented the embroidered diaper with air vents, the circular diaper, the triangular didie with zippers, and how he had followed his star with unswerving devotion and initiative to a real triumph, the Jubilee Perfumed Package.

I summarized the whole works on a filing card, with a starting line for each paragraph. With this aid I was sure I was set.

* * *

All too soon the fateful evening arrived. I was a bit unsettled during the meal, and grew increasingly nervous as the preliminary speeches droned on. Out of the corner of my eye I could see an office stenographer under a potted palm tree taking down every word for the press on a shorthand machine.

As I was being introduced, I wiped my glasses and tested them by looking across at old Sam Spurgeon. That was a mistake. I have never seen a more completely disagreeable face. How could anyone give a "testimonial" to such an old curmudgeon?

Although I never heard the toastmaster's final words, I saw everyone looking at me, and I realized my time had come. So with a deep breath and a firm clutch on the tablecloth, I arose. My remembrance of the speech is hazy, but since then I have had an opportunity to go over the stenographer's transcript.

"Mr. Toastmaster, fellow workers, Mr. Spurgeon," I began confidently, "we have gathered together this evening to celebrate the 40th anniversary of our company. We are proud to salute our Founder as the pioneer whose great brain conceived making the diaper an article of commerce."

Someone in the kitchen dropped a tray with a resounding crash, wrecking my train of thought. It seemed to me my next paragraph began, "We faithful employees," but beyond these three words, my memory went blank. I searched desperately for my index card; it had vanished. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a waiter carrying it off with the dessert dishes. The silence was oppressive. People began coughing. Sam smiled with an "I knew it" expression.

I had to say something. Suddenly, I remembered a passage from one of Sybil's books. I put on a bold front and began to recite the page as if it were part of my speech.

"Say what you believe and believe what you say. A trickster may for a time mislead the men with whom he deals, one at a time, behind the doors of a private office, but let him stand before an assemblage of men and he will plainly read in their eyes and faces that they know his words are not valid."

Sam Spurgeon looked puzzled, but impressed. He expected me to connect these words with the subject of the evening. So I did. I promised my listeners that I would be completely sincere in my remarks about diapers, about our founder, and about the $300 watch we were going to give him.

"We faithful employees," I went on, feeling trapped by my own introduction but determinedly addressing Sam in person, "are happy to celebrate your anniversary. Whatever minor irritations we have endured from you throughout the years are now forgotten in the joy of seeing you smile—actually smile—for the first time in human memory. We'd like to see it happen oftener.

"Mr. Spurgeon, tomorrow you start on a well-deserved vacation, a one-year trip around the world. I trust you will enjoy it as much as we, your workers, will."

This brought down the house, and gave me time to assemble my thoughts. I had my eyes on Sam, who was apparently choking on a fishbone. Now everyone turned toward him, cheering and laughing.

Gradually his face broke into a reluctant grin. The cheers redoubled as he reached for a spoon and pounded the table with it. "That's a good crack," he shouted. "Let's have some more."

The next evening after supper Sybil showed me some library books she'd brought me—all about speechmaking

I was ready to oblige now.

"Mr. Spurgeon, when you receive this going-away gift which I am about to hand you, pay no attention to the conventional inscription, 'With our regard and esteem.' We had to say something, but we found it pretty hard, Mr. Spurgeon, to think of anything nice to say to you. So we let the jeweler use his own judgment.

"The boys have really sacrified to give you an unusual gift. For weeks they have suspended their poker games, and the bookies have stopped calling at our office. These contributions were put into the purchase of a really unique gold watch—after we found a fellow who could get it for us wholesale.

"You may ask, why should we give you a watch? There are time clocks in every corner of the office and factory and three extra-noisy clocks in your office, to remind callers to get out. You have a dozen watches—we know that. But this is something different. It has a second hand that is specially adjusted to keep your mind on your business. Instead of making one *(Continued on page 51)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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Three loud explosions shook the bar. Harry Radabaugh tried to say something, but coughed blood, and then, suddenly, fell to the floor

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Racket Alley

By W. R. BURNETT

If Harry Radabaugh was the finger man, Arky was sure going to get him. But would getting Radabaugh really do any good—or was it too late to save the organization from disaster?

The Story: A strong underworld organization can exist only so long as its top men control the smalltime operators, only so long as they can keep outsiders from muscling in, and only so long as corrupt politicians can contrive to protect the rackets. Weakness in any of these three departments means trouble.

Now Orval Wanty (more commonly known as Arky) is in trouble. Arky is a key figure in an underworld syndicate that has been dominated by a respected citizen named Judge Greet, who was known to the underworld as the Mover. But the Mover is dead—killed by the same unknown assassin who tried to kill Arky and killed, instead, his mistress, Anna. Arky knows that the assassin was deputized by an out-of-town syndicate, which wants to take over the local rackets, to liquidate the local big shots. He doesn't know the assassin's identity, although he suspects that Harry Radabaugh, a crooked ex-cop who seems to be rising in the underworld, is somehow involved.

It has been Arky's function to collect the profits from vice and illegal gambling in the city and convey them to the Mover's banker, Gordon King, known as the Paymaster. But now the Paymaster is sick, and Arky himself must hold the organization together if it is to survive. The front man, Leon Sollas, has already fled the city, and his replacement, Rudy Solano, is a man of small intelligence and little courage. The organization's chief police ally, Captain Carl Dysen, wants to give up the fight, too.

While all this is going on, Ben Reisman, a newspaper columnist, is trying conscientiously to expose the operations of the local organization. He finally is able to convince Police Commissioner Thomas Stark, an honest official in a corrupt city, that Greet and Arky and Dysen controlled the rackets.

And Arky has his own personal worries. With Anna gone, he has to depend upon his bodyguard, Zand, and Zand's girl, Lola, to take care of the baby that Anna's homeless niece left in his care. Lola and Zand are finding the baby, named Thaddeus but now called Orv, more than they can handle. And Arky has hired a poolroom mug called Turkey to act as a sort of auxiliary bodyguard and chauffeur. Arky is terribly lonely without Anna, but he has begun to be interested in Robbie, a girl who used to work for Leon and later worked for Rudy.

Now it is late at night, and Arky has been summoned, from his apartment over the poolroom he operates, to come downstairs. Turkey, guarding the place, has seen a car drive up and stop outside. Arky waits to see what will happen—and Robbie comes to the door—upset and obviously frightened.

IV

ROBBIE reached out and grasped Arky's arm. "Oh, God, I'm glad you're here. I'm half crazy." She began to sob. Arky reached out and took her in his arms. She was so soft and delicate, smelled so sweet, that he could hardly stand it.

"I didn't know what to do with him, Ozark. I've had him on my hands in that little apartment of mine for nearly a week. He's all to pieces—jumps if the telephone rings. Cries sometimes at night. I can't stand a man crying."

"Slow down, baby," said Arky, shaking her gently, then holding her at arm's length. "Take it easy. Everything's going to be all right. Rudy's a slob. Everybody knows that."

"It's not Rudy," she cried. "It's Leon."

"What?"

"Look. I don't know what's going on. Leon keeps saying they're going to kill him. But when I tell him to get out of town, he says he's been out of town and they been keeping tabs on him—he just can't get away. I think he's off his head myself. Thinks somebody's trying to kill him. Maybe Leon reads the papers too much. I don't know. I don't want to know. But I just can't take it another night. Arky, you've got to help me." She sounded a little hysterical.

"What do you want me to do about it?" asked Arky.

"Keep him here. Hide him. Maybe he'll get over this—this—whatever it is—with you around." Robbie seemed to come to herself and glanced about her, puzzled, at the dingy alley and the shadowy, barnlike bookie room. "Say, Ozark, what are *you* doing in a place like this?"

"Don't ask questions. Go tell Leon to come in. I'll see what I can do for him."

Robbie hesitated, then turned and went out.

In a moment Arky heard them coming down the alley. He waited, wondering. Finally they appeared. Leon started slightly when he saw Arky in the doorway. Leon was wearing dark glasses, and had raised a mustache, but nobody who knew him would ever mistake him for anybody but Leon Sollas.

"You going to take me in, Ark?" he gasped.

"Sure," said Arky, with a short laugh. "But it's not much of a place—and *everybody* seems to know where I live."

"Robbie said you would," Leon went on, half crying. "Smart girl, Robbie. She knows everything. I don't know what I'd do if—"

"Stop it, Leon," said Robbie.

"I don't want that hack left out in the alley, though," said Arky. "Not that circus wagon."

"It's not the convertible," said Leon. "You think I'm crazy? This one's a black Cadillac."

"Whatever it is, I don't want it out there." Arky turned to Robbie. "Give me the keys." She handed them to him without a word. "Turk," called Arky.

The big crop-headed kid came over to them, and Arky explained to him about the car. "If the garage is closed, honk your horn till that Greek wakes up. He'll be in the back someplace."

"Say, wait a minute," cried Robbie. "What about me?"

"You?" said Leon. "You're going to stay right here. What do you think?"

"Now listen, Leon, I told you that when . . ." She paused and glanced at Arky. "Oh, never mind." . . .

Arky gave Leon Anna's bedroom. After he was settled, Arky told Robbie to go in the living room and wait for him; then he shut the door behind her.

"I told you you'd play tag once too often," said Arky. "What is all this, Leon? Are *you* on the list, too?"

Leon nodded, swallowing.

"Rudy?"

Leon shook his head. "Nobody worries about Rudy. He just nods and smiles and agrees with everybody. He might even be useful to them. But we're dead, done for, Arky."

"*You* may be."

"Oh, I know you're a fighter, Ark. But you can't fight shadows. The Big Boys give a couple of plumbers your address and that's it."

"One of the plumbers got a leak himself. Maybe it was tough to fix."

"No use, Arky," Leon said. "They just keep coming."

"You wouldn't finger for 'em, is that right, Leon?"

Leon gave a jump, then calmed himself with an effort. "What kind of talk is that?" he asked.

"Why don't you tell me the truth, Leon? It's in your favor. You might be riding high if you'd fingered us."

"It's a thing I wouldn't do to my worst enemy," said Leon with quiet conviction. "And as for my friends—"

Arky got up, walked over to Leon, and patted him on the shoulder. "Damn it, Leon; you may be a little on the jumpy side, but you're all right."

Arky paused, then went on quietly: "All I want's the finger. When you get up nerve enough, Leon, you tell me. Meanwhile, you relax. I'll look after you. You're safe here. In order to get to you, they got to get Turk, Zand and me. But, Leon, I'd like to know the finger. Anna was a right nice woman. And the judge—well, he was a right nice man."

Leon sighed and stared at the carpet for a long time. "How would I know about the finger?" he asked.

"Well, you either know or you don't know," said Arky. "If you do, tell me. Okay?"

Leon studied Arky's face for a moment, but said nothing. Arky went out.

ROBBIE was asleep on the davenport, her knees drawn up and her camel's-hair coat thrown over her. Her face looked pale.

Arky tiptoed in and stood looking down at her. "God," he said to himself, "I never saw such long eyelashes in my born days."

Robbie woke up with a start, then sat up quickly.

"You want to go to bed?" asked Arky.

Robbie blinked a couple of times, then recovered. "Arky, I hate to say this to you, but I just don't like the subtle approach."

"I don't mean that," said Arky. "There are times and times. Look. There's a good bed in that front bedroom. Go on in. Undress. Relax. Turn the key in the lock."

"I *am* dead. But it relaxes me to talk. Got a cigarette?"

Arky took out his pack, lighted a cigarette and handed it to her; then he lighted one for himself.

"Arky," she said. "Leon's a lot more handsome than you are. You're ugly."

"Leon's a very handsome fellow."

"He makes me ill."

After a pause, Arky asked, "What's your name?"

"Robbie. It's *me*—remember?"

"Is that all the name you got?"

"Is Ozark or Arky all the name *you* got? Or maybe Johnson?"

"My name's Orval Wanty."

"Oh, *no!*" cried Robbie, laughing. "I wasn't so far off with Elmer, was I?"

"Got a brother named Elmer."

"Well, my name, believe it or not, is Rosa Maria Venuti."

"You don't look like no Italian."

"What does an Italian look like?"

"I've seen thousands of them on the Hill. You got blue eyes, fair complexion, and you got a build like a model."

"All right, take me to court. But that's my name. You know something, *(Continued on page 39)*

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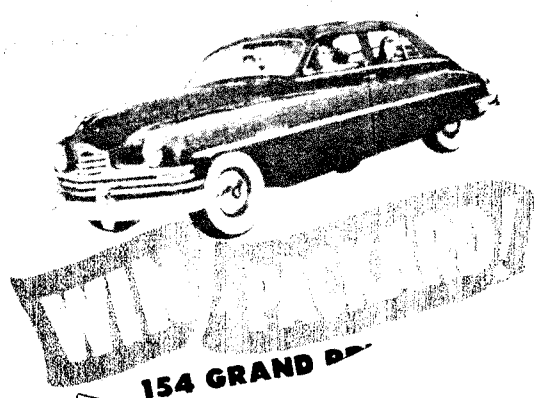

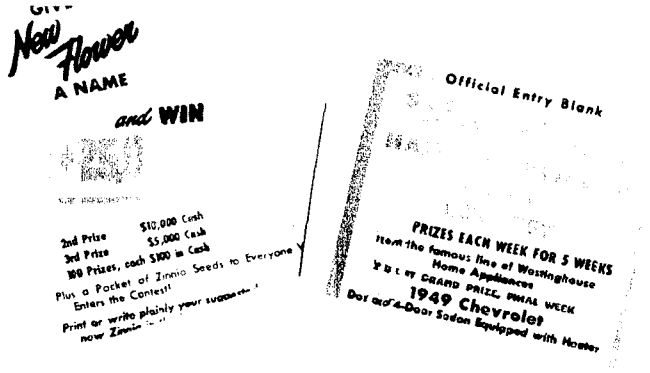

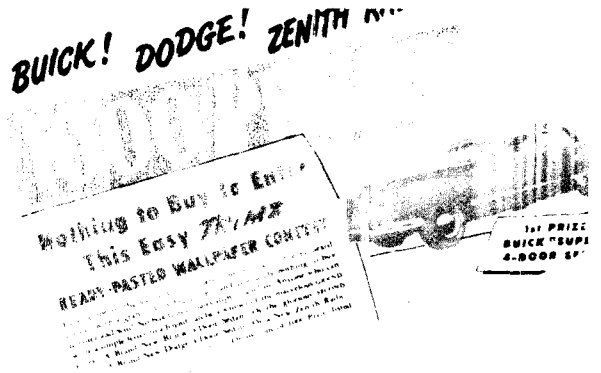

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T NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT
NTEST!
ERICA'S GREAT BODY-BUILDING BREAKFAST!
.00 IN CASH PRIZES! 383 CHANCES TO
CAN WIN $10,000 IN CAS

"Contest gold," Shepherd has said, "has all the lure of pirate gold, without the flies, snakes and heat . . ."

ONE of the extraordinary educational phenomena of our times is an officially accredited institution of higher learning called the Shepherd Correspondence School of Contest Technique, in Philadelphia. This academy is a notable enemy of two of the three R's. It advises its students to shun reading the classics; it shows them how to mutilate the English language; yet it does suggest that they use arithmetic in counting their earnings, which often are singularly high. In short, the Shepherd academy teaches people how to win contests. It is, in fact, the oldest, biggest and most dignified school of its kind in the country. "The Harvard of contest schools," Hugh Freese, editor of the Upland, Indiana, national Contest Magazine, calls it with deep respect.

The Shepherd school is distinguished chiefly because of the claim that its students—largely housewives throughout the United States—have a virtual monopoly on all major prizes won in the contest field. Evidence in the academy's files shows that its 15,000 alumni have reaped at least $3,000,000 in contest prizes over the last 19 years.

Last year, the slogans, limericks and 25-word statements of admiration written as homework by its scholars brought in over $300,000. And in this boom year in Box Top Land, the school maintains that its current 7,500 disciples will win more than half the total of first prizes offered in the nation's 1,000-odd major contests.

When it's considered that, by the end of 1950, approximately 19,000,000 Americans will have written "I like—because . . ." 70,000,000 times, in untutored efforts to obtain contest merchandise and cash estimated conservatively at $2,000,000, the Shepherd organization obviously merits study.

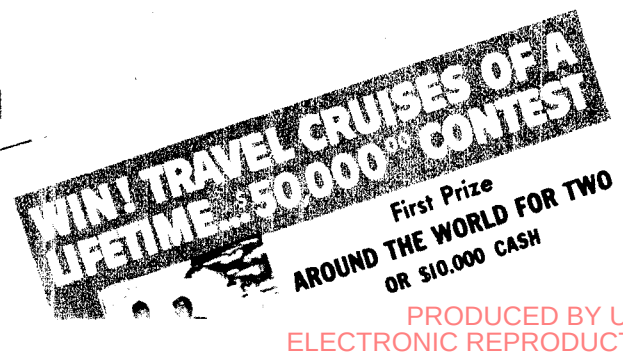
The mastermind behind the school's operations is an able businessman named Dean Wilmer Samuel Shepherd, Jr., a thin, dapper, somewhat professorial-looking bachelor of forty-seven, addicted to conservative bow ties. He has mild blue eyes behind rimless spectacles, and these give him the general harmless demeanor of a Donald Crisp.

In his work, Shepherd is a strange combination of businesslike propriety and seething creativeness. As a shrewdly practical administrator, he operates a school that grosses about $75,000 annually; as an artisan with the English language he thrusts and parries, using prize-winning puns with an adroitness which won him thousands of dollars in the days before he withdrew from competition.

Shepherd is so immersed in the synthetic vocabulary of his calling that he frequently sounds like a walking contest entry. His conversation bristles with Winchellisms like "Topportunity," "Winspiration" and "Contestarters"—and even when he uses words which are more at home in the dictionary it's often difficult to disentangle his personality from his rhetoric. Back in 1936 he wrote an article for a radio fan magazine—it was titled Seven Secrets of Contest Winning—in which he said of himself:

"Contest gold has all the lure of pirate gold without the flies, snakes and heat. I exchange my dream castles in Spain for real American dollars. I am, in brief, a Richard Halliburton following unexplored highways and

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS



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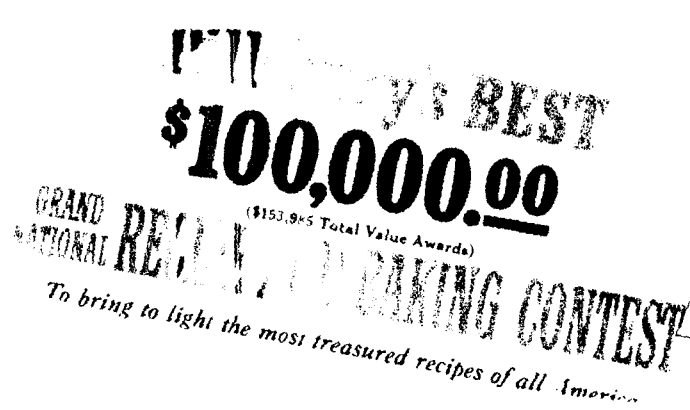
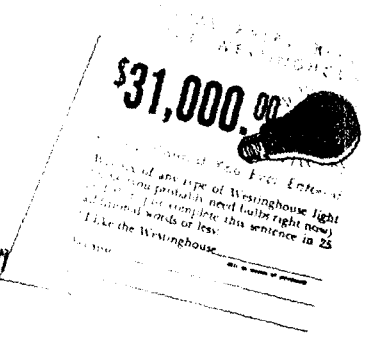
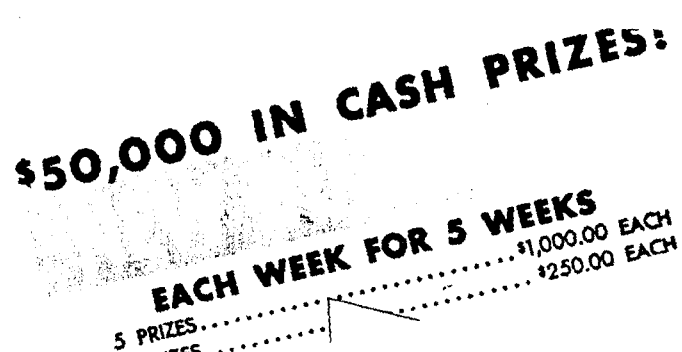
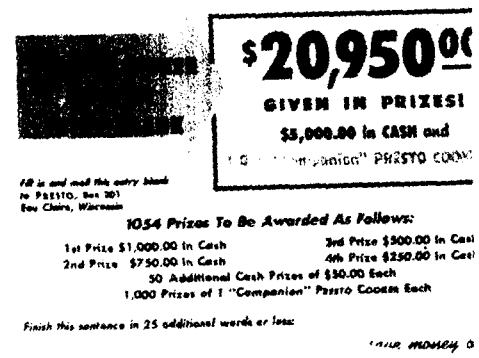







$20,950.00
GIVEN IN PRIZES!
$5,000.00 in CASH and
1054 Prizes To Be Awarded As Follows:
1st Prize $1,000.00 In Cash
2nd Prize $750.00 In Cash
50 Additional Cash Prizes of $30.00 Each
1,000 Prizes of 1 "Companion" Presto Cooker Each

"He likes contests because..."

Dean Wilmer S. Shepherd, Jr., runs a correspondence school for people whose pastime is picking up prize money. During the last 19 years, 15,000 alumni have won about $3,000,000

By FRANK RASKY

byways of imagination. I go big-game hunting with a notebook, a typewriter and postage stamps. I'm a swivel-chair Soldier of Fortune."

Shepherd becomes particularly voluble when his dominance in the contest field is challenged. He has a profound disdain for most of his competitors, especially those who sell contest answers at $5 to $100 an entry, a practice considered illegal by the Federal Trade Commission.

"Those aren't schools," he protests vehemently. "They're promoters. Do they have academic standards and personal criticism like we do? They're hole-in-the-wall outfits—fly-by-nighters."

It is a fact that the Shepherd school has won the sanction of the authorities. The Pennsylvania State Department of Public Instruction has given it a school charter, and, indeed, the State Department of Labor and Industry's Inspection Bureau has awarded it a Certificate of Honor.

True, a United States Post Office inspector once came to investigate the school. But he was so pleased with the academy's integrity, according to Shepherd, that he later enrolled his daughter as a pupil. Similarly, an inquiring income-tax inspector lost his skepticism, joined the school, entered a contest and soon won a refrigerator.

Of course, the Shepherd school is not entirely immune to criticism. Lilyan Steen, who for 11 years has helped conduct Shepherd's largest rival, the All-American Contest School, also in Philadelphia, concedes Shepherd's role as the pioneering dean of contest academies; but she complains, "Shep sure can get corny. I mean, he encourages the use of too many rah-rah adjectives."

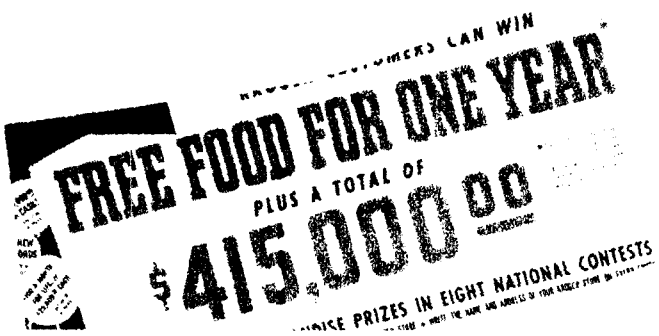
Shepherd remains serenely indifferent to such comment. He does not regard his institute as a mere school; to him it is a way of life. From the moment he arises at 7:00 A.M. in his comfortable two-story home on North Fourth Street in the suburbs of Philadelphia, Shepherd is a dedicated man. While dressing and eating his breakfast, he busily dreams up sample contest statements. Occasionally, he may cock his ear toward the radio, intent on collecting news of the latest quiz program winners. When he is seated on the bus going downtown, his imagination juggles jingles and limericks.

At precisely 9:30 A.M., he enters his neatly appointed suite of offices on the fourth floor of the Jefferson Building at 1015 Chestnut Street. His staff of six, who have preceded him by a half hour, are at work at their desks, sorting correspondence lessons. They all pause to greet him as he strides jauntily to his private office.

Tiered against the walls of the school are 15 tall filing cabinets; these contain the dossiers of his 7,500 scholars —1,500 current correspondents and 6,000 graduate subscribers. One special file, kept under lock and key, holds the 40,000 entries that have won contests over the last 19 years. "That's the bones of my school," says Shepherd, rapping his knuckles against the cabinet.

On the basis of this enormous backlog, Shepherd is able to devise his 75 correspondence lessons at $36 the course, plus his various bulletins—Idea Incubator, Spinning Winning Phrases, Idea Keyboard and Idea Spur. When they graduate, students may subscribe to his bi-monthly tip sheet, Shears for the *(Continued on page 68)*

$35,000
IN CASH PRIZES
Just for telling us why you enjoy one of these Radio Programs
First Prize - $15,000 Cash
Second Prize - $5,000 Cash
50 Third Prizes - $100 Each
500 Fourth Prizes - $20 Each



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THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF Human Rights

Mrs. Dorothy Tilly is an ardent supporter of the United Nations Human Rights Program

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Mrs. Tilly's CRUSADE

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

A tiny Georgia lady in her sixties, who wears roses in her bonnet, proves a powerful fighter for human and civil rights in the South. Is a Negro denied his vote? Does a sheriff close his eyes to violence? Then she speeds to the fight—and usually victory

OUTSIDE the South, people hear about the floggings and the burning crosses, the intimidation at the polls, and the candidates who get elected by calling their opponents "nigger lovers." But they rarely hear about the sort of thing that happened last spring in Claxton, Georgia. Claxton is a rural county seat of 2,000, without any of the Southern liberal elements of big cities like Atlanta. But it had had its fill of Ku Klux Klan outrages: a pregnant woman flogged, an old preacher beaten up because he was accused—as it happens falsely—of teaching civil rights to his people. And so, early last year Claxton, by unanimous vote of its city council, slapped on an ordinance prohibiting the wearing of masks within the city limits. The Klan hasn't been back since.

Fewer than 40 of Georgia's 600 municipalities have passed such an anti-mask law. Yet there are those who detect, in Claxton's move to clean its own house, a bright new wave of the future.

For the good people of Claxton were not acting alone, but as part of a network with strands all over the South, a network of decent citizens opposed to violence and discrimination in their own communities. Many are church members, who believe in what they call "Christian race relations." Their headquarters is Atlanta, and their leader is a tiny and completely feminine woman who is as Southern as magnolia blossoms, yet, at the same time, a lionhearted champion of human rights.

The mere existence of Mrs. Milton E. Tilly makes Northerners rub their eyes. Born in Hampton, Georgia, raised on a plantation, sweet-voiced and with a fondness for roses in her hats, she is the perfect prototype of the Southern lady. But she has served on President Truman's civil rights commission—the only Southern woman on it—and has been paid the high compliment of receiving a Klan threat to blow up her house.

Mild-mannered Dorothy Tilly has been called "the most influential woman in the South." So great is her repute that some years ago, during the high-riding regime of the late Governor Eugene Talmadge, she obtained within a few brief weeks' time 28,000 signatures of Georgia women on a petition for a Negro training school, and then proceeded to stampede the appropriation for the school past a Talmadge veto.

Her answer to the invariable query by non-Southerners, "What's happening in Dixie?" is: "Nothing that wasn't happening in my girlhood," and she is in her sixties. "There have always been Southerners who put humanity above color."

If a Negro is held without charges in a county jail; if his lawyers are threatened with violence; if somebody has been killed or beaten and the law does nothing; if a DP family is kept in near peonage on a lonely farm, word somehow gets to Mrs. Tilly in Atlanta.

Sometimes it is brought by a relative of the victim, who turns up at the office of the Southern Regional Council, 63 Auburn Avenue, Atlanta, where she has her headquarters; often the messenger is waiting when Mrs. Tilly, an early bird, arrives before eight in the morning. Or somebody drives across a county line or two—it is dangerous to use the phone near home on such an errand—and telephones her long-distance in the middle of the night. "Please come and help us," is the plea.

Mrs. Tilly has had these calls from all over the South. She always knows someone in the vicinity who will act, and usually she goes to the scene herself. Keeping in the background, careful never to appear as an outsider interfering in local affairs, she takes a group of local women with her. They're willing and glad to help; in their own words, they "don't know how to do" until someone shows them. Together with Mrs. Tilly, they call on the sheriff, the county judge and other influential local folk, pleading the cause of justice. Sometimes they succeed in getting the innocent out of jail and evildoers punished; sometimes they fail. Often they run into a political situation too tough to crack. But that doesn't stop them.

"We may not always get justice," Mrs. Tilly says, a shade defiantly, "but we can get public opinion so stirred up that the same thing can't ever happen in that community again."

During the first campaign of Herman Talmadge for governor, an Associated Press correspondent telephoned from the south Georgia turpentine country to tell her that a Negro schoolhouse had been burned. The story was pathetic. White people had moved away, so the plantation owner had turned over an empty school building to the Negroes. Out of their small earnings they had raised $100, and fixed up one of the two rooms as a community center. On the night of the gala opening a white man told them: "You will never hold another meeting in that schoolhouse." Next day it was a heap of ashes, and the odor of gasoline still lingered.

When Mrs. Tilly and two churchwomen from the neighborhood got there, even the local minister was unaware of the tragedy, and the sheriff explained: "I ain't never done nothin' because nobody asked me to." By the time the flying squad of three determined ladies got through, people were saying, "It's a shame!" and they raised money for a library "to build back race relations."

How does Mrs. Tilly do it? Simple, she says; merely set the facts before a few good people in the community, and they will stir up the consciences of the rest.

"There is not a spot in the South," she adds, "without its good, liberal-minded people who are terribly hurt when disaster and disgrace fall on the community through broken human relationships. They are eager to do something that will say to the Negroes and to the outside world: 'We have had no part in this evil thing.'"

Her faith in goodness is awe-inspiring. But she backs it up with shrewd political know-how, and with a colossal card-index file, covering the whole South, of what she calls "key people," principally ministers and leaders of churchwomen's societies. Most of us believe in virtue; but Mrs. Tilly has its address and telephone number.

For instance, when word reached Atlanta last year that a member of the South Carolina Assembly had invited Grand Dragon Sam Green of the Georgia Klan to speak to that legislative body, Alexander Miller, Southern regional director of the Anti-Defamation League, phoned Mrs. Tilly. Promptly she got out her South Carolina file, and within a week, 1,000 letters signed Dorothy Tilly poured out to "key people" in South Carolina church societies and civic groups. The Klan-minded Assemblyman was so snowed under with protests that he made an indignant speech denouncing this foreign woman from Georgia for poking into South Carolina's affairs.

That was last year. This year South Carolina passed an anti-Klan law.

The bewildered Northerner, with certain Southern stereotypes embedded firmly in his mind, wonders why Mrs. Tilly isn't lynched, or at least ostracized. She goes down the line for even the most embittered aspects of the civil rights program, including FEPC, and she makes it plain that she thinks segregation nonsense.

Injustice Is the Nation's Business

The South's most cherished doctrine, "Just leave us alone to work out our own problems," leaves her cold. When something bad happens—like two little girls being imprisoned in a county jail to force their father to talk—she is on a plane and off to Washington, entreating her good friends the Attorney General or J. Edgar Hoover to put the resources of the FBI to work in Georgia. When people mutter about "Yankee interference," she retorts: "What happens to any person in this country is the business of the whole country."

Yet for all her bold trampling on tenderest Southern corns, she does it, somehow, as a member of the family. And instead of disowning her, the family showers her with honors.

In one month last spring, the Pi Sigma Alpha fraternity at Emory University, in Atlanta, made her an honorary member, and the North Georgia conference of her own Methodist Woman's Society gave her its highest award, "because you have stretched our minds and hearts to recognize our kinship with all men everywhere."

When a group of Southern women's organizations named her Woman of Achievement in Social Welfare two years ago, the Atlanta Women's Chamber of Commerce and the Atlanta Constitution backed it up handsomely with a chest of silver.

Not long ago I went with her to a meeting of the Georgia Interracial Committee in Macon. After it was over, an attractive young Negro couple drove us in their car to the bus terminal. My betrayal of surprise, after they left us, drew a gleam of amusement from Mrs. Tilly. Her whole family has long been the sort which always puts humanity first.

This definitely applies to Mr. Tilly, a tall, pleasant, easygoing gentleman who carries a pocketful of clippings about his wife's activities, and produces them, beaming, at the slightest excuse. He has backed her up in everything she has done.

When, in 1945, the White House called up to ask her to serve on the President's civil rights commission, Mr. Tilly stood beside *(Continued on page 66)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GABRIEL BENZUR

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"I warn you," she said, "if just living with me gets you so out of patience, you'll blow up completely when Meggie and Cap go into operation together"

The Cross Old Bear

By CLAIRE WALLIS

What can you do when your husband turns into an ogre and snarls and snaps and snipes at you all day long? Can you make him young again? Eleanor thought it was worth a try

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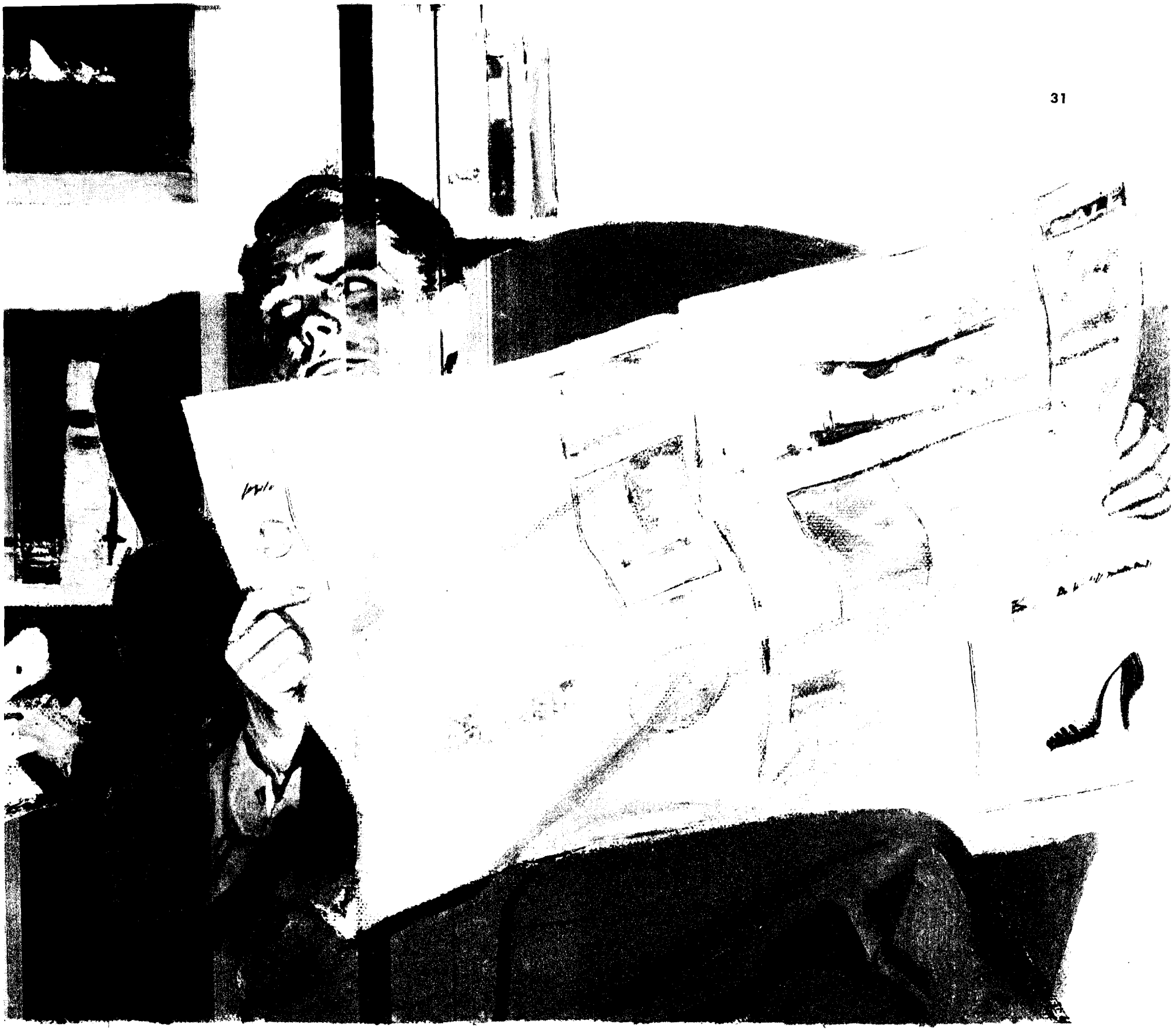

ELEANOR DARROW sat on the front steps and surveyed what was left of the bleeding heart she had planted just a week ago. Fred had lopped off the delicate plant, just as deliberately and willfully as he seemed to be trying to destroy the harmony which had made their marriage happy for over twenty years.

She had looked forward to this time with Fred, when the children would all be settled and on their adult ways. She had thought that now Fred and she would have time to enjoy each other, but it wasn't working out that way. Fred did not seem to know what to do with this peace which had been thrust upon them first with Drew's assignment to a South American office, then Meggie's marriage to a boy in Chicago, and, lastly, young George's entrance into the Naval Academy. They were alone for the first time since Drew had been born, twenty-three years ago, but it hadn't brought them any closer together.

The postman came up the walk with the mail, wished her a genial good morning, and said, "How's the family getting on?"

"Fine," she said, an eye on one thick envelope. "Just fine." She considered the letter, with its hastily scrawled address. Meggie was the world's worst letter writer. She belonged to the generation that had not been taught to write, and never put words on paper that could be spoken over a wire. Meggie's letters were infrequent and, when they did come, thin.

After the postman had gone, she sat staring at this thick letter, almost afraid to open it to see what had made Meggie so wordy. Sitting like this, dressed in bright, casual clothes, she could have been taken for any of the younger newly married wives who now lived in the neighborhood. Most of the older people who had been there when they moved in over twelve years before had moved out into well-heated apartments where life was simpler. But Eleanor did not consider herself and Fred that old yet. After all, the early forties were scarcely middle-aged. Their best years lay ahead if they could recapture that something—togetherness, she called it—which until recently she had identified with marriage.

She laid Meggie's letter aside, because it would require careful deciphering, and picked up the trowel. But she sat on, dangling it between her knees, her shoulders hunched in the warm sunshine. She had come out to dig up the shorn plant and replace it with something else, something that would live in the shady corner. Tony, their gardener, had eyed the fragile leaves of the bleeding heart dubiously and shaken his head, and told her it would never live. He'd be glad he had been proved right, even though his reasons had been wrong. It was Tony, in a way, who had precipitated the plant's death by not showing up yesterday to do the lawn. *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

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The Happiest Man

Sam Katzman, King of the Cliff-hangers, may be small potatoes, but his serials

IN HIS time—and he is not yet fifty—Sam Katzman has come to the aid of innumerable maidens in distress, saved payrolls, secret formulas, hidden treasures and important inventions, and nipped in the bud countless plots and evil designs. He is the indefatigable champion of virtue and the nemesis of villains, ever ready to wrest from their grasp not only persons but places and things.

Katzman works in the past, the future, and sometimes even in the present. In his scheme of things, time and place are of little or no importance. Not too long ago, for example, Sam retrieved for King Arthur the famous sword Excalibur without which that monarch could not have ruled Britain. He came to the aid of the United States shortly before the Civil War when it looked as if badmen were going to sabotage the Pony Express, on which depended the newly opened West. After Sam straightened things out, the cause of good government emerged triumphant and the Pony Express could ride without fear.

In a quick switch back to Britain, Sam next offered his interpretation of the era of English history when the hard-riding, feuding feudal barons faced off in the Wars of the Roses.

All this Katzman has been able to achieve through his pre-eminent role in the carefree, never-never land of the movie serial. As Hollywood's foremost producer of this ancient film form, he is engaged in a never-ending quest for more plots to foil, more villains to thwart, more good people to rescue from dire consequences. In one of his recent efforts, Atom Man versus Superman, Sam fears, however, that he may have gone off the deep end.

"There has never been anything like it on film," he modestly avers, and he may be righter than he thinks.

The supermanly feats accomplished in this film by Sam's hero, played by Kirk Allyn, include steadying the Tacoma Bridge; crashing through a wall of rock; allowing bullets to bounce off his chest; catching a lovely lady in mid-air after she has fallen from a high building; hurling a huge boulder into the stratosphere, thus creating a synthetic meteor; transmuting ordinary nails into plutonium; stopping an onrushing train single-handed; using his supersight to decipher impressions on paper; catching a rocket in mid-air and riding it, and battling a space ship in mid-air and forcing it to collide with an asteroid.

Katzman discarded the original working title, The Return of Superman, as too flat and unimaginative. He felt that Atom Man versus Superman was more to the point, although at one time, in an effort to keep pace with tomorrow's headlines, he toyed with the idea of calling his masterpiece H-Man versus Superman.

An avid reader of the comics—from which he gets many of his ideas—Katzman is a smiling, soft-spoken man with a slight paunch and a hairline mustache. He is seldom without a cigar or a cane, customarily sports loud shirts, and operates out of a flamboyant chartreuse-and-red draped office complete with refrigerator, bar, intercom system, midget 24-key piano, white leather upholstery, and an extensive collection of canes—some of them with handles in the shape of hands with forefingers extended, with which he playfully prods the unaware visitor.

But in certain all-important respects Katzman deviates sharply from the Hollywood norm. Regarded in the film capital as a small potato, he admits it—and is still one of the happiest men in the industry. He is also one of the least confused. In a field where most of his confreres yearn to be known as artists, Sam is content to be an artisan. He is far too busy for such fancy pretension. His product, which avowedly has no relation to art, is nevertheless one of the staples of film entertainment. It makes money.

Sam's chief concern, aside from making a handsome profit, which he does, is to entertain the mostest for the leastest.

"Let the other guy get ulcers," he says.

On him have devolved the mantles of the two serial queens of yore, Pearl White and Ruth Roland. Untold numbers of Americans, old as well as young, eagerly pay admission each Saturday matinee at the 6,500 U.S. movie theaters exhibiting Katzman products to learn how Sam's current hero escapes from Sam's current villain who is after Sam's current prize—be it sword, secret formula or the universe.

In the nature of movie serials, each episode is so constructed as to leave the audience guessing from week to week *how* the good people extricate themselves from a seemingly impossible situation, and *how* the good people round up the bad people, as they always do, in the last sequence of the last reel in the last episode. To this there is never any exception. The end of an episode, in the early days of serial making, frequently found the hero or heroine dangling precariously from the edge of a cliff; it is from this that serials have come to be known as "cliff-hangers," even when no cliffs are in evidence, which is rarely the case. A cliff-hanger is not to be confused with a whodunit. You are never in doubt at a cliff-hanger as to who done it. The essential question is not *who,* but *how.*

Juvenile I.Q. Test for Scripts

Sam never lets a production go before the cameras without first trying out the script on his thirteen-year-old son Jerry and, frequently, on Jerry's school chums. The reading takes place usually in the patio of Sam's Beverly Hills home.

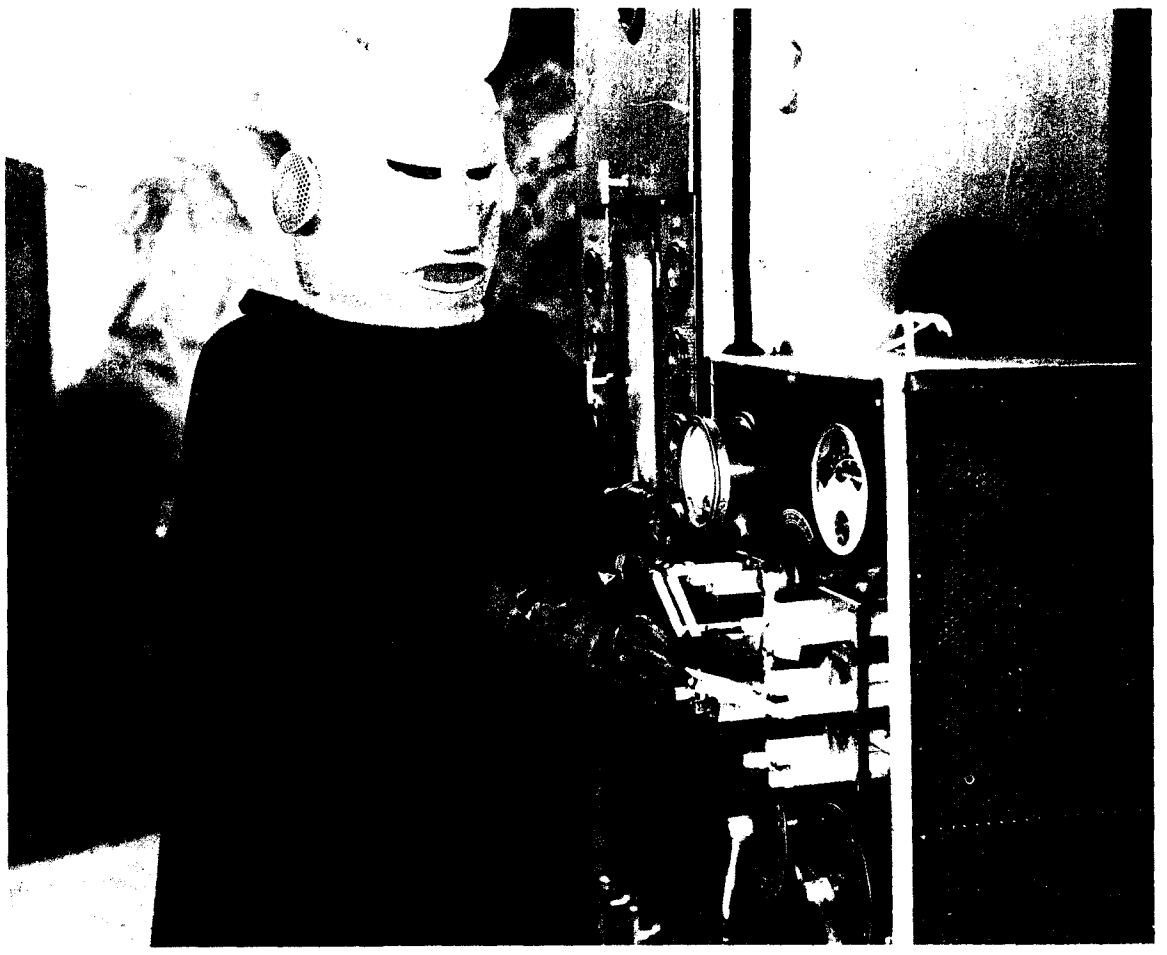
"If the kids outguess the writers," he explains, "then we change the gimmick."

For example, there was a sequence in the script of Cody of the Pony Express, a current Katzman cliff-hanger, where the hero had been knocked unconscious and left in a flaming tent to die. It was of course a *must* for him to escape the flames. The question, as usual, was how?

Jerry figured that the hero would probably come to, slowly crawl along the ground, and finally cut his way out of the fiery tent. Actually, that's how the writers had mapped out the escape. But after the boy's deduction, Sam ordered his writers to come up with a new twist. They did. Instead of the hero cutting his way out of the tent, they had him stumble onto the opening of a secret underground passage.

Sam listens respectfully to Jerry's suggestions in the reasonable belief that he is a good representative of the average cliff-hanger audience.

This faith has been all the more reinforced after



If you've missed regular Saturday matinees in recent years, this is what's happened to movie serials. Atom Man (Lyle Talbot) works a death machine in a Katzman quickie

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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in Hollywood

are every man's meat • By WILLARD L. WIENER

an incident in which he failed to consult the boy's barometric talents in advance. Viewing an episode of a Katzman opus, The Adventures of Sir Galahad, at a local movie house not long ago, young Jerry returned home in plain disappointment. "You've got them fighting with their fists," he reproached his father. "That's too modern. They didn't fight like that in the time of King Arthur. What's more, you can tell the armor they're wearing is phony; they're supposed to be wearing that heavy stuff and yet they get on and off their horses as if they didn't have any armor on at all."

Sam heard out this critique in some chagrin. "The kid's right," he admitted.

Jerry's attitude toward actors is another tip-off to the younger generation's tastes. It is one of complete indifference, and this attitude even embraces the histrionic talents of his sister Ruth, an attractive blonde of twenty, who has been appearing in small roles in Katzman pictures since she was a child, under the name of Ruth Kay. In Atom Man versus Superman she plays a telephone operator.

Sam Katzman wouldn't change places with anybody in Hollywood. He revels in production problems and even enjoys the headaches they inevitably induce. Sam in business is Sam having a good time.

A product of New York's East Side, he got into pictures before he got into long pants, when, before World War I, the old Fox Film Corporation was grinding out one- and two-reelers at Fort Lee, New Jersey. For $9 a week, he carried the mail, film and props. He also carried in his head bigger ideas which had nothing to do with beating a drum in a band, which was the hope his father, who played violin in an orchestra, entertained for him. The elder Katzman died six years ago shorn of any regrets that Sam, disregarding early parental desires, followed his own road to fortune.

Equal to Any Weather Emergency

In the early days weather had a lot to do with movie making. In winter, pictures were filmed indoors; in summer, outdoors. One day an outdoor story was being shot. In the midst of the action, supposed to take place on a sunny afternoon, came a sudden downpour. The director ordered the cameras to keep grinding. "We got around the weather," Sam recalls, "by the insertion of a couple of titles. The first read, 'Then the rains came . . .' The second, 'And after the rain . . .' Nobody knew the difference."

Sam stayed with Fox for years, in New York and California, working up from prop boy to assistant director. But in the late twenties in Hollywood he found himself out of a job. Nobody in town made him an offer, and so, lacking an alternative, he hired himself. Without office or overhead, he made deals at the corner of Gower Street and Sunset Boulevard—subsequently known as Gower Gulch—then a hangout *(Continued on page 69)*

Long-time Tarzan Johnny Weissmuller stars as Jungle Jim in a Katzman series. Chimp Tamba monkeyshines with Johnny and Sam

Producer Katzman explains a bit of business to lunching members of his cast of "Amazons" who tangle with "Jungle Jim" in next scene

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RED HANDLE

By WALT SHELDON

It was no assignment for a has-been test pilot like Tom Sprague. Tom was an old man at thirty-nine, and he didn't want to travel faster than sound. He didn't want to travel at all

SPRAGUE turned the old wartime fighter into final approach, and it skidded on the turn. He pressed his lips together. He never used to let an airplane skid—or wobble on take-off, or bounce on landing, either. But ever since those last two bail-outs—

"Wind change," said the tower. "One-seven. Fifteen miles an hour."

Okay, okay, thought Sprague. He was concentrating. He had to concentrate to make a simple, clear-cut landing these days.

He watched the ground come up. It was a military base down there, stamped into the sagebrush, its barracks and hangars laid as neatly as type face, its runways forming a lopsided star. Bancroft had sent him here. Bancroft was his boss; the big boss at Columbia Aircraft. "General Ferdinand'll meet you," he'd said. "He wants you around for the final tests on Baby X. You've been with her since the drawing board and maybe some questions'll come up you can answer. He says he'd rather talk to a pilot than an engineer."

It had all been very friendly, and Bancroft had even let him have this stripped-down F-51 for the trip. Not a word about what they'd probably call —to soften the blow—his retirement. Not a word about those two bail-outs, and the expensive airplanes that had become smoking piles of aluminum alloy. But Sprague knew Bancroft and all his buzzing executives would hash it all over in camera while he was gone: he could even suspect that Bancroft had suggested to Ferdinand that the Baby X's major test pilot be there for the tests—that way nobody back at the plant would have to smile and say good morning to Sprague, all the while sharpening a secret ax . . .

He might find his job gone when he got back from this trip, then. He hadn't mentioned that detail to his wife. He'd simply told Helen he'd be in New Mexico a week or so, but if he did come back and find himself retired, as they would say, well, he'd have to tell her then. Make a joke out of it, of course. "Kiddo," he'd say, "take a look at a man who is nearly forty and the father of a first-class scout, and who has just quit the test pilot business."

After that, doubtless, he'd go and get himself good and plastered.

He eased the Mustang in. Carefully. Mixture auto-rich, coolant automatic, booster normal, twenty-seven hundred r.p.m. Everything perfect —only he bounced twice. A follow-me jeep led him to the ramp; he parked, flushed the cylinders, and untangled himself from the cockpit. He was too long and knobby for most cockpits: Helen always said he looked more like a circuit preacher than a test pilot. He smiled, thinking of this—thinking of her. He'd call her long-distance this afternoon and ask about Tommy and the two spaniels and everything at home.

Two officers in the slate-blue Air Force dress came toward him. The stocky, square-cut one was General Mossley Ferdinand; he didn't know the major. For the moment, all he noticed about the major was a pair of quick-moving, coffee-black eyes and a dark mustache, upswept, pukka-sahib style.

"Well, how are you, Tom, how are you?" the general said. The general had a big, moist hand and a face of pink neon. He wore command wings, but cheerfully admitted he flew a desk best. He was, as a matter of fact, a very hot man with a desk. He had a relay memory for names, facts and figures, and always understood the little boxes and lines that show how an outfit is organized. He was special director for the project that had developed the Baby X.

"Hello, General."

"Things are popping here, really popping," said the general. "Big news. Tell you all about it in a minute. First shake hands with Major Johnny Pender."

Sprague shook hands with Major Johnny Pender. The major wore ribbons. He had a trim, stocky figure. "Pleasure, Sprague," he said in a rapid, pep-squad voice. "Heard a lot about you."

Sure, he'd heard. Everybody in the business had heard by now. He'd heard about old Tom Sprague losing his nerve, or speed of reaction, or guts, or whatever you wanted to call it. It was in his face.

Sprague said, "You're going to fly Baby?"

"Lord willin'," said the major.

General Ferdinand stepped in. "All right, boys. Let's deploy to my quarters. Plenty to talk about —but we don't want to do anything foolish till we've had a drink."

THE general's quarters were pine-paneled. He went behind a desk and sat between a globe and a stainless-steel desk model of a jet fighter. He put his big, pink fingertips together. Sprague saw him glance just once at Major Johnny Pender before he started—the glance seemed a little nervous. "The test flight of the Baby X tomorrow," he said, "has got real important all of a sudden. Real important. I've had the Pentagon on the radiophone all morning."

Sprague sipped his drink. He saw that Pender, seated beside him, was just staring darkly into his.

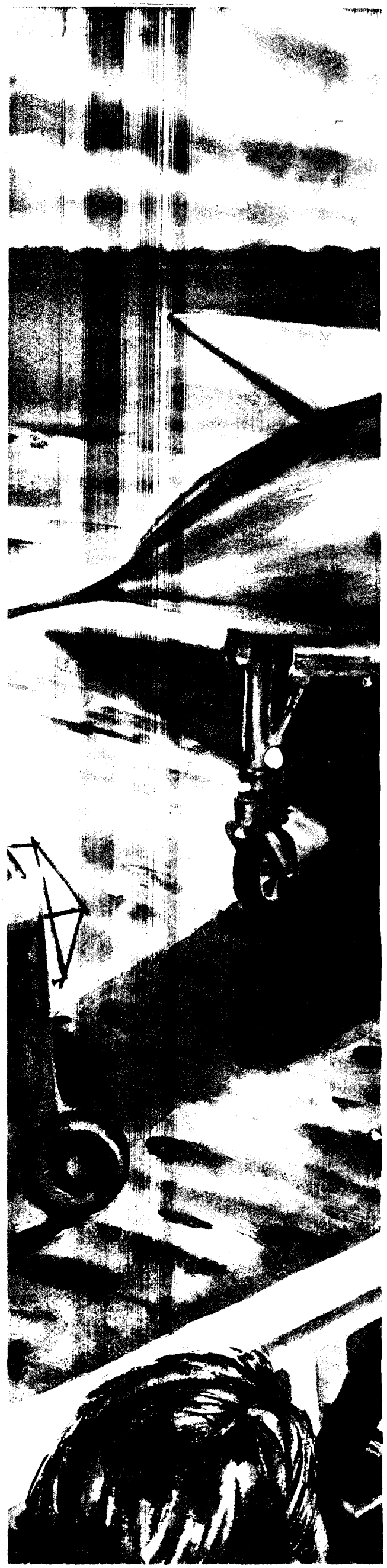
"I haven't told the major yet, but tomorrow morning we're going to have congressmen, correspondents and even a couple of university professors on the ramp to watch the Baby X."

"A big show, eh, sir?" said the major.

The general nodded. He didn't look at Pender. "Tom," he said slowly, and with a slight frown, "I've thought it all over pretty carefully. I want you to make that flight tomorrow."

Sprague said, *"What?"* *(Continued on page 55)*

General Ferdinand introduced him to the important people. Sprague promptly forgot names and faces



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ROBERT BUGG

The little keg-shaped fellow is really making a joyous noise unto the Lord

Little Bull of Bashan

FRIEND, the Lord's House ain't any place for vengeful spirits or gloating hearts but I think the recording angel just kinda closed his eyes when he looked down on our congregation last Sunday. Technically it was a sin the way we gloated over poor Brother Oscar's downfall but that hair shirt he put on was all his own weaving.

First, he had Miss Hallie Fowler, our pianist, in his heart instead of the Lord. Second, nobody ever played a dirtier trick than he did trying to win her back from Brother Bascom Bartley. Third, he'd had our spirits in shackles for a whole year and we were overdue for a good gloat.

It all starts three Sunday mornings ago with the rendering of The Little Brown Church. Oscar, as usual, is down front giving his cheap imitation of Toscanini and taking all the joy out of the proceedings. At heart we're old-fashioned, free enterprise singers. Oscar is a Fascist. He wants us to sing it like it's written.

And I hate to say it but with all his arm flailing and breast beating we knuckle under to him. That's the way it's been ever since he finds out that sweet, silly, old Miss Hallie has inherited some money. He knows that she's a frustrated singer herself and that the quickest way to win her over is by exposing her to that baleful baritone of his. He joins the church and convinces Reverend Newcombe that we set all the angels to shuddering the way we hamstring a hymn.

He's taken a music course someplace, though, and he thinks he can lead us and make things a lot easier on the celestial eardrums. Reverend Newcombe sells us down the river.

Well, this Sunday we're singing 'em nice and dignified the way Oscar insists but all of a sudden this inspired bellowing bursts out. Somebody in the congregation is exercising his constitutional rights and singing with his heart instead of his head.

Everybody starts looking around. Just as we suspect, it's a poor, wild, uninitiated visitor. A little, jolly-looking, red-faced, keg-shaped fellow down in the amen pew. He is really making a joyous noise unto the Lord. It's awful rough on the ears but it sho does my eyes good to see somebody singing without a bridle again.

Oscar is a big, tall, bony fellow and he straightens up and sidles over right in front of him. First, he gives him this pained "don't-you-know-you're-in-church?" look, then he moves in closer and gives him a sanctified glare, and finally he towers right over him and makes these frantic "softer, dammit, softer!" motions with his hands.

The little round man don't even see 'im. He's got his head in the clouds and his feet on that Golden Street. He is one with Israfil. When we finish up, Oscar looks like Moses when he spots the Golden Calfers. He snorts out that the next hymn is gonna be number 78—Holy, Holy, Holy! A real tooth-rattler.

It's strictly a match race. Oscar forgets all about directing. He's gonna harness the heretic. Really show him some volume. They nearly bring down the chandeliers but it's no contest. Oscar hangs on through "Early in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee" but when they go into "Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly," the little fellow shifts into overdrive.

He's got more thunder in his throat than the bull of Bashan. The veins in Oscar's neck pop out like soda straws but he's a lost chord in the high notes. What pains him most, though, is that Miss Hallie is practically playing over her shoulder the way she keeps turning around smiling at the little man.

After church all us chronic sufferers gather round and give the little man a real welcome. His name is Bascom Bartley. He's a traveling salesman but he's making Madison his headquarters and we tell him that he's got to be on hand every Sunday because we sure enjoy his singing.

He just laughs and says, "Well, I ain't much on melody but I got a lot to thank the Lord for and I want to make sure he hears me!"

Before he can get away, old Mrs. Twitty grabs him. She's just been aching to get even with Oscar for the way he's curbed her fine contralto. "Brother Bartley," she says, "we wouldn't be Christians if we let you eat Sunday dinner at that hotel. You come on home with Mr. Twitty and me. Miss Hallie's going to eat with us and I'm sure that two such musical people will have a lot in common."

Well, they do and that really gets things to going. Oscar spends the next week moaning that he is just not going to have Hallie going around with a traveling salesman. The only thing anybody knows about Bascom Bartley is that he has the grossest voice in all Christendom.

Well, the same thing happens the next Sunday. We follow Oscar out of habit but Brother Bascom keeps shouting it out man to man with the saints. Hallie gets more and more entranced with him.

"Poor Hallie," Oscar tells me, "she just doesn't realize what a sin against God that man's voice is. Those cultured, disciplined voices you all got cover up all those rough edges of his. I'm gonna expose him though. Just wait until Sunday."

Well, that gets around and we have the biggest crowd since the good-looking woman evangelist. Everybody is amazed, though, at the way Oscar carries on. You'd think he was a real Christian. He not only gives Bascom a big smile but makes a great show of handing him a hymnal.

WHEN the singing starts, though, the Christian in Oscar kinda goes underground. He keeps making these bellowing runs at Bascom during We're Marching to Zion but Bascom roars on past him. Same thing on All Hail the Power. But after we have the collection and get ready for the third hymn, he's transformed again.

"All right, now," he says real sweetly, looking right at Bascom, "let's all turn to page 129."

I'm kinda surprised. It's a nice restrained little piece—I Hear Thy Welcome Voice. You can't do any shouting at anybody with it. Well, Miss Hallie hits it and we start in sweet and low. We don't get past the first note before there's this awful roar from the amen pew. Bascom has got his head thrown back, that pouter-pigeon chest of his thrown out and he's bellowing Onward, Christian Soldiers. He ain't just ordering them out for parade either—he's sounding the charge.

I choke up and check my page number. It's 129, I Hear Thy Welcome Voice. I look at Oscar. That's all. He's trying to act surprised but he looks about as innocent as Cain wondering what happened to Abel.

It all comes back to me. The hymnal Bascom is using is the one Oscar hands him. Number 129 in the old edition was Onward, Christian Soldiers. When you sing a song as much as we have that one you remember the numbers. What Oscar has done is substitute the page in Bascom's book.

And he's really got 'im. He's in Beulah Land again, out of this world. The way he's marshaling them Christian Soldiers around, he can't hear nothing, and the way his head is tilted back he can't see nothing and from that holy glow on his face, he don't feel nothing. He's gone. Oscar cuts his eyes at Miss Hallie. He knows she can't help realizing that Bascom ain't anything but a rip-roaring shouter. No regard for pianos, tunes, nothing.

Then a strange thing happens. Ed Bradley and his wife who are right behind Bascom, thumb through their hymnals and then throw back their heads. I can catch just enough of one of Ed's screeches to know that he's singing Onward, Christian Soldiers, too. They just can't believe that a man thundering along with all of Bascom's confidence and enthusiasm could possibly have the wrong number. The fact that he has drowned out all the "welcome voicers" around them helps too.

Well, the folks next to them change over. Then, pew by pew, the switch starts spreading. Oscar is going crazy pumping and flailing trying to head it off but all his old victims fall in behind Bascom and really cut loose. You never heard such a mess of singing. Finally Miss Hallie gives a big bang on the piano and then she roars off after the "soldiers."

There's just one straggler—po' old Oscar. He's gonna try and stick it out. The way we assault the third verse, though, is too much for his sensitive soul. He sags and falls in with us. And the wretch has guts enough to try and lead us. Nobody even looks at 'im. He's just a plain buck private in the mighty army of the Lord.

Then it's all over. There's this dead silence. Reverend Newcombe shakes his head like he's just come up from the valley of the shadow. Then he gets up and opens his Bible.

"This morning," he says real solemnly, "we'll take our text from the eighteenth chapter of Job, verses seven and eight. 'The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is cast into a net by his own feet, and he walketh upon a snare.' "

THE END

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PAINTED FOR PLYMOUTH BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

"Merry Christmas, Grandma . . . we came in our new PLYMOUTH!"

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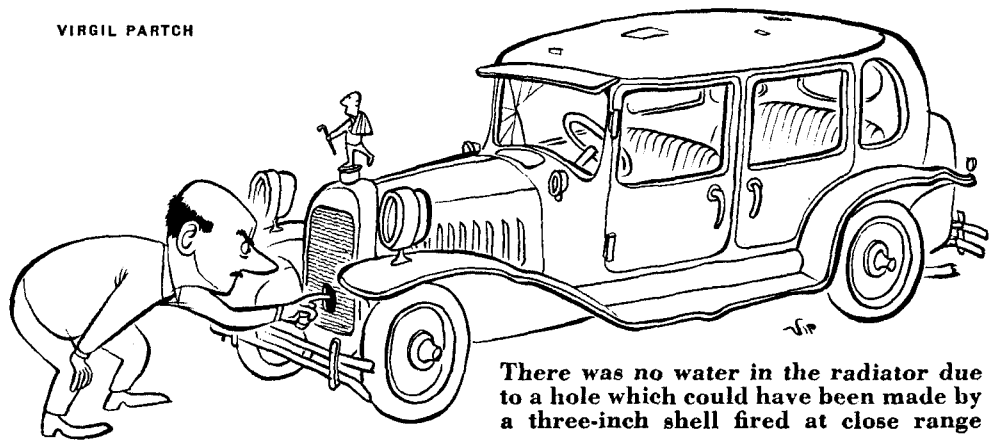
Sacrifice for Quick Sale

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

If you're fond of old cars, here's one for your collection

VIRGIL PARTCH



There was no water in the radiator due to a hole which could have been made by a three-inch shell fired at close range

I'LL be honest about the whole thing. It was just a year ago this week that I mentioned my desire to buy "a second car" to relieve my wife of the chore of driving me to and from the station every day in our 1947 convertible. At the time, unfortunately, I was lunching at a saloon (this is significant) near the office with an acquaintance named Vincent Smathers. No sooner had I mentioned "used car" than Smathers whipped a paper from his pocket, said he was my boy and that he had just the jalopy.

I unfolded the document. "This is to certify," it read, "that I have thoroughly overhauled this model 1930 sedan, Serial No. J2-74109-Z, and that it is in A-1 condition." It was signed "James T. McDermott, Licensed Mechanic, Peekskill, N. Y." (The date was so blurred I couldn't make it out, but a long time afterward I made some inquiries and learned that McDermott had died from an overdose of antifreeze, just before prohibition was repealed.)

Anyway, I agreed to pay Smathers $150 for the car; and that night after my wife read the certificate, she also agreed it sounded like a dandy deal.

On the following Saturday morning Smathers turned the car into my driveway, followed closely by a friend in a new coupé. I had the vague impression the sedan was being pushed by the coupé, but I was so elated by imminent possession that I handed Smathers a check and began to examine my purchase. Smathers, who appeared somewhat jumpy, climbed out of the sedan, scrambled into his friend's car and they drove hurriedly away.

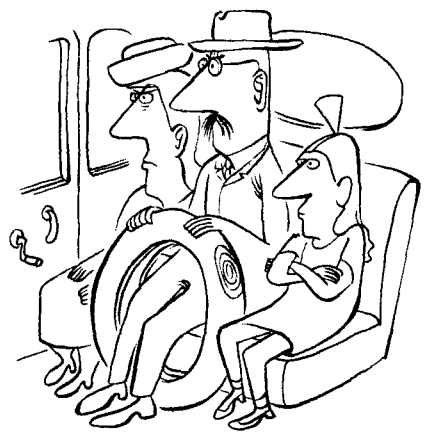
With the eagerness of a boy with a new toy, I opened and slammed three of the doors. The fourth turned out to be nailed shut. Then I patted the radiator and found it strangely cold. Closer scrutiny revealed there was no water in it on account of a hole in the core, possibly caused by a 75-mm. shell fired at close range.

Untying the piece of clothesline that held the hood in place, I soon assured myself there were no ignition wires or fan belt, the cylinder head was cracked and the water pump was disconnected. A diligent search failed to disclose a battery, muffler or exhaust pipe.

Always one to make the best of a questionable bargain, and before my wife could see what was going on, I slipped quickly behind the wheel and coasted downhill in low gear (the brakes did not function) to Sam's Garage and told him there was some fixing to be done.

"I want to make a deal with you," I added. "If the bill comes to more than the $150 I paid for her, it's no go."

"You paid a *hunnert* and *fif*—" he began. There was a short silence as he regained his composure. "Okay," he said, eying me as though I had been drinking heavily—a thing I didn't do until I got back home.



The spare has been on the back seat for some months

Three days later Sam called to say she was ready. Moreover, he kept his faith with me by presenting a bill for $149.85. "The 85 cents," he explained, "is for new gaskets—otherwise, I wouldn't have been so close to the purchase price."

For a while after that the car chugged along—occasionally on all its cylinders—without a breakdown Then . . . but I won't go into that except to say that this automobile has spent as much time in Sam's Garage as in mine, and that the bookkeepers in the local bank have methodically but legally transferred most of the funds from my balance to Sam's. My wife has been very patient about it all; perhaps because I've never mentioned the amount of the repair bills, or perhaps because I've kept *her* car washed and polished except on those days when I've been too exhausted by that walk to and from the station, to do any manual labor.

Naturally there have been minor things I've tried to remedy myself or have just ignored. The spare tire for instance, has been occupying the back seat since the day it broke off its mount in the rear. The windshield disintegrated last summer when I unlocked it, gave it a push and watched it bounce off the hood onto the ground. And the fabric roof leaks so badly that on rainy days I've had to throw an old shower curtain over my head. I just didn't want to bother Sam with trivialities.

Also, I no longer care that the speedometer stopped working (probably before World War II) at 97658.3; and I long ago became accustomed to persistent disturbances under the floor boards that sound like clusters of pie tins suspended by rubber bands.

There are, of course, some good things about the heap and I'd be a poor salesman if I didn't point them out. You can still see traces of body paint here and there (maroon, I think it was), there is glass in some of the windows, and I've never had any tire trouble because the inner tubes are filled with sawdust. Furthermore, after I had a few of the broken springs replaced I was able to throw away the wide brass-studded leather motorcycle belt I always wore while driving.

One final reason why I'm willing to sacrifice this car: Last night my son complained of a severe stomach-ache, and our doctor, after an examination, advised us to take him up to the hospital for further observation. Appendicitis, maybe.

We all climbed into the convertible and I pushed the starter button. No response. Somebody had left the radio on and the battery was dead. Feeling that at last my investment was about to be vindicated, I gave my wife a triumphant look and a confident smile and we moved over to the twin garage where stood the proud old 1930 sedan.

Her rotted top had finally caved in. The gas tank had fallen off. The left rear wheel had collapsed, apparently owing to some inherent weakness in the wire spokes. And the forward end of the drive shaft was resting on the cement floor in a pool of oil from the crankcase. For all I know, the battery was dead too. I called a taxi.

So, if old cars are your hobby you can obtain this one. I won't, however, take a penny less than $11.20 for it. The 20 cents is for the two dimes that slid out of my pocket one day and fell through some holes in the—pardon the expression—upholstery.

THE END

It sounds as though clusters of pie tins are suspended by rubber bands

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Racket Alley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Arky? You're a jerk. You look like you ought to be in the show with Lum and Abner. But I'm kind of nuts about you. Why?"

"Well, maybe you figure I'm an important guy, and loaded. It always helps."

There was a long, rather awkward silence. Finally Arky asked, "Where you from, Robbie?"

"Little town outside Detroit."

"Why didn't you stay there?"

"And waste myself on the yokels? Me?" Robbie laughed ironically.

"You sound like you got a gripe. Why didn't you try Detroit—close to home?"

"I did. Photographer's model. Brother, bar the door! I decided to learn judo. By the time I learned it, it was too late."

"Well, what do you want to be—a nun?"

"It has its points. Arky, is there a cup of coffee in the house? I need a stimulant."

"Kitchen's back here. Can you make good coffee?"

Robbie glanced at him as they walked side by side down the narrow hallway. "I think so. Been doing it for years."

"Not many years. How old are you?"

"Young enough to tell you. Twenty-one."

ARKY switched on the light in the kitchen and showed Robbie where the things were; then he sat down and watched her. Her legs were long and slim. Her black hair was cut almost like a boy's but still looked thick and luxuriant.

"You were a sucker to cut your hair," said Arky.

"Don't you like it this way?"

"I like lots of hair."

"Like that blonde in the front room? I saw her picture."

"Yes," said Arky, flushing slightly. "Like that."

"Is that your girl friend, Arky?"

"She was."

All of a sudden, Robbie turned. "Orval Wanty!" she cried. "I read it in the paper. You—she—" Robbie stared at him in horror. "Why did they do it?" she asked.

"Somebody gunning for me."

"Oh, that's awful. Maybe Leon's not as crazy as I thought he was."

"Leon's not crazy."

"What have I got myself into?" Robbie demanded.

"Better off if you don't know. *You're* okay. Don't worry."

She filled the coffeepot and put it on the stove; then she sat down and studied Arky's face.

"You don't seem like a criminal or anything, Arky."

He laughed. "I'm not, baby. Never been more than a young guy trying to get along."

The conversation lapsed. When the coffee was ready, she put out the cups and saucers, then poured the coffee.

"You never had much training around the house, did you, Arky? You just point, like a man who's used to being waited on."

Arky thought this over. She was right. Anna had spoiled him, waiting on him hand and foot for nearly ten years. There was a long silence as they sipped the coffee. Arky began to study Robbie's face, noting that she seemed nervous and worried.

"Look, honey," he said finally, "want me to get that heap of Leon's and take you home? Maybe you'd feel better at home."

"No," said Robbie. "I'm never going back there—not even to get my clothes. Leon kept trying to tell me those men were watching the apartment. But I thought he was imagining things."

"Leon may be building it up a little too."

"You're wasting your breath, Ozark. This little girl's not going back."

Arky shrugged, and smiled slightly. "That suits me fine. I'll send Turk after your things tomorrow. They may get back here in a mess, but they'll get back."

"But, Ozark—I can't stay here. This is just as bad."

"I'll figure something out," said Arky carelessly. "You stay here tonight and I'll tell you what I told Leon. To get to you, anybody's got to take care of the Turk, myself and another guy. Rough going."

Robbie sighed, and the color slowly began to come back into her cheeks. She started to pour herself another cup of coffee. Arky tapped her sharply on the forearm.

"Hey! What about me?"

Robbie looked at him, blankly, then understood, and poured his cup full. "I'm sorry, Ozark," she said. "You first, is that right? Always you first. I'm not much good at being a squaw, but maybe I'll learn. Back home the women eat at the second table. Right?"

Arky laughed. "They used to."

There was a long silence; then Robbie turned her head slightly, listening. "Sounds to me like a baby crying in the house. You wouldn't have a baby around here, would you, Ozark?"

Arky looked at Robbie for a long time before he asked. "How do you feel about babies?"

"Ozark, that *is* a baby crying! How do I *feel* about them? That's a silly question. I *love* 'em."

"You're kidding."

"Why should I be kidding? My goodness! What lungs that baby's got!"

"He's a strong little monkey, all right," said Arky.

"Is he *your* baby, Ozark?"

"Sure is," said Arky.

Robbie stared at him, speechless.

A door banged someplace; then Leon's voice called, "Arky! Arky!"

"His Highness is being disturbed," said Robbie.

Arky got up and went out into the hall. Leon was in the doorway of Anna's bedroom, staring. He was in his underwear—a silk undershirt and silk shorts.

"Something wrong with me, Ark," he said. "I keep hearing a baby crying in the next room. There! Hear that?"

"Sure I hear it. It's a baby, all right."

"What the hell is a baby doing in your apartment, Arky?" Leon demanded.

"Shall I drown him?"

Leon noted a spark in Arky's eyes. "No. No," he said hastily. "Only kidding." He went back in and shut the door.

Arky returned to the kitchen. Just as he sat down, another door banged loudly, and the baby-howling rose to a new high.

ZAND suddenly appeared in the kitchen doorway, wearing purple and orange striped pajamas, and his black eyes were flashing.

In a loud voice, trembling with emotion, he began, "Ark, I'm telling you, if you don't—" Then he saw Robbie, and a look of blank bewilderment crossed his face. "What in God's name is *she* doing here?"

"I got her to look after the baby," said Arky.

Zand leaned against the doorjamb, laughing. "This is good! Wait till Lola sees the new nurse."

"She knows all about babies. Don't you, Robbie?" said Arky.

"I certainly do," said Robbie, mildly. "I raised three of them."

"You *what?*" cried Arky.

"I was the oldest," said Robbie. "My mother was only sixteen when I was born and she just kept having them."

"Well, I'm damned," said Arky.

Down the hall, the baby howls rose louder and louder.

"Listen at that!" cried Zand. "We got to do something. Lola's so sick she can't hold her head up and I—"

Robbie rose. "You really want me to help?"

"Will you?" asked Arky.

Lola, pale and haggard, raised herself up on one elbow as they all entered the spare bedroom. In the basket, Orv was yelling at the top of his lungs. Lola stared in disbelief

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at the tall, elegant girl bending over the basket.

"You mean she—that girl—she's going to—? Where did Turk find *her?*"

"Never mind now," said Zand, soothingly. "Just relax. Your troubles are over."

Robbie picked the baby up and cuddled him. "Oh, you little love," she said. "Arky—my God!—what a beautiful child."

AS DAWN showed weakly among the brick tenements, Leon, wakened by the daylight, and feeling much refreshed, put on his shirt and pants and went looking for Arky. He wanted to talk.

After a cautious search, he found Arky lying, asleep and fully dressed, on the davenport in the living room. At the sound of guarded footsteps, Arky woke at once.

"Hello, Leon," said Arky. "What the hell time is it?"

"Sun's just coming up," said Leon. "I'm going to make another run for it. I figure I'll drive to the capital and take a plane for New York, get a boat to Rio. Quite a town, I understand."

"If you're fixed."

Leon looked at Arky steadily. "I'm fixed—loaded. Don't know why I've been taking these knocks so long."

"Gets to be a habit. Well, Leon?"

"Well, what?"

"You're feeling better now. Give me an earful."

Leon started slightly; then he looked about him, stalling. "Where the hell *is* everybody? What you doing, sleeping here?"

"I run out of rooms. Robbie's in my bedroom with the baby."

"She's what?" Leon shook with laughter, then calmed himself at a look from Arky. "Okay. Okay. But that's sure a yuk. Robbie and babies don't go together. That's a smart little girl, that Robbie. Always got her eye on the main chance. Watch it, Arky, or she'll take you for the roll."

"All right, all right," said Arky. "The hell with Robbie. Let's talk."

Leon searched himself nervously and futilely for a cigarette. Arky handed him one in silence and lighted it for him.

"Well," said Leon, "to make it brief, we're dead. The boys are already operating with a strong fix in the Paxton Square district. I think they got to Captain Megher—must have. He was scared to death of the Mover and also the commissioner, but now with both of them out of the way—"

"Okay," said Arky impatiently. "Who's running the show?"

"Why, the Big City boys. Riebe's still here, I think. Stub Baxter's the front."

"All right, all right," cried Arky. "What I want to know is: Who's *really* running the show for Kelly? Who's the in-between, the *me* of this outfit?"

Leon swallowed. "You know him well. He's been horsing around here for a long time, trying to get a foothold."

"Well?"

Leon flipped his cigarette butt out the open window.

"Harry Radabaugh."

Arky got slowly to his feet. His face was hard as flint.

"The finger," he said quietly.

Leon fussed around in his chair. "Well, now, Ark, I wouldn't know about that. I wouldn't really be able to say."

Arky came over to Leon and patted him on the shoulder. "Okay, Leon. Thanks. I know you couldn't say positively. Forget it. Just get out of town."

Leon, pale, glanced up at Arky. "Tell you what, Arky. You been a lifesaver to me. I'm going to make you a little present. Rudy's got the convertible—he's in love with it. But the Cadillac's yours. Okay?"

Arky merely nodded. . . .

Later, Arky chased Robbie out of the bedroom and settled down to make a few phone calls. First he called the Dighton & Black law firm and had a long talk with the senior partner, who was so agitated that he could hardly keep his voice from trembling. He slavishly agreed to all of Arky's requests and kept saying, "I know he'll be delighted to co-operate in every way. In fact, it isn't really necessary to bother him."

"How is he, by the way?" asked Arky.

"Very low. Very low. He may be hospitalized for months. A general collapse. But he'll be glad to co-operate."

Then Arky called Rudy, who began to scream.

"Don't come here, Ark, for God's sake! They'll be laying for you. Things have gone to hell. I don't know whether I'm coming or going. Even Robbie has disappeared."

"What about the take?" Arky broke in, harshly.

Rudy laughed sadly and derisively. "What take? Some of the boys are even saying 'try and collect.'"

"All right," said Arky, grimly. "Sit tight. They'll change their tunes before they're through. Just ignore them, Rudy. We'll sweat 'em. Then later, we'll see."

"Just as you say, Ark."

Later, Arky managed to run Captain Dysen down. The Captain sounded more dismal than usual over the wire.

"Hopeless, Arky. Hopeless. If the rumors are true—"

"Never mind the rumors. Get a pencil and paper. I got a list for you."

The Captain patiently wrote down on his pad the list of business addresses Arky gave him, and, when Arky had concluded, he said, "I got 'em. Now what?"

"You knock 'em over. All of them. Sneak raids. Knock 'em over good. We'll teach these guys to switch."

"But, good God, Arky! Listen! I want to tell you about the rumors that are flying around. We hear that the commissioner did not go back to the capital after the funeral—he's hiding out here."

"Well, suppose it's true? It will make you look pretty big right now, won't it? Knocking over all these gambling joints? Like I told you, you may end up chief of police."

REISMAN'S office resembled a rather large, neglected clothes closet; it was somewhat of a surprise to find not only a window in it, but a desk and a chair. Nobody had ever thought to clean it out, least of all Reisman. Today, however, he was enjoying the quietude of his dingy, dusty, melancholy retreat. He sat looking through the dirty windowpane, lost in thought.

The door was violently banged back, and Red Seaver stood in the doorway, staring at Reisman. "By God! I found you!" he yelled. Then he came in, slamming the door.

"Look here, Ben—why did you fly to the capital?"

"I'm lobbying for better working conditions for the girls on the Front."

"All right. You flew to the capital. That much I know. Now I'll tell *you* something. The commissioner's right here in town at this minute."

"Naturally. He came back for Judge Greet's funeral."

"Okay. Why did he stay? I hear he's in hiding."

"My goodness—these politicians! What do you suppose *he* did?"

Red took his head between his hands and sat staring for a long time at the top of the desk.

"Ben, listen to me—please! I work on the same paper, remember? I can't scoop you—nothing like that. I'm assigned. Understand? Mush Head assigned me personally. Where is Leon Sollas? Nobody knows. Who shot Judge Greet so efficiently he died of it? Nobody knows."

"You mean there is a connection?" asked Reisman innocently.

"Of course not!" screamed Red. "But there's a big story knocking around all the same, and there's a cover-up in the police department. Did you ever hear of Herman Frick being sick before?"

"Only when convenient."

"That's what I mean. Things are cooking in the underworld. There's a lot of talk about Harry Radabaugh I don't understand. The other night a drunken bookie told me the new motto was 'See Harry.' And why did Harry get canned by the D.A.?"

"I wouldn't know."

"He's in the Regent bar every night," Red went on. "Won't talk to me. Won't look at me. Got hoods around him. Guys who smoke cigars and try to look interesting—you know. Why has he got hoods around him? And why does the bartender almost kiss him now? You know—Emil. Never used to."

There was a brief silence. Then Reisman said, "Look, Red. All right. I've been clowning. Now I'll tell you the truth since it doesn't matter any more. Judge Greet and the commissioner were friends. The commissioner was deeply shocked about the judge's death and, not trusting the police department, at least some sections of it, he wanted to know what was being done to run down the guy who killed him. So he called me. I hopped around as best I could to see what I could find out, then I flew to the capital to talk to the commissioner. To tell you the truth, I found out practically nothing."

Red sighed and got up. "All right, Ben. Sounds reasonable," he agreed. "What a life! You think maybe I could learn to write sports?"

When he'd gone, Reisman called Commissioner Stark and gave him the information about Harry Radabaugh. The commissioner, sounding harassed, thanked him and hung up abruptly.

Reisman had turned to stare out the window again when the door was banged back violently once more. He turned and glanced mildly at Red, who was regarding him with fury.

"Ben!" cried Red. "The judge wasn't dead yet when you flew to the capital. He died later that same day."

"I know," said Reisman. "I always know about it before it happens."

COLLIER'S **"This year who needs a pillow?"** HENRY BOLTINOFF

THEY were driving north through the city on the way to the upper river in Leon's big black Cadillac. Arky sat beside Turk, who was driving. Robbie was in the back seat with the baby, who was chortling in his basket.

Arky turned to the kid. "How did you ever happen to get the name of Turkey?"

The kid glanced at him sideways. "One time I'm fifteen, mister, it's Christmas, and I win myself three raffles, three big turkeys. We et turkey till it come out of our ears—me, and the family. So I been Turkey ever since."

"What's your real name?"

"Joe Batz."

"All right, you're Joe from now on." He turned to Robbie. "The kid's name is Joe. We'll call him that. I don't like this Turkey routine."

They drove on in silence through the jammed streets of the big town. Arky sat lost in thought.

In a way it was a kind of wrench leaving Zand and the ward where he'd spent so many years. Zand had been flabbergasted and kept stammering.

"But you'll be back!" he cried.

"Maybe, maybe not," said Arky. "The place is all yours. I'm turning it over to you—lock, stock and barrel. You know how to handle it."

"But, God, Arky, you'll be back."

"Whether I come back or not, the place is yours. The profits are yours. Now here's the thing: I want you to spread it around I've left the city. You're kinda disappointed in me because it looks like I been run out. Know what I mean?"

"No," cried Zand. "I'm not going to give out talk like that. I'll be damned if I will."

"It's important, Zand. Listen now— this is the story. Anna got killed here, see? And I got hit in the head. Maybe it changed me. Anyway, I'm scared, like. I took a powder."

Zand stared in disbelief. "You mean you're really running?"

"No. I'm just disappearing for a little while. There's a certain guy I want to run down. If it wasn't for him the Mover would still be alive and Anna'd be bouncing Orvie on her knee. But I want to do it my way."

"All right, Arky," said Zand. "It'll kill me to do it, but I'll do it." . . .

Robbie was delighted with the cottage on the upper river. While Arky talked interminably on the phone, she settled Orv in his new quarters, a beautiful little alcove with pale-blue wallpaper. Then she went from room to room, examining the furniture and knickknacks and the many modern paintings. She tried to connect Arky with the elegant cottage but could not. She was very curious, but decided to ask no questions. Strange guy, this Arky. He made her feel like a governess for the kid. What was cooking in his narrow skull?

At six o'clock Orv began to howl, hungry as a little wolf. As Robbie changed him she talked in a low voice:

"If you're Mountain Music's son, little

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man, you surely must have had a beautiful mother." A sudden thought struck her and she studied the baby carefully. "Yeah," she said. "Of course. That big blonde *has* to be his mother. He looks like her, as a matter of fact. Take fifteen pounds off her and she wouldn't have been bad, at that."

Shortly after she'd got Orv fed and back to sleep, Arky came out of the study, looking for her.

"How do you like the joint, Robbie?"

"It's beautiful."

"Belongs to a friend of mine. He's sick in a hospital so he said I could use it. If we stay here very long, though, I'll go nuts if we don't take down them pictures."

"They're good pictures, Arky."

"Good for what?"

"I used to know a lot of painters. They all painted like that. Except some of them painted fairly realistic nudes to sell. I posed for a lot of them."

"In your birthday suit?"

"Sure. Why not? It's a business like any business."

"I guess it's all right as long as they had a stove in the room."

Robbie laughed. "You fracture me, Elmer," she said. "To look at you, a person would think you just came in with a carload of cattle, except for the clothes. But here we are, in the nicest little house I've ever seen. You call people on the phone and order them around. Leon's scared to death of you and, whether you know it or not, admires you very much. Cadillacs, a Barrymore wardrobe, French cuffs and beautiful cuff links; clean fingernails, even; and the prettiest baby I ever saw."

"Just forget the baby," said Arky. "But aside from that, all this you're talking about is just because once in my life I met an A-number-one man. It's got nothing to do with me. I might still be swinging a pick, or back in Dry River, Arkansas, trying to make a living with cotton on ground hardly worth farming."

"Well, all I can say is: It's fun," said Robbie. "I don't even want to know what's coming next. I can wait and see."

Arky went to look out the window and Robbie came over beside him. He put his arm around her.

"As for what's coming next after supper," he said, "I got a pretty good idea."

Robbie felt a faint flutter of excitement. "You don't say."

IT WAS 10 P.M. Turkey was snoring in the small suite which had formerly been occupied by Gordon King's old colored servant. In the main part of the cottage, Orv was sleeping in his alcove. Arky was in the study, wearing a maroon silk dressing gown, and watching the late innings of the baseball game on television; and Robbie was in her large, pink-tiled bathroom, taking a bubble bath in the sunken tub.

She felt shaken, disoriented. As a general thing she could take men or leave them. In two short years of intimacy with the opposite sex she had grown almost apathetic. Now she wasn't so sure. Either Arky was unique, or she hadn't met the right people. Arky was rough, direct, almost brutal. No softness about him, even in love; and maybe that was the way a man should be. "I don't know," Robbie reflected as she stretched lazily in the tub, "but maybe there's something to be said for Arkansas after all." . . .

Next morning, about seven, Arky found the kid, Joe Batz, in the kitchen, wearing an apron over his new pajamas, and frying eggs. Coffee was percolating on another burner and the electric toaster was buzzing.

"I woke up, mister," said the kid, "so I went out to get the paper. They sure knocked 'em over on the Front last night."

Arky walked over to the kitchen table and picked up the paper. A headline read:

POLICE ATTACK FRONT
IN GIANT RAID

Smiling grimly to himself, Arky glanced indifferently through the account of the raid.

. . . fifteen gambling houses raided. . . gambling equipment estimated at a hundred thousand dollars destroyed . . . flying squads from the Pier 7 station . . . largest raid in over ten years . . . does the new commissioner, James Creeden, mean business—? . . .

"Yeah," said Arky at last, "they sure did knock 'em over."

THEY were walking up and down in the trim little garden just outside the French windows of the living room after dinner that night when Arky turned to Robbie and said, "I guess Detroit's the place for me."

Robbie looked at him. "What do you mean, Arky?"

"I figured to be pulling out of here soon. Might try Detroit. Sounds all right."

"What about me and Orv?"

"Well, what do you think?"

"You mean we're all going?"

"Sure. We can't live in this joint forever. Besides, the guy that owns it may get well and want it back."

Robbie looked about her with a certain amount of regret. This was the nicest place she'd ever lived in. However . . .

"You're the boss, Ozark," she said.

They walked up and down in silence for a little while. Just as Robbie started to say something, the kid put his head out of one of the French doors. "Mister—phone."

Arky walked away, but Robbie called after him. "Two bits it's Sam."

He paused. "What do you know about Sam?"

"What do I know about Sam!" laughed Robbie. "You talk pretty loud on the phone sometimes, Ozark. It's Sam this and okay, Sam, and don't let me down, Sam. Et cetera. I'm expecting you to come out any time and say to me, 'That was Sam.'"

"Aw, you're just too smart for your britches," said Arky.

He went in the house, laughing. A few minutes later he came back. He was no longer laughing. His face had a tense, harsh look.

"I got to go to town," he said. "Joe'll drive me. Listen, Robbie. Get everything packed. We're blowing tonight. I ought to be back in a couple of hours."

"Tonight?" cried Robbie.

"Yeah. A little deal came up all of a sudden."

"Something wrong?"

Arky patted her awkwardly. "No, no. Don't worry. Everything's going to be all right." . . .

The kid pulled into a dark, one-way side street, half a block from the Regent Hotel, and parked.

"You know where the old Metropole Hotel is?" asked Arky. The kid nodded. "Wait for me at the newsstand there."

"But that's eight blocks from here, mister."

"Never mind that. Give me an hour and maybe fifteen minutes. If I don't show, go home, load up the car, and wait. You'll hear from me."

"Okay, mister."

Arky stood back and waited for the kid to drive off. When the car had disappeared, a short, stocky little man stepped out from a dark doorway and came over to Arky, who turned and studied him in the half-light. The man, about forty-five years old, was nondescript in every respect: it would be a cinch for him to lose himself in a crowd.

"You the pitcher Sam sent me?"

The man nodded. "That I am."

As if seeking further confirmation, Arky glanced down, and for just a second he saw the ugly gleam of a small revolver which disappeared as quickly as it appeared. The little man's hands seemed scarcely to move, and no tiny bulge was apparent anywhere under his loosely fitting coat. Arky nodded with grim satisfaction. "How about the taxi?"

"Waiting on the next street. You just walk out of the side entrance and there it is. The hackie's a hundred per cent okay. In fact, he's my brother."

"All right," said Arky. "Go ahead, then."

The pitcher nodded, went back to the through street, then turned toward the Regent Hotel. Arky followed leisurely. At the far corner, the pitcher hesitated and lighted a cigarette. When Arky paused at the entrance to the Regent, the pitcher nodded slightly. Arky went in.

He picked his way carefully through the thronged lobby to the bar, which was jammed to the rails. It was a big night. The baseball team was in town; the Plainfield Race Track opened Saturday for its fall meet; and the night before, the Front had been given a knockout raid, and many gamblers and hangers-on had no place else to go.

Arky paused in the doorway. Men were four and five deep at the bar. Arky did not look over his shoulder for the pitcher. He knew that he would be along in a minute.

Nobody noticed Arky, everybody being too intent on trying to find elbow room. This gave Arky plenty of time to look around, and finally he located the man he'd come to find. The man was at the far end of the bar, where several servile gents with cigars in their mouths were trying hard to keep a place for him. He was talking and laughing and looking about him as if he owned the place.

Yep, Harry Radabaugh was a big man now. No more penny-ante jobs with the police department or the D.A.'s office for him.

Arky slowly elbowed his way into a far corner of the bar and ordered a drink. Turning now, he saw the pitcher standing outside the row of phone booths beyond the bar, leisurely leafing through a tattered phone book on a stand—a professional, as he'd expected, knowing Sam.

AFTER a long wait, Arky got his drink, and it was shortly after this that he saw Harry Radabaugh staring at him with shocked surprise through the haze of tobacco smoke.

Instinctively, Harry looked about him for a fast way out; but the place was packed. Harry's face hardened slightly, and he tossed down a full drink with one motion of his arm.

Anyway, what the hell could the farmer pull in a place like this? Outside, it was another matter. Only thing to do was stick—face him out. However, it still wouldn't be a bad idea to take precautions. Turning, he looked meaningly at a tall young man behind him. The young man followed Harry's gaze and started slightly; then he nodded.

The young man's name was Watrus and he was a special investigator for the D.A.'s office, a budding Harry Radabaugh that the harried D.A. hadn't caught up with yet—the same fellow who had buzzed Turkey in the Club Imperial's parking lot.

He worked his way through the crowd as unobtrusively as possible, and finally managed to squeeze in behind Arky.

"Hello, sir," said Watrus, putting his hand on Arky's back and running it up and down, feeling for the shoulder strap of his holster. "How are you?"

"Pretty good. We got beat a little on the Front last night. But it'll pass, I hope. I'll hold still for a frisk, son."

"Oh, no," laughed Watrus. "Nothing like that."

Arky turned all the way around and looked at Watrus, his blue eyes hard and menacing. "I said I'd hold still for a frisk. You better frisk me. Might save trouble later."

"Okay, okay," said Watrus, hurriedly. He quickly patted Arky all over, laughing as if it were all in fun. "Well, I'll give you a clean bill of health. What an idea!"

"It was Harry's, not mine," said Arky. "I just dropped in for a quiet drink to settle my nerves. Haven't been sleeping so good lately."

"Is that a fact?" said Watrus, looking at Arky curiously, wondering if the talk about Arky losing his grip might not be true.

"Yeah. Lots of worries."

Watrus worked his way back through the

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crowd slowly, and took up his spot behind Harry.

"He's clean. Says he just came in to get a drink to quiet his nerves."

"They might be jumpy, at that," said Harry.

The clamor of loud conversation, which had died down to some extent, rose again, but some of the gamblers and hangers-on, knowing Arky's reputation, scented trouble, and in spite of Harry's apparent indifference, began, one by one, to drift away. Newcomers arrived and pressed forward, unconscious of the slight tension.

TIME passed. Arky had his fourth drink, and settled his bill, then started out of the bar, toward the side entrance. His way took him past Harry. Arky paused and smiled at him.

"Hello, Harry. How's tricks?"

"Fine. How's with you?"

"Tolerable."

Arky took a place at the bar beside Harry. "How about a drink?" he asked.

"All right," said Harry.

Arky ordered; then he said, "Sure is warm in here tonight. Emil!" he called. "How about me taking my coat off?"

The stiff-faced German bartender glanced at Arky contemptuously. He hadn't the faintest idea who the man was. "No rule against it," said Emil. "But we just don't do it."

"You mean I'll get tossed out?"

"No," said Emil. "But maybe *looked* out."

Laughing, Arky took off his coat and hung it over his arm. Harry turned and glanced at him, feeling a great relief; in spite of the frisk he'd still had a few doubts; but now it was obvious that Arky was naked—no heater; and little by little Harry's relief turned to irritation, then to anger. No use trying to kid himself: he was afraid of Arky, and for over half an hour had been sweating with fear. Harry began to look Arky over surreptitiously: a tough-looking boy with a reputation for not backing up, but too slender, too long-legged; the kind of guy you could easily get off balance and upset. Harry was a dirty saloon fighter and knew all the holds, tricks and blows.

After all, he was taking over. The Big Boys were in for good now, and Arky would be completely out in the cold, if he wasn't already. Why not do it up to perfection before a large and appreciative audience?

Arky was standing with his hands loosely resting on the bar, the coat over his left arm. Harry waited, steeling himself. In a moment, Emil put the drinks down before them and Arky dropped a bill on the bar.

"Well," said Arky, picking up his glass, "here we go."

But Harry pushed his own glass away from him. "I changed my mind," he said. "I don't see any reason why I should drink with you."

"No?" said Arky, showing mild surprise. "Something wrong?"

Beyond them, men were nudging one another and pressing forward to listen. Everyone in the place now seemed to be gathering around them, tense with anticipation and excitement.

"Why don't you put your coat back on?" asked Harry. "You look like a farmer in for the State Fair."

"Just because a man's a little hot—" Arky began mildly.

But Harry cut in: "We all heard you'd gone back to Arkansas—didn't like the city ways any more. It's a good idea, Arky. Why don't you get *going?*" As he snapped out the word "going," Harry turned and gave Arky a hard shove in the chest.

Arky staggered back, knocking into a few men, who immediately and sharply drew aside, causing a pressure jam beyond. A little fat man was helping Arky to regain his balance. There was much shoving and loud talking.

And then—the roof seemed to fall in. Three loud explosions shook the bar. Harry Radabaugh tried to say something but coughed blood. And then, all of a sudden, Harry fell to the floor.

Men drew back from him in a semicircle, then froze. After a moment, some started hastily for the door. Watrus, shaken with horror and fear, tried to keep his wits about him, and turned to look for Arky, who had been jostled about in the crowd and might already be on his way out. But much to his surprise, Arky was standing there in his shirt sleeves, his coat over his arm, his hands on his hips, looking down at the body of Harry Radabaugh. As Watrus watched him, Arky turned and searched the milling crowd behind him with his eyes.

"Well, that was a fast one," he said.

Completely baffled, Watrus ran for the phone booths. A fattish little man got in his way before the booths and apologized.

"What happened, chum?" he asked. "I was trying to find a number when—"

Watrus brushed him aside, flung himself into one of the booths, and dialed a number, then screamed into the receiver, "Emergency! Casey! Downtown!"

The fattish little man shrugged and, turning, went out into the lobby.

Several of Harry's cigar-smoking friends were now bending over him. Arky put on his coat and walked slowly back toward the side entrance. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to him except one man, who came up to Arky as he neared the entrance.

"Somebody was trying to hang one on you, Ark," he said, "and missed."

"Is that a fact?" said Arky.

"Yeah," said the fellow, with a wise look. "I'm tipping you. That was a pitcher-and-catcher routine. Somebody pitched somebody a gun for the shooting, then took it back before the smoke cleared."

"How do you like that?" said Arky.

The man melted back into the crowd. Arky went out the side entrance, and got in the taxi. The hackie drove off without a word. When they had turned the corner, Arky said, "Metropole."

ARKY got out of the taxi and walked past the brilliantly lighted newsstand toward the waiting Cadillac. The biggest, blackest headline he'd ever seen hit his eye, and he stopped to buy a paper.

The kid leaned out. "I got one, mister."

Arky got into the front seat and took the proffered paper. The kid drove off.

The headline read:

COMMISSIONER STARK BACK

Arky switched on the overhead light and started to glance through the long, two-column story. It was a tremendous scoop for the Journal, but Arky knew nothing about that.

The story read in part:

> "Appalled by the death of his old friend Judge Greet and by the brazen activities of the underworld, recently appointed Justice Stark has obtained temporary leave of absence from his duties at the capital. His appointment as Director of Public Safety is momentarily expected . . . The inevitable shake-up has already started. Police Captain Megher, of the Paxton Square District, has been removed and suspended. Police Captain Dysen, of Pier 7 Station House, has been removed, suspended, and allegedly put under arrest. No confirmation of these moves has been forthcoming from Chief of Police Frick, who is at Greet Memorial Hospital suffering from a virus condition. But Mayor Charles Marley has given us the confirmation . . ."

Arky sighed and turned off the light.

"What's it all about?" asked the kid.

"Church is out, son; that's all," said Arky. Then he laughed. "Now the Big Boys will have to git back home. My hunch to get out was sure right."

Arky laughed grimly. They rode in silence for a long time. They were heading north toward the river cottage, and had turned off into a wide boulevard where the lights were dim and the traffic not very heavy, when Arky turned to the kid and said, "We got a tail on us. Where's the gun?"

The kid reached under the seat and came up with a heavy .45 revolver. Arky took it from him. "Slow down," he said. "We'll see what these guys are after."

The kid obeyed; the car behind them followed suit.

"They're either tailing me to see where I'm staying," said Arky, "or they're looking for a dark place to knock me off. Speed up a little."

The kid speeded up and, as before, the car behind them followed suit. Finally Arky said, "Pull into the curb just beyond the next intersection and park."

The kid glanced at Arky in surprise.

"It's a prowl," said Arky. "Probably from Downtown. This is no good. We'll have to see what they want."

"How about the gun?"

"I got a permit for this one." He opened the glove compartment and shoved the gun into it.

The kid drew into the curb and parked, and the prowl car pulled up just beyond them.

A uniformed copper got out and came toward them cautiously.

Arky leaned out. "You want something, Officer?" he asked. "I notice you been following me."

The copper came up to him. He was young, big and tough-looking.

"Where do you live?" asked the copper.

Arky told him, giving him his old 17th Ward address.

"What's your occupation?"

Arky told him, adding, "Used to run a book, too, till things got too rough."

The cop merely stared. "Get out," he said.

SHRUGGING, Arky obeyed, and stood still while the copper frisked him. "Okay," said the cop. "I got a gun in the car," said Arky. "A permit gun."

"Get it out."

Arky unlocked the glove compartment, removed the gun, then carefully handed it to the cop, butt forward. The cop took it gingerly, smelled it, then broke it open and shook out the shells. Putting the shells in his pocket after examining them, he handed the gun back to Arky, who tossed it into the car.

"Let's see the permit."

Arky gave it to him. The cop studied it with his flashlight, then turned and called, "Okay, Ed. This is the guy we want."

The other cop got out and came over.

"Were you in the Regent Bar a while back?"

"Yeah," said Arky.

"Anything happen?"

"Yeah. A guy got shot."

"Know him?"

"Yeah."

"What did you shoot him for?"

Arky laughed lightly. "Who said I shot him? Somebody must be crazy. I was standing there with my coat off and my hands on the bar. What would I shoot him with?"

"He pushed you, didn't he?" the cop asked.

"Yeah. We had a couple of words. Nothing serious. Say, you boys work fast."

"We got a tip. And big, black Cadillacs are rare enough around here to be worth checking on."

"Did the guy who handed you the tip tell you he frisked me and gave me a clean bill of health? Now don't you young fellows get yourselves in trouble taking me in. They'll just let me go again."

A call began to come in on the car radio and the second cop hurried back to see what it was. In a moment he returned, looking a little surprised.

"Everybody seems to want this guy," he said. "You're Orval Wanty, right?"

"That's me."

"You're wanted in the commissioner's office. General Bulletin just came over."

The two cops started to look at Arky with different eyes now, but Arky was shaken and began to wet his lips.

"Don't know what the commissioner wants with *me.*"

"Let's go, fellow," said the first cop.

"All right," said Arky. "I guess I'll just send the boy on with the car. Okay? You don't want him, do you?"

The cops hesitated.

"Hell, he's just a punk kid drives for me," said Arky. "Ain't even eighteen years old."

The first cop glanced into the car at the kid, then finally said, "I guess it's all right, huh, Ed?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"All right, Joe," said Arky. "You know what to do with the car."

Tight-lipped, the kid nodded.

(To be concluded next week)

"Give me the good, old-fashioned Christmas dinners back East, when we all used to gather at Mom's penthouse and have it sent up from that night club around the corner!"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

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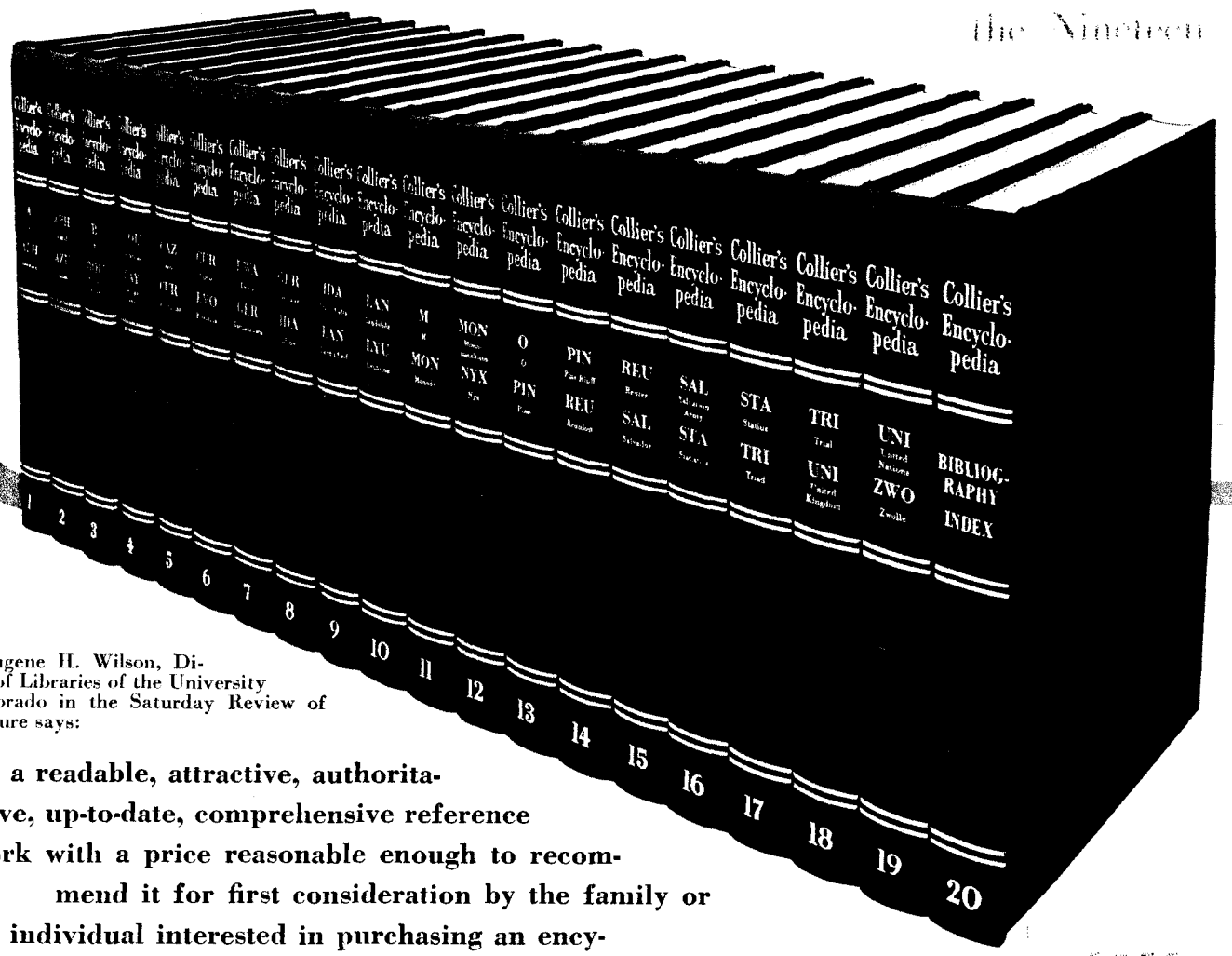

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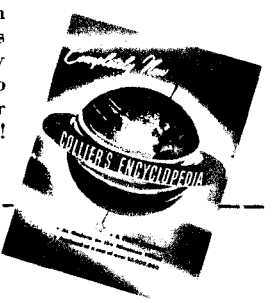

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The Quarter-Deck Shell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

to be bothered by anything but his work. I was sent to the island to stay with my aunt and uncle and review my sins at leisure.

My aunt and uncle were not man and wife, but brother and sister; sister older than the brother and very deaf. I had spent many summers with them as a child, and we were on polite, peaceful terms. They had a fine old house which they had had the intelligence to furnish in the Victorian manner instead of the rigorous early American which afflicted most of the summer people's houses.

"Maybe it's all right in *summer,*" my aunt intoned heartily. "All those bare boards and glazed chintz and drafty ladder-backs; but just consider living with it in the winter!"

She was a happily opinionated woman; her deafness spared her arguments and kept her calm. Her brother was another type; he was a collector and a fusser. He had retired from business six or seven years before at the age of fifty. He wore a little beard trimmed to a point; carried a cane of whale ivory, and knew a great deal about chamber music and the Lake poets.

They were kind, controlled people and I was fond of them; but what I needed was a friend to curse and giggle with, someone to snarl at and demand from. With my aunt and uncle I had to mind my manners, and present my feelings—when I did not conceal them—in as attractive a light as possible. It was lonesome work.

From nine to twelve, each day, I was tutored by a rigorous old lady. The rest of the day was my own, and hard to fill. I walked a lot; trudged over the matted moors, the cobbled streets, even the beaches—though these were so desolate that I did not often go there; the spitting rain was mixed with spitting salt, and great humped banks of kelp and sea rubbish were shored up by the dunes like hibernating flocks.

AT NIGHT my uncle played his gramophone, and at first this was anguish to my ignorant ears. The linear forms of the chamber music sounded arid and irascible. I was used to orgies of Tchaikovsky washed down with good hot jazz; the sawing of the violins made me itch all over and after two hours of it I longed to lift my head and bay like a hound. Of course, with constant hearing, the music became familiar and I began to enjoy it. Unconsciously, I found comfort in its discipline and after a while the beauties of melody were revealed, romantic enough to suit even me.

My uncle taught me to play chess, but I never became very good at it; and my aunt taught me to knit a sock with much the same result. The evenings passed quietly and not unpleasantly. I remember the crumble of the falling fire, the music, the wind outside, and now in my own middle age I can feel a certain homesickness for those evenings, but at that time I believed that I was suffering profoundly; that I traveled incognito among clods.

In February, I found the public library, and after that I spent a part of each day there. Silent, closed in their cloth bindings, waited whole new worlds of trial and conjecture in which I could immerse and lose my own. At a large raised desk the two librarians sat side by side like women playing a duet. I rarely took a book to them for stamping; I preferred to do my reading on the premises, probably because in this impersonal atmosphere I could best perfect the illusion of departure from myself.

I found a nook behind a wall of books and there each day I retired to read. I had never been much of a reader, but now I devoured everything: novels by Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen and Zane Grey and Conrad and Rider Haggard. My taste in fiction was catholic, and, my first rebellion being spent, I learned to exist in a blind cloud of fantasy and solitude.

I went to the library immediately after lunch because at four o'clock the schools were out and the children came, scuffling and giggling. The high-school kids were the ones I dreaded. They looked at me covertly and, I thought, with hostile appraisal, seeing me as a contemporary but an outlander, too good for their school, but too bad for some other. Their silent judgment made me uncomfortable and for this reason I was usually on my way home by four o'clock.

One day, however, having been delayed, I arrived much later than usual and found my secluded corner occupied. All such spots were occupied. I was driven to using the reading room—an exposed place with chairs of yellow oak, and a long table full of magazines. I took my place at the end of the table, and was soon lost, as only the young are lost, in the pages of a book.

The slight commotion of a new arrival caused me to look up, blank, half-dazed. But after that I looked up often, for the newcomer was a boy of my own age, dark and strikingly handsome. His hair and brows were black, his nose was sharply aquiline, his mouth well-defined and firm. He had a pile of magazines before him, and as he read he took notes on a sheet of lined paper; he seemed entirely absorbed: none of my furtive glances was returned. I was sorry when it came time to leave, and walked home through the howling twilight with few thoughts for Jane Austen.

After that, I took my position boldly in the reading room each day. My wish for a glimpse of the dark boy made me willing to endure the scrutiny of the other young people, but my reading suffered. The swing doors flapped repeatedly as the afternoon wore on and people kept coming in, and at each flap I had to look up. Sometimes I felt a leap of excitement as the boy came in, hung up his windbreaker and cap, and settled down at the table with his book and diagrams. Oftener, I was disappointed, for frequently he did not come at all. I thought perhaps he had a job after school, or was needed at home in some work capacity. I knew he was not well-to-do; his windbreaker and clothes were very shabby.

My speculations about him became incessant. For the very young a profile is enough foundation to build upon and I had more: apart from his extraordinary looks there was his gravity; there was the profound absorption in the books he read and the notes he took; there was even the hand in which he held the pencil: a strong, tense, agile hand; a useful, skillful hand. I watched and thought about these things. I had never heard his voice and wondered if, when he spoke, it would be with the flat inflection of other island voices. I was in no hurry to hear him speak; it seemed to me that watching him, intent and unself-conscious in his studies, I knew him better than I would once he had spoken. On another level I feared his speech, knowing that it might destroy my fantasies concerning him.

I must have dawned upon him slowly. For a long time he did not seem to know that I was there, and then one day I looked up and found him staring at me. I lowered my eyes instantly, but a red-hot blush sprang upward from my collarbone, and I read and reread a single paragraph without registering its sense at all. After that it was anguish to sit there, trying to concentrate, acutely aware of that other human being, fearing and longing to look at him, fearing and longing to be observed. Something of the same feeling must have taken hold of him, for at times, when I stole a glance at him, I would see him sitting still as stone, his eyes not moving to the lines before them, his hand motionless against the paper.

Now, on the days he did not come, I thought perhaps my constant presence had bored or troubled him, and my feeling of relief on seeing him again was so intense that finally, on one such occasion, as he came into the room I smiled at him with open pleasure. To this day the impression of him is vivid: standing by the coatrack, an arm still in his jacket sleeve, responsive and surprised. He had white, healthy teeth, his whole face seemed changed and happy, and the moment was a long one.

We did not speak, of course, but when I got up to leave I was sure that he would follow and perhaps walk home with me. He did not, and the whole short journey to my aunt's house was occupied with searching questions and unpleasant answers. Perhaps I was not his type? Obviously not, or he would be here now. Perhaps I should not have smiled at him first? It was possible that he would not "respect" me. (In my young days people talked a lot about respect between the sexes, while, naturally, doing as they pleased.) Perhaps my smile was unattractive? God knows I had examined it from every angle in the mirror and did not think badly of it; I rejected this answer.

Still, I would not be so bold again. I did not see him for three days. Late on the third afternoon the library door flapped for the hundredth time, I looked up for the hundredth time, and saw him. He smiled in greeting.

SO IT went. Our courtship, if such it could be called, was conducted in utter silence, with smiles and occasional glances which caused a response wildly compounded of embarrassment and joy. Each time I hoped and expected that he would follow me when I left the library. He never did.

Luckily the island was small; in winter smaller still. Late in March there was a snowstorm. The flakes began to sprinkle before noon, and by three they still were swarming. The library smelled of rubber matting and overshoes; only the children ventured there today. At four, the librarians turned on the lights which hung clutched in groups from the ceiling. I was alone at my long table. No one came, all afternoon.

At closing time I fastened up my arctics and went home, disappointed. I found the cook in despair: the wires were down, the market had not sent the order, there was nothing in the house to eat. When I volunteered to go after the groceries my aunt made a few solicitous objections, but my uncle overruled her. "She's young, she'll like it. Let her go."

He was right. As I made my way along the main street my depression was replaced by exhilaration. The evening was stormily alive; the trees were rocking all along the street, the air was dancing with its snow, and the dangling street lights swung like ships' lanterns.

For the first time I was fully conscious of the surrounding sea; the pavement seemed unsteady as a deck beneath my feet, the snow came up in foam against my shinbones. After that wild voyage the grocer's store was a bright, warm harbor-cove. The heat, the strong, stout smells of kerosene and edibles caused my eyes to sting, my nose to run. The clerks, the customers were so friendly—brought to a feeling of kinship and happy stimulation by a hostile, exciting act of nature. At the world's end, I thought, how well the few survivors will cherish one another—for a time.

Mr. Spanner, the grocer, wrapped my bundle in a flour sack.

"Paper'd be rotted through with wet, time you'd gone a block," he said. I thanked him warmly and departed. Ducking my head against the busy flakes I ran blindly into someone coming toward me, and looking up saw that it was the dark boy of the library.

"Why, hello," said I.

"Hello there," he said. "Can I carry your bundle for you? Looks mighty big."

Blissfully I handed over the flour sack. He turned and walked along beside me. Our footsteps made no sound, and for a while we did not speak, paralyzed into silence by the encounter.

Finally he said, "I've seen you down to the library."

"I've seen you too," I said.

Then we fell silent again. All the glances and their meaning, all the smiles of recognition and delight, were not to be referred to; they were language on another level. We had to catch up to it in words, and it was proper that his should take time.

"Sure is snowing," he said at last, valiantly.

"Goodness, it certainly *is,*" I assured him.

His voice had some of the native island

SISTER

"Dad's a pretty good sport, but I wonder how Mom'll take it?"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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COLLIER'S **"I dunno where the boys in the shipping department got the idea you're stuffy . . ."** TED KEY

inflection, but more of something else: a little trace of accent somewhere, a foreign depth. It did not disappoint me. By contrast mine sounded too light and too protected; silly, I thought.

What else we said, if anything, I no longer remember. At the kitchen door he handed me the bundle, capped with snow.

"Goodness, how can I ever *thank* you?" I cried effusively.

"Oh, that's okay," he said. "Good night."

He turned as he opened the gate, and through the flakes I saw the flash of his familiar smile.

My aunt was in the kitchen with Lena, the cook.

"My soul, Carol, that bundle's big as you are! How did you manage?"

"A boy helped me," I shouted.

"A boy! *What* boy?" said my aunt, her mind at once on rape.

"I don't know who he is," I replied. It was true I had not thought to ask his name, nor had he asked me mine.

"It was Manuel. I seen him from the window," Lena bellowed to my aunt. "You know, Manuel Menendez."

"Oh, *Manuel,*" said my aunt, with visible relief. "He's such a nice hard-working boy. He mows our lawns in summer."

Manuel Menendez: the name explained the foreign something in his voice. I'd seen the Portuguese section in the town, with its beached boats and long, gray floating manes of fish net. The people there talked with a babble and a jargon, and the houses looked poor; that was all I knew about it.

I THOUGHT of Manuel all during the evening. I relived our short walk and recalled each meager syllable of our conversation. I was entirely infatuated. Naturally I did not mention him again.

The next day when I left the library he followed me and we walked home together; or at least not quite home: at the corner he left me. I thought I understood this: he was known to my aunt and uncle as the boy who cut the grass in summer; he would be sensitive—for this was years ago—imagining that they would think it presumptuous of him to seek my society. And while I explored their view as stuffy and outmoded, I was certain that he was correct, that they would take just such a view.

Tacitly, without mentioning it openly, we became conspirators. Sometimes he would leave the library before I did, and then I would find him waiting at the boarded-up taffy stand. Sometimes I left first and then he followed in a minute or two: he would not leave at the same time.

"Why not?" I said. "Who's going to care?"

But he consistently refused. "It's better if I don't," he said.

Our relationship was strangely burdened with taboos. Aside from the necessity of keeping our meetings secret from my aunt and uncle, it was apparently necessary to keep them from his family as well; and there were other things: he never asked me to stop for a soda or go to a movie; I knew he could not afford it, but when I offered to pay the way for both of us—for I had completely recovered from my shyness—he would have none of it.

We walked. We must have walked a hundred miles together. With our heads down and our hands tucked into our cuffs we took the bitter wind as if it were a breeze. And we talked. We talked as though, till now, we had lived in total isolation; our adolescence and, to some degree, the recent conditions of our lives, strengthening this feeling in us.

Manuel was two months older than I. He had never been "off-island" in his life. His father was, or had been, a commercial fisherman. He was one of seven children, all boys. "There used to be two girls, too. There was two between me and Diego—he's eleven—but they both died on the same day, of the influenza."

All summer, as my aunt had said, he worked hard. He mowed lawns, and trimmed hedges, and in the heavy season washed dishes at the hotel. He was diligent, healthy, strong; too serious for his age; and he had great ambitions. Physics, mathematics, mechanics, those were the passions of his developing mind. Above all things he wished to be an engineer.

"But how? I'll never make it. My father he's sick half the time, he's got a bum heart, and there's the kids; all the money I make, back it goes, back it goes, into the family always."

"You can get a scholarship, maybe."

"What would they do without me? My two older brothers are married and they got kids of their own. The others are only little kids themselves, they can't do nothing—anything."

I had no answer to this. Because he was young and wonderful to look at I felt an irrational optimism concerning him.

"You'll work it out somehow, Manuel. I know you will."

He smiled when I said that, indulgently, without belief, but fondly, as one would smile at a child or a small animal.

"All right, if you say so. Now it's your turn to beef."

BUT now, beside him and because I was happy, my quarrels with life seemed small. My schoolgirl hates and predilections, escapades and rages had a tinny sound as I related them; even the action of revolt which had caused my expulsion from the school seemed like the aggression of the four-year-old who pulls the loaded cloth from the dinner table. Hitherto my daring had been an imitation of daring, since it never involved life or death or personal security; since, in short, nothing had ever really been at stake. Manuel, of my contemporaries, was the most grown-up that I had met; and the most serious: life to him was always life, and he was at its center earnestly working and aware, while I, so far, had pretended life and but for him might well have gone on doing so.

"Manuel, I wish I were like you."

"Me? Are you kidding?"

"No. You're real. I mean you're realler than most kids."

"No. I wish I was. I've thought about it sometimes. For instance you take a cat. He's a cat all right and nothing else, and a horse is nothing but a horse—a brown one or a white one, but just what he is without thinking about it. But a person—he's always hoping he'll turn into something else than who he is; he's the only one that's scared of being what he was born."

"I know. It's because he can think and compare, and comparing makes him envious. You always want to be what you envy. I used to try to be my roommate's sister—she goes to Vassar and is so snappy and sophisticated. I tried to be Clara Bow, and a lot of people in books, too; I don't like what I am myself."

"You are Carol. Sixteen years old. Carol Caspion. There's only one in the whole world. You be her. I'm Manuel Menendez; there's only one of him. All I want is to be him as hard and as good as I can."

We were not often so analytical. We were content to explore each other's lives and childhoods—the greater part of our lives till then—though often I could not keep from putting a gloss onto my facts, and sometimes I ran up against a silence in his. What is your mother like, Manuel? When will I see your little brothers? Where exactly do you live? . . . To none of these questions did I get satisfactory answers; and perhaps it was just this, this mixture of candor and withdrawal, which, added to the other contradictions of ignorance and shrewdest insight, of crudity and tact, of childish exuberance and serious purpose, made him more and more fascinating in my eyes.

Because of him I tried to meet his interests; I plunged into a study of mathematics; I butted my head uselessly against the hard sides of isosceles triangles and achieved only bruises.

"What do you want to for?" he said. "I like math but you don't have to. You like English but I don't have to. It's because we're different that we get along the way we do."

"I guess so." But my limitations depressed me.

"I like you just the way you are," he said. His smile was so brilliant, so dark and light at the same time, so intimately meant for me that I felt as though there were a burn-

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ing glass between us. In its way it was a caress, and as such I had to be satisfied with it for he would not give me any other.

I had soon discovered this, for it was I who finally put my hand in his, not he who took mine. It was I who put my arms around him and asked him for a kiss, and then I did not get it.

"You're too young."

"I'm just as old as you are; you can't count two months."

"Still, you're too young."

I reacted with hurt vanity; I sulked.

"Carol, are you sore?"

"I didn't know I was that repulsive."

"Don't be dumb, you know it isn't that. You must know it isn't that! But it would be too serious. And you're too young and so am I, and we're too different from each other to begin it."

"But you always said it was because we were so different—"

"Yes, that's true, too. I wish it wasn't all so—"

"So contradictory?"

"That's right. I wish it wasn't so contradictory."

That was the first time he took my hand of his own accord, and as we walked together with the raw air blowing against our faces, I saw my wounded vanity for what it was: another inexpensive toy, a little toy made out of looking glass that now I was too old for.

LATE in April, Manuel got a steady job at the island's one garage; his mechanical aptitude was an asset there, and the pay was the best he had had; he went there after school each day and worked late, so we could not see each other in the daytime.

We met at night. My aunt and uncle went to bed at half past nine—my aunt to read the night away, my uncle to snore on many different levels. (How lucky it was, I used to think, that it was not the other way around.) Before their doors were closed a minute I was halfway down the stairs. Manuel was waiting for me in the shadow of the swaddled box hedge: we met with whispers, and whispered to the outskirts of the town.

The streets were empty; the wind-tossed branches cast swinging shadow patterns onto the pavement; we seemed to be walking on the surface of a tide with weed beneath. The lighted windows showed us bits of other people's lives: a private yawn, a hand of cards, fingers turning a page, two people going up to bed—the security of the lighted cube in the vast dark. Our steps had a lonesome ring on the uneven flags; the weather-worn leaves swept in a rabble along the gutters, the sky was star-ridden. I wonder why I remember so many days as gray, when all the nights were starry?

At the outskirts of the town many of the houses were dark as coffins; they belonged to the summer people and were soundly closed till June. Still, they seemed alive in their own way: the closed shutters muttered at the hinges, the verandas sighed deeply in the night wind. We hurried past them to the place where the tarred roads gave way to sandy ruts and, later, to open moorland. From there on we were just lost enough to suit us; we never knew exactly where we were going but we always knew where we had been and would return because of the town lights in a crown on the horizon.

From time to time a stand of tattered pine rose up to meet us silently, and over our heads the whole sparked sky seemed to tremble and and quiver as though something huge were shaking it a little. At that time of year all the hidden moor ponds were pealing with hylas; we'd hear them miles before we reached them.

Sometimes we would hear another sound, a deep, strong breathing in the distance and know that we had walked right across the island and were coming to the sea. When we reached it we could hardly see it, but we could smell it and feel it as it groaned and stirred and thumped the sand with its big waves. We would stand staring out at the turbulent, amorphous mass, breathing the aura of ten million herring and licking the salt from our lips. I found the huge, impersonal noise of its commotion disturbing, and was always relieved to turn from that strong, most lonely sound to the saccharine shrill pealing of the hylas.

"I'll always prefer things that are little or cheap," I said. "I like those peepers better than the surf and I like things like glass bracelets and movie magazines and the ten-cent store."

"Well, that's all right, isn't it? It would only be bad if you pretended it wasn't so. Anyway you outgrow a lot of those things. I'll outgrow wanting a motorcycle. I guess I will."

"There are things I've outgrown. Things I wanted to be. A professional ice skater, that was the first one, and then a ballet dancer like Pavlova, and after that—well, there were lots. But I don't know what I want to be now. Nothing, I guess."

Nothing by myself, at least. And it occurred to me that I would like to be a wife.

"Did you have crazy ambitions, too, when you were a little kid, Manuel?"

"There used to be a guy named Buster Bates. He was the fire chief, then, and he had the only auto on the island; added to that, it was red. At night—unless there was a fire, of course—he played the piano for the pictures at the Casa Loma Theater. He saw all the movies and got paid besides, and he played just like you'd push a lawn mower or wash a window, without thinking. He had about six pieces that he always played and he'd wham into them different ways—sometimes kind of slow and sad to go with the parts about love or dying, and sometimes real fast and loud so it went all right with Indians or the German army or whatever was making the trouble. I wanted to grow up and have a life just like him. I outgrew that."

And will you outgrow me? Will we outgrow each other? . . . But this was a thought made out of words and not of feelings, so I discarded it. Because of my age I put great faith in the emotions and counted on them to tell the truth.

SO WE talked and wandered, sometimes till the sky began to lighten. The town as we returned to it was still as death, only the sounds of sleep coming from open windows, and down in the harbor the *rat-tat* of little fishing boats as they set out to work.

My aunt must have wondered why I was so hard to rouse in the mornings. She never suspected. I have since marveled that we were so unmolested in the conduct of our relationship. I suppose it was partly because my aunt and uncle and all their friends were elderly and deeply self-absorbed. Their lives, except for the usual ailments, were relatively calm, and they had long since left behind all thoughts of romance with its attendant rigors and perplexities.

If there was any talking it was probably done by the native people, and if Manuel heard it he did not repeat it. . . .

Late in May the reluctant island began to soften visibly. It became a liquid world; even the sky seemed liquid, with ponds of blue between the fraying clouds. The low-lying fields were steeped in water: warm, shallow lakes pierced through and through with sword-leaves of wild iris and sprinkled all over with four-petaled innocence, like bride's confetti.

I wandered alone, now, in the daytime; but as I roamed, wet-shoed through the swampy meadows, I was never lonely. I luxuriated in my life. I was too close to childhood, and thoughts of magic, to fret about conclusions. I chose to believe that happiness could be stretched fine, thin, endless, like those humming wires above my head.

The only time we could meet in the daylight was on an occasional Sunday when Manuel was free from work or family and I could safely escape from my aunt's society. One such Sunday came our way late in May. It was a still, dull afternoon; we met on the beach road well away from town.

He took my hand in his and we walked slowly. The hideous, comfortable houses built by summer families at the turn of the century were still closed up. We did not see a soul. But against the bathhouse wall a ladder was leaning. Resonant hammer blows sounded from within.

"Soon they'll be back," said Manuel.

"Who?" I asked.

"The summer folks; with their kids and pet dogs and beach umbrellas and white shoes."

"Do you hate them?"

"I don't know. They overrun this place; you'd think they owned it. *They* think they own it. They paint all their front doors blue, and they put pink and orange sails on their boats, and ride around in cars too big for the streets. And they look at you like you're dirt."

"You imagine it. Nobody'd look at you like that."

"No, I guess that's right. What happens is they don't look at me at all. I'm the boy that mows the lawns, or washes the pots. They don't look at people like that. Since I got old I always hated the summers here; I'd see the kids, not much older than me, driving these big cars around, and at night I'd go by the yacht club and they'd be dancing there in their white pants and blue coats."

"You said all you ever wanted was to be Manuel Menendez and nobody else," I reminded him.

"And it's true, too. But sometimes I forget it."

"Anyway, this summer will be different. We'll be together a lot."

"No, probably not."

"Yes, we will! We will! My father wants to take me to Europe, but I won't go. I never want to leave."

"Don't be dumb. You'll have to go. You're just a kid."

"I won't leave you!"

"Yes. You'll have to leave me. I'll have to let you leave me, too."

"No, I won't, Manuel! I will not!"

In my distress I threw my arms around him and held him close.

"Say no, Manuel, say no. Think of something, quick. Why couldn't we get married?"

HE HAD stood motionless within my clasp, but now he laughed, loosened my arms and held me away.

"Don't act like a little kid, Carol, we can't get married."

"Yes we can, why can't we?"

"Oh—a lot of things. I'm too poor and you're too rich, and—and, I guess I have to explain—I'm different from you."

"Well, of course you're different from me. Crazy, that's why I love you."

He had stopped smiling and was looking at me gravely. His eyes were so dark the pupils were lost in them; eyes of an older person and an older world.

"I never thought I'd like a girl like you, a summer girl," he said. "But I do. I wish I didn't."

"Can't you say love? Are you afraid to say it?"

"I do say it, then. I love you."

"Then show me so!"

He sighed once, patiently, I thought; but then he seemed to discard whatever feeling had produced the sigh. "Oh, Carol," he said, half in despair, and put his arms around me.

His arms were hard, encircling, they held me close to him and closer, and his face as it came down to mine looked different: stern, intent. This was not the half-playful experimentation I had participated in before; this, like everything about him, was serious, an earnest part of life itself. I was at once afraid.

"Stop it. No, I mean it, Manuel, stop it!"

Still he held me, he was much stronger than I was, but when I had struggled a little he let me go.

"See?" he said: "You're still too young. Never mind, don't you feel bad, it's not your fault. It's the way they bring up girls like you. You'll outgrow it just like you'll outgrow the dime store and the bracelets."

Manuel smiled at me and touched my shoulder.

"Don't feel bad. Anyway, it's better without."

I was ashamed; close to tears.

"Just give me a little time," I said.

"No, never mind. It's better without. Forget about it."

Still I would not be comforted. "But I don't know what's the matter with me when I love you so much."

He was tired of the whole business, though, and his face showed it.

"Forget it, Carol. Don't think about it any more."

I said nothing further but I could not stop my thoughts. I felt bewildered, inadequate, and above all jealous—for in the moment just past I had understood very clearly that Manuel was thoroughly familiar with a land I had only glimpsed as yet. Who his companions—or worse, his companion—had been on his forays into the mysterious regions I could not guess and would not ever ask.

We had come to the water's edge and stood there looking out across the calm gray harbor. Small waves crept and rustled

COLLIER'S

"It seems so silly to clean the house before a party, and then have it all to do over again the next morning"

DON TOBIN

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The day the Johnsons moved away...

They suddenly got cold feet and hated to leave town. In the new city they were going to, so much would be strange—the schools, the church, their neighbors . . .

But not *everything* will be strange. The grocer and the druggist will have unfamiliar faces, but the *products* they carry will be old friends. The shelves of every store will be stacked with brand names the Johnsons recognize. Of course, it is a comfort to be able to shop by familiar brand name—the name the manufacturer gave his product so that people could tell it from any other.

The Johnsons—like everybody else—know that buying by brand name is the only way to get *exactly what they want.*

Brand names mean *protection*, too. By knowing brand names, you make the manufacturer responsible for the quality of products that bear his brand name. Any manufacturer knows that if you find his products good, you will buy them. If not, you won't—and the manufacturer will be forced out of business.

Brand names mean *progress.* That's because manufacturers vie with each other to improve their products, so you get better products . . . and you get more value for less money.

Remember—you get *value*, *protection* and you get *exactly what you want* when you buy by brand name. Read the ads in this magazine—they feature some of America's most famous brand names.

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on the wet beach sand, and a slow, long rumble filled the sky.

"Let's walk out the jetty and watch the storm come up," said Manuel.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't want to."

"Come on, come on!" He had stooped to pick up a little shell and now he tossed it at me, and it went down the neck of my dress but I forgot it then, because he seized my wrist and forced me to run with him to the long chaotic wall of rock that stretched halfway across the harbor mouth. My doubts were put aside for the moment in favor of exuberant action; the tumbled rock faces were steep, and sometimes hard to scale; the tide was only starting to come in and many areas were slippery with weed. Manuel grabbed my hands and saved me more than once from falling. It was a long time before we stopped to rest.

When we did, and our own loud breathing had slowed down, we could hear, between the gulp and swallow of tidewater under the rocks, the tiny crepitations among the mussel colonies. From overhead came the lost, shrill creaking of the gulls, and at our feet their relics lay; shards of sea shell and crustacean, like artifacts of extinct tribes. The time and place seemed desolate to me, for the color was gone from everything: the barnacles were white as bones or teeth, the mussels black, and the rock weeds swung in the uneasy tide like veils of crepe. The clouds hung low in hammock shapes, and now and then a figure of lightning skipped out and vanished.

"Isn't lightning dangerous on water?" I said. "Maybe we better go back."

"Oh, come on a little farther! Look, there's the bell buoy."

Yes, there it was, a tiny hairpin on the waves; its random notes came to us there between the low-lying thunder sounds.

"We'll walk until we see the bell," said Manuel. "And then we'll make a wish and then go back."

A change was taking place, now; the sound of air and water deepened. We had come a good way along the jetty and the storm had come a good way toward its climax; where it had been idling and purring it was now beginning to arise and make ready. A company of little squalls came toward us; and a squall seemed to run over my body, too, but I would not confess my urgent wish to return.

Looking back, we saw the pale crescent-shaped beaches, the bathhouse like a lonely box, the town as bleached and clustered as the jostled huts of barnacle below us. Where was safety in the world? Surely not in that handful of shells, or any other.

"Oh, let's go back!"

"Look, you can see the bell from here, but not quite close enough to wish on."

THE first great drops began to spatter, and the thunder was deep and all around us. This far out the jetty was less firmly constructed; between the blocks were gaps and channels. We came to one, some feet across, through which the tide ran swiftly.

"Manuel, I can't jump that."

"I can! Watch!" he cried, ten years old again. He lifted his arms and leaped, neat, young, and proud, across the channel. He turned and faced me, smiling, and called some words I never heard. At that moment the sky burst open with a scream of light and I was knocked flat. I was confused; half numb for a few seconds; when I scrambled to my feet the first thing I saw was Manuel, face down, sprawled slantwise on the rock, his head in the water and his black hair floating among the weeds.

The tide was heavy in the deep small channel; but panic got me across, and the absolute necessity of reaching Manuel, though I knew that he was dead before I touched him. I pulled him up on the rock and turned him over and looked once into the stranger's face, and then I started back. Nothing could be done for him and I knew this, yet I felt there was not a second to lose. That is the first response to sudden death: hurry! hurry! As if with speed enough we could overtake the vanished breath, or wheedle reconsideration from accomplished fact.

The rain came lashing down. The rocks were slippery and I fell repeatedly; at last I pulled off my shoes and threw them away, and after that I fell less often. I have no idea how long it took me to get back to the shore, but when I reached the bathhouse the ladder was gone from against the wall, and the door was locked. Even so I beat against it with my fists, like a fugitive at a barred stockade; it echoed through and through its many cells, hollow everywhere, and shaky. I gave up and ran around the bathhouse stumbling and gasping, too crazy to remember to use the boardwalk, plowing my way over the steep wet dunes.

The road, when I reached it, was gleaming like the back of an eel, and it was empty. The beach houses, bristling and gabled, were other barred stockades. The wet air brayed and burst with lightning; I ran crying toward the town.

At last coming toward me I saw an old touring car, its loose waterproof flapping wildly. I stood in the middle of the road, shoeless, drenched. The car rattled to a stop, a door fell open and a man got out.

"Girl, what ails you?"

I SAT with my head in my hands, my plate pushed back. "Had you been seeing a lot of him?" My uncle's voice was calm, but his fingers were drumming silently against the cloth.

"A lot," I said. "As much as he would let me."

"What did she say, Francis?" My poor aunt looked bewildered and uncertain; not at all her customary look.

"She says she's been seeing the boy, ah, frequently."

"*Frequently!*"

"I don't care how poor he was! I don't care if he mowed lawns and washed dishes, I loved Manuel!" I shouted hysterically, beginning to cry again.

"You don't know what you're talking about," proclaimed my aunt, her deaf voice colored with emotion. "Don't you realize what he was?"

"Wait, Louise!" My uncle seized her gesturing upraised hand. "This isn't the time, you let me handle it—"

"Manuel was nothing but—"

"Be quiet!" roared my uncle, really angry.

Nothing but a Portuguese, I thought they meant. Nothing but a poor boy. Snobs, old people, deadwood! I flew to my room and I locked the door behind me, remembering the first terrible evening when, as I stripped off my torn drenched clothes, something had fallen and rolled away across the floor. When I picked it up I saw that it was the quarter-deck that Manuel had tossed at me. On my breast I found the oval mark that it had pressed there. The shell was on my table still. I took it up and rocked it on my palm; for three days it had been a talisman, having the power to strike a light in memory so that for an instant I could see Manuel again, vivid, all but actual, before he faded, slowly, like light remembered by the retina. This time, however, nothing happened; the power was worn out, and I threw the shell away. . . .

That must have been a hard week for my aunt and uncle, whose compassion for me was mixed with embarrassment and disapproval. They would be so glad to have me gone; to settle down—as they deserved—in their calm harbor of approaching age and quiet pleasures.

Fortunately for them my father had been informed of events and was coming to take me away at the week's end.

Two days before he arrived my uncle asked me to take a walk with him. I could think of no reason to refuse, so we set out, making conversation, my uncle's ivory cane flashing rhythmically. He was a kindly man, though with a horror of emotion, who did his best to hide the repugnance he felt in the face of my hoydenish, unwieldy grief. Sensing this I tried to spare him. All I wished was to be at once a thousand miles away and twenty years older.

We turned from the main street, my uncle leading, and followed a narrow lane, emerging near the harbor in a neighborhood of fishing huts and knock-kneed piers and shabby houses: the Portuguese section. I wondered why he had brought me here, and which was Manuel's house; but I asked no questions.

In one yard, littered with trash and playthings, several little boys hung and tumbled in a warped old double swing. They were beautiful, all of them; their noses were aquiline with flaring nostrils and their hair clung to their heads in thick tight curls. Though they bore a strong resemblance to one another no two were of the same color; some were olive-skinned and one was golden—a deep, deep gold—and one was nearly black as night.

"Stop a minute," said my uncle. "I want you to look at those children carefully."

"They're cute, aren't they?" I said. "But why?"

"Carol," said my uncle. "Those are Manuel's little brothers."

"*Those?* How can they be?"

"Mixed blood," said my uncle, turning his cane and looking away. "He was of mixed blood, you know. A lot of these people are, though they don't admit it."

No, I had not known, and something rapidly began to happen to me which I could not understand or tolerate. We moved away from the fenced yard.

"Perhaps they don't even realize it," my uncle said nervously. "I'm sure that's what—"

I interrupted him: "That's why you wouldn't let me go to the funeral. That's why you wouldn't let me go to see his mother."

"We thought it would be better for you to find it out when you were—quieter."

"Why did I have to find it out at all, then? In a few days I'd have been gone for good. I'm never coming back."

My uncle's face was red and harassed.

"*Obviously someone had to tell you.*"

"Why? If Manuel didn't it was because he never thought of himself as being different—"

But was that true? A treasonous voice reminded me of all the times he had used the word himself.

"The only way that he was different was that he was better than other people. More honest. More—living. And now you and Aunt Louise are trying to make everything *filthy*."

With that I left him, running away from him, actually, along the twisting streets. But I could not run from the sudden shocking knowledge that it was not only he who soiled a memory; because of my training and my weakness I, too, was now contributing my share. The words "mixed blood" were implacable and omnipresent. I seemed to see them cut in low relief like the words on gravestones: gray, square, stating a final fact. They forced on me suspicions, questions that I hated: Is that what he meant by "different"? Is that why he never took me to his house or let me meet his family? Is that why I was led into a feeling of conspiracy as though—I had often thought of it—I was dealing with a man already married instead of a free human being of my own age? With these questions I was more than ever at a loss, torn, shamed in several ways; divided.

That day and the next I returned to the beach, even walked out along the jetty. "Manuel, Manuel," I cried aloud, trying shamelessly to return to my first uncomplicated grief. But this I was not allowed to do. The words "mixed blood" stood before my woe and barred its way.

ALL that was long ago—years and years ago. Yet when I walk along a beach like this and see the quarter-decks among the tidal litter, I feel again, for one sharp second, the wild resentment and confusion of that distant day, when honest grief was broken on a phrase: altered, degraded, reduced to a rubble that cluttered half my life. Because of it I've signed my name to causes, and joined movements, and written tracts, but still I have not rubbed away the guilt, and still I know that it will be a long, long time before the sad world changes, if in fact it is not broken first upon some other phrase of little meaning. THE END

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Sportsman, Malaya	Tigers don't become man-eaters on account of old age or infirmity, but from the chance tasting of human flesh.
Historian, London	Napoleon was not born in Corsica, but in a village in Brittany.
Physiologist, Yale University	Eating snacks between meals is not a bad habit—it actually promotes efficiency.
Psychologist, University of Virginia	Total color blindness is most uncommon—medical history lists only a dozen cases in the United States.
Journalist, New York	The first performance of Abie's Irish Rose was not panned by every dramatic critic in New York—the Times report was favorable.
Encyclopedist, New York	The chance of getting a royal flush hand in a conventional poker game is not one in a million—it's almost two in a million.
Physicist, India	The blue of the sea is not just on the surface—the color can be detected to a depth of 1400 feet.
Official, Hungarian Cooks' Association	Mayonnaise is not of recent origin—there's a recipe for it in a Roman manuscript dating back to the time of Augustus.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

in proper doses. The A.M.A.'s original objection was that antihistamines were harmful and dangerous unless taken under a physician's direction. Now Dr. Smalley tells us that they are not harmful, but worthless, which is quite another thing.

"Forthrightness & Courage"

EDITOR: In all the years I have been reading Collier's no article has made so much of an impression on me as Gordon Schendel's Something Is Rotten in the State of Pennsylvania (Nov. 11th). The writer is to be commended for his forthrightness and his downright courage in the face of what might happen to him personally because of mad gangster rule. The startling corruption in that state appears at times to be beyond reality—and something out of Sinclair Lewis' It Can't Happen Here.

The obvious transparency of "home rule" in Pennsylvania, once it is made known and publicized sufficiently to the solid citizens of that state, should be enough to bring action. Apparently all efforts in this direction have been negligible, witness the demise of any and all action by the American Legion and churchmen in the corrupted communities of the state.

I believe that the federal government should take a hand in the matter, just as it did in the cases of Capone, etc., for no fear of intimidation or threats is to be felt there.

LAWRENCE BORIS, New York, N. Y.

. . . CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR COURAGEOUS ARTICLE ON ROTTENNESS IN PENNSYLVANIA. FORMER JUDGE TRESCHER OF WESTMORELAND COMMON PLEAS COURT MADE TERRIFIC EFFORT TO ACQUAINT PEOPLE WITH SITUATION, AND MANY THOUSANDS BACKED HIM INCLUDING LEGION. UNFORTUNATELY THEY COULDN'T LICK THE HUNDRED THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS POURED INTO THE COUNTY BY RACKETEERS TO BEAT HIM.

NO ONE CAN ACCUSE YOU OF POLITICS AS THEY DID JUDGE TRESCHER WHEN HE TOLD TRUTH. NOW, IF THE GOVERNOR CANNOT ACT ISN'T IT TIME FOR SENATOR KEFAUVER'S COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE?

THOUSANDS APPRECIATED YOUR ARTICLE EVEN THOSE WHO PAID ONE DOLLAR FOR SECONDHAND COLLIER'S BECAUSE OF ORDERS TO CONFISCATE MAGAZINE. WRITE MORE.

HELEN T. ARNOLD, Lancaster, Pa.

The Little People

EDITOR: Shirley Jackson's story All the Girls Were Dancing (Nov. 11th) gave me the most chuckling, happy, warm and cozy feeling I've had in a number of years.

My son used to keep me continually feeling that the pixies were all over the house. From the time he started talking intelligibly at about two years, until he went to kindergarten at five, his constant companion was a little boy he called "Lemon." Whenever I started to sit down, or take a step across the floor, Rickey would exclaim: "Oh, no, Mama! You're sitting on Lemon!" Once I stepped on Lemon's foot, according to my son, and the poor boy couldn't walk all the rest of the day.

I can readily understand how confusing it would be to have an entire family of "Illenoys"; the one little extra boy I could never see was confusing enough!

MRS. NORBERT P. O'BRIEN, San Francisco, Cal.

Switcheroo

EDITOR: Versatile is definitely synonymous with Sid Caesar (Hail Sid Caesar!, Nov. 11th).

Zinn Arthur's photographs surely supplement Bill Davidson's article.

Real versatility is exemplified by Caesar's changing the part in his hair, switching rings for pictures, and even moving his cheek mole from left to right—or vice versa.

More light is needed in somebody's darkroom, methinks.

BOB BRADNER, Fostoria, Ohio

. . . My wife wonders did Sid switch rings from left hand to right hand and vice versa . . . or has the picture been reversed? (It takes a woman to notice that.) Or, maybe, it is just part of his wonderful routine.

SAM RIGER, Washington, D. C.

We share our readers' admiration for the gifted Mr. Caesar's versatility, but in this case the switch was ours. Deliberate, too. It was done in the interest of making a better-looking picture layout.

Thanks from the PAL

EDITOR: THANK YOU COLLIER'S FOR THE VERY HUMAN STORY PALS—COPS AND KIDS BY ALAN HYND (NOV. 11TH). THIS LONG OVERDUE STORY ON POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE CRIME PREVENTION WORK IS A COMPREHENSIVE, ACCURATE AND INFORMATIVE NARRATIVE ON THE MODERN POLICE DEPARTMENT'S EVER-WATCHFUL UNSUNG ACCOMPLISHMENTS TO PREVENT CRIME AMONG THE YOUTHS OF OUR CITIES IN THE GREATEST COUNTRY ON EARTH. YOUR FINE RECOGNITION OF DEPUTY COMMISSIONER JAMES B. NOLAN OF NEW YORK CITY'S POLICE DEPARTMENT AND OF HIS STAFF IN THE JUVENILE AID BUREAU AND PAL IS ECHOED BY COMMISSIONER NOLAN'S LEGION OF FRIENDS ALL OVER THE WORLD. THE CITY OF ROCHESTER, N. Y., YOUTH BUREAU AND PAL WERE PATTERNED AFTER HIS BUREAU IN SEPTEMBER 1947 AFTER A NATION-WIDE SURVEY BY OUR PROGRESSIVE CITY ADMINISTRATION. THE POLICE PERSONNEL OF THE PAL ARE PROUD TO BE A PART OF THIS NATION-WIDE PROGRAM.

POLICE CAPTAIN HENRY H. JENSEN, Rochester, N. Y.

Dollars and Sense Research

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

year. As a result of the university's research, they say, the industrialists and farmers of Illinois alone are making more money each year than the state has spent on the school since its founding in 1868.

Not that Illinois devotes all its energies to research. The third largest university in the country, it offers its 24,394 resident students an opportunity to get an excellent education. It has 57 different colleges, schools, institutes and other units. Its library is surpassed in size only by those of Yale and Harvard. Its full-time faculty of 3,216 gives courses in everything from dairy farming to atomic physics, from labor relations to radar. Nor does the university neglect the lighter side. It has a student newspaper with its own Associated Press wire, three bands, three orchestras, a little theater, 78 fraternities and sororities. It has an extensive social life, and its coeds (5,820 this year) rarely lack for dates.

Where this university differs from many others is in the stress it places on research, and especially on research of dollars-and-cents value to home, farm and factory. The enameled-pot manufacturers of America found that out. Anxious to improve the wearing quality of their utensils, some of these manufacturers asked a big Eastern college for aid.

"I'm sorry," they were told by the Ivy Leaguers, "but this sort of thing does not interest us." Finally, the Enameled Utensil Manufacturers Council took their plea to Illinois. A research project in the ceramics department was launched and within months a much better porcelain enamel had been evolved.

In fact, the durability of porcelain enamel was so improved that the U.S. Bureau of Standards enamel specifications had to be revised upward twice.

The emphasis placed on research at Illinois is noticeable even to the casual visitor. At the main campus, which sprawls over Urbana and its twin town of Champaign, the broad, tree-lined walks and the pleasant red-brick buildings resemble those of most colleges. You see the usual students in the usual blue jeans and sweaters poring over books in the usual classrooms.

However, you also see scientists hard at work weaving wires through something that looks like a gigantic switchboard. They're building an electronic digital computer, a $250,000 "Magic Brain" which, they expect, will be able to multiply a pair of 12-digit numbers, 1,000 times a second. A few steps away, chemists are busy in test-tube-festooned labs, analyzing synthetic rubber. Nearby, in a five-story room, engineering professors are manipulating the dials on an 80-foot-high vise, making it exert 3,000,000 pounds of pressure on a single strip of steel. They want to find what stress certain types of steel can bear.

On the 1,298-acre university-owned farm that borders the campus, you see professors examining experimental cows and corn. You even see professors shoveling manure. They are checking its merit as a fertilizer. You see the same intense research at the university's skyscraper campus in Chicago. That's where its medical, dental and pharmacy colleges are located. Noted doctors are continually juggling chemicals, inoculating guinea pigs and testing humans there.

"The university's researches," proudly states slim, personable Dr. George D. Stoddard, the fifty-three-year-old president, "cover practically the whole field of human endeavor and affect the life of every citizen of Illinois."

Typical of U. of I. industrial research is the work of forty-nine-year-old Professor Julian R. Fellows in the furnace field. He has come up with the first major improvement in hand-fired fuel burning for homes since 1740 when Benjamin Franklin invented the stove to replace the colonial fireplace.

When Fellows joined the Engineering College faculty in 1935, he and his wife bought a house with the customary coal-burning furnace. The soft coal they used was novel to them, and they were dismayed to find their new home full of smoke and soot.

"You're an engineer," Mrs. Fellows said to her husband. "Why don't you do something about this filthy furnace?"

Then some southern Illinois mineowners dropped in to see him. "We're having all sorts of trouble," they said. "The soft coal we dig makes so much smoke that a number of cities have practically banned it. If only someone could invent a furnace that doesn't smoke. . . ."

Fellows agreed to try. What he came up with was a furnace which works on a "downdraft coking principle." It looks like most other furnaces but its firebox is divided in two by a wall hanging down from the top. Without one moment's attention from the householder, a fire can be built in it that will last 48 hours and use 30 per cent less coal than the conventional type. Best yet, the furnace won't give off one whiff of smoke. It eats it.

Mrs. Fellows is very pleased with the new furnace. So are the Illinois mineowners. They think it will largely do away with smog over cities.

Other Illinois developments in the industrial sphere include the first modern photoelectric cell, a design for automobile engines that has cut gasoline consumption by 18 per cent, a brake shoe that stops a 60-mile-an-hour railway train in 1,300 feet.

Then there is the sound film of Professor Joseph T. Tykociner. For over 20 years, this Polish-born electrical engineer tried to interest private industry in an idea he had for talking movies. No one would finance the work he wanted to do.

In 1921, forty-four-year-old Tykociner got a job as a research professor at Illinois. "What are you going to work on?" he was asked by Dr. Ellery B. Paine, former head of the electrical engineering department.

"I've a theory that you can photograph sound as well as action," he said. "I'd like to try it."

Most of Paine's colleagues laughed at this wild idea but he gave Tykociner $1,000 for his experiments anyway. Less than 10 months later, Tykociner ran a film at a meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. The first person who appeared on the screen was Tykociner's wife. To everyone's amazement, she could be heard as well as seen.

"One, two, three, four," she said. "I will ring a bell." And she rang a bell.

That was the first time sound had ever been reproduced on film and it created a sensation. From coast to coast, the papers featured the news.

Hollywood was not interested, though. One movieland mogul commented, "The public now has the illusion of movement. The professor wants to add the illusion of sound. Two illusions at the same time? That's too many."

A patient man, Tykociner sat back and waited. "Someday they all will be using my invention," he said in his heavy Slavic accent.

History and the 18,351 movie theaters in the United States have proved him right.

In all, Illinois's industrial discoveries are estimated to be paying off at a rate of more than $125,000,000 a year. The pay-off on research in agriculture has been still greater.

Research for the farm started back in 1876 when the late Professor George E. Morrow laid out the first soil experimental

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plot in the Western World. On a little less than an acre of campus ground, this pioneer sought to confirm a scientific theory of crop rotation. In those days, most farmers rotated crops, but without scientific knowledge.

What Morrow did was to divide his little plot into three strips. In one, he planted corn year in and year out. In the second, he alternated corn one year and oats the next. In the third, he rotated corn, oats and clover. In the space of a few years, Morrow was able to show that the strip of corn which once had produced 50 bushels a year was turning out only 35. The land had run down. The corn and oats strip was holding its own. The strip with the three-year rotation plan of corn, oats and clover, however, was producing almost 50 per cent more crops than it had when Morrow started the experiment.

Chemist Proves His Theory

The late Professor Cyril G. Hopkins then demonstrated something else to the farmers of Illinois. A chemist, Professor Hopkins had a revolutionary theory that crops removed certain chemicals from the soil. No one listened to him so he resolved to try a real experiment.

One day he traveled down to the southern part of Illinois. "I want to buy the worst farm in this area," he said to a real-estate agent. For $3,840, he bought a 640-acre tract that, quite aptly, was called Poorland Farm. Then, he further shocked the real-estate agent and the neighborhood farmers by drawing a line down the center of each field.

On the right side of the line, he added phosphorus and nitrogen to the soil. To the left side, he did nothing. He didn't stop there. He took some of the soil and analyzed it chemically. He found it—like most of the soil in Illinois—seriously lacking in limestone. And he had proved in his laboratory that limestone was vital to the growth of good crops.

"Where can I buy some ground limestone around here?" he inquired.

"You can't," he was informed. "There's none available in the state."

To get limestone, Hopkins had to talk the South Illinois Penitentiary into using its prisoners to grind it. He then added the limestone to the right side of his fields.

Nine years went by before Hopkins revealed the results of his experiment, but when he did they made every farmer in the state sit up and listen. On the left, untreated side of his fields, he was getting scarcely 10 bushels of wheat to the acre. On the right, well-fertilized side, he was getting a yield of 40 bushels to the acre.

According to officials of the State Department of Agriculture it was due to the Morrow and Hopkins experiments that crop rotation became usual in the United States. They say, "The work of Morrow and Hopkins has raised the agricultural income of Illinois close to $100,000,000 yearly." Nor are those two the only major contributions made by Illinois agricultural researchers. The state's huge soybean crop is still another.

It was in the university's own greenhouses that the first soybean seeds ever used in the Midwest were planted. In a six-year experiment, it was proved that this ancient Chinese plant could be grown successfully in Illinois. The university men then helped develop dozens of uses for the new crop: for oil, for paint, for plastics, for cheese, milk and ice cream. (Soybean research also went on at other institutions.)

The professors had a hard time persuading farmers to plant the beans. A fast-talking teacher named Dr. William L. Burlison did it almost singlehanded by touring Illinois and talking personally to every farmer in sight. Back in 1914, when the U. of I. started its drive, scarcely 15,000 bushels of soybeans were being grown. In 1950, Illinois farmers grew 93,000,000 bushels of soybeans and sold them for about $205,000,000.

By finding the cause of alfalfa failure—a lack of certain bacteria in the soil—Illinois researchers lifted state farm incomes $32,000,000 a year, it is estimated. A four-year test on the feeding of cows raised the value of the state's annual milk output by an estimated $30,000,000. One of their projects, an investigation into hog hygiene, has resulted in fatter pigs, tastier bacon and perhaps $1,000,000 more every year for swine raisers.

The homeowners of Illinois have profited directly from university research, too.

The first house ever constructed solely for the study of home heating was built at the Urbana campus. In it, the professors learned, by scientific tests, that proper wall insulation could save as much as 20 per cent on a heat bill and that the right kind of storm doors and windows could save another 7 per cent.

Of all the discoveries made at Illinois the university seems to be proudest of the betatron. This instrument splits atoms and produces a beam of free electrons of multi-million-volt energies.

That isn't all it does. It produces a beam of high-energy X rays that can deliver an enormous dose of radiation to a cancer tumor without damaging the other tissue. Furthermore, it takes pictures through 20 inches of steel, a matter of key importance to industry.

"Your sister's probably roasting down there in Florida"

COLLIER'S BORIS DRUCKER

The thirty-eight-year-old man who invented the betatron is a tall, thin, bespectacled physicist by the name of Donald W. Kerst. As a youngster in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, Kerst had two interests—physics and radio. By the time he entered the University of Wisconsin he already was dreaming of a betatron. He got nowhere, though, when he asked that the university back him in an attempt to make one. Nor could he get any help from the Chicago X-ray manufacturer for whom he later worked.

"Better men than you have tried this idea and failed," the head of the concern said. "Forget it and get on to something practical."

In 1939, Kerst went to Illinois as a physics instructor. Here, he managed to wangle a $400 grant. Day and night, whenever he had a free moment, he slaved over his machine.

On the afternoon of July 15, 1940, he telephoned a girl employed as a secretary in the Liberal Arts College. "Do you hear it?" he asked her.

She listened hard and heard something that sounded like the clicking of typewriter keys. "Yes," she cried, "it's the most beautiful noise I've ever heard."

That clicking was the sound made by the first betatron ever to operate. The girl who listened to it over the phone was the future Mrs. Kerst.

This first betatron was a test model capable of merely 2,300,000-volt energy. Kerst immediately built a 22,000,000-volt machine that could be used both for cancer treatments and industrial work. Then he started on the most important of all, a 340,000,000-volt one.

While Kerst was working on this 340,000,000-volter, the university received a letter from the War Department. "We need Kerst at once for a special job," it said.

Arthur Cutts Willard, who was then the university president, and Park Livingston, the head of its board of trustees, felt that Kerst's betatron work was more vital to the war effort than any "special job," and they flew to Washington to say so.

On their arrival, they were ushered into the office of Major General Leslie Groves, chief of the Manhattan Engineering District. They didn't know it, of course, but he was in charge of the A-bomb project.

"Why do you want Kerst?" they asked him.

"Gentlemen," Groves said, "is either of you familiar with the comic strips Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon?"

"I am," said Livingston. "I have to read them to my small sons."

"Fine," the general stated, "then you know exactly what we want Kerst for."

Reluctantly, the university officials let him go.

Since his return from Los Alamos in 1945, Kerst has perfected the 340,000,000-volt betatron. It went into full operation early this year and now Kerst hopes to produce those mysterious particles termed mesotrons which are called "atomic glue" because they may be the secret of what holds the atomic nucleus together.

The medical findings of the University of Illinois have also been outstanding. For example, Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, vice-president of the university in charge of the Chicago Professional Colleges, has a list of discoveries that runs for pages.

It was this stocky, fifty-seven-year-old man, with unruly gray hair, who discovered enterogastrone, for treatment of peptic ulcers. He identified cholecystokinin, the hormone which causes the gall bladder to contract. The discovery that teeth have growth rings was made at Illinois by Dr. Isaac Schour. You can tell a person's age, he showed, by glancing at a cross section of his tooth just as you can tell a tree's years by looking at the rings inside its trunk.

Research of practical value to "agriculture and the mechanic arts" has been emphasized at the University of Illinois ever since it opened its doors as the Illinois Industrial College on March 2, 1868. At that time, the school had a tiny campus, three faculty members and 50 students. It didn't have a single laboratory; there hadn't been time to get one ready. However, a chemistry lab was added that autumn and a botany lab the following spring. In 1870, a shop was fitted out with machinery and Illinois became the first American university to offer instruction in technology.

A Fine Record of Progress

In the past 82 years, the U. of I. has had 250,000 students. Its one original building—an abandoned academy—has expanded into a $71,742,592 plant and its three-man faculty has grown into one of the largest teaching staffs in the United States. With its $42,747,622 annual operating budget, it has more money at its disposal than any other American educational institution save the University of California.

Two men now have over-all supervision of the U. of I. research activities. One is Dr. Louis N. Ridenour, a tall, blond thirty-eight-year-old physicist with the profile of a Hollywood screen star. Dr. Ridenour, a radar specialist who acted as a consultant to Air Force General Carl "Tooey" Spaatz in the last war, is dean of the Illinois Graduate College and is in charge of all research at the Urbana-Champaign campus. The other is Dr. Ivy, who has authority over research at the Chicago Professional Colleges.

Research work is co-ordinated by an Engineering Experiment Station and an Agricultural Experiment Station. These experiment stations see to it that an engineer working on home heating can get the help of a professor of architecture, or that an aeronautics man who has problems with a turf landing field can ask advice from an agriculturist.

When groups outside the university, such as business concerns or industrial associations, have a research problem, they frequently take it up with one of the experiment stations. If the problem is approved for study, the experiment station lays out a research project and assigns specialists to it.

Projects requested by industrial concerns are generally subsidized by the sponsoring companies. Projects inaugurated solely by the university are paid for by it. Some research work is paid for by the federal government. Last year $5,380,493 was expended on Illinois research, $892,480 from private sources, $1,753,742 from the federal government and $2,734,271 from state appropriations and university income.

Under U. of I. rules, discoveries by Illinois personnel belong to the university, provided that they were made on its time. The university, if it sees value in them, patents these discoveries, and keeps the royalties. If the university sees no commercial value in a discovery, or if it has been made on an individual's own time, the patent rights remain with the inventor.

In exploiting its discoveries, the university will not give exclusive rights to them to any one company, not even if it subsidized the research leading up to them.

Solons Asked Two Questions

The U. of I.'s research has won it a very warm spot in the heart of the state legislature. When the university wanted funds to build its 340,000,000-volt betatron, Park Livingston, its go-getting, backslapping trustee, went down to Springfield to see the legislators.

"Boys," he said, "the university needs $1,700,000 for a special research project."

"What kind of a project?" the appropriations committeemen asked.

That question left Livingston in a quandary. It was wartime and the very word "betatron" was top secret.

"I can't tell you what it is," Livingston said. "I can only say that it's one of the most important thing ever conceived."

All the legislators wanted to know then was, "Is $1,700,000 enough?"

In the past two decades, legislative appropriations for the university have zoomed 600 per cent. This year, seven cents out of every state tax dollar was allotted to the U. of I. without legislative objection.

"Sure, the university costs a lot of dough," says State Senator Everett R. Peters of St. Joseph, "but it's a good investment when you have an institution that teaches 28,000 youngsters every year and at the same time produces research results worth many times what the taxpayers spend."

Today, virtually every member of the Illinois faculty is engaged in some kind of research program. These range all the way from a study of business ethics to the vitamin needs of a pig.

A project is even under way to determine whether wearing tight girdles gives women stomach ulcers. Until recently, this experiment revolved around 15 female monkeys, each of whom was fitted out with a tiny girdle. It was found, however, that monkeys' stomachs don't react to girdles the same way as do women's, so now the researchers have squeezed some dogs into girdles and are waiting to see what happens.

Very little is yet being said about it but one project now in progress at the University of Illinois may have more far-reaching effects than any of those that have gone before. This one is an inquiry of the University of Illinois Medical College into the causes of fatigue and the refreshing effects of pretty girls on tired soldiers. Already experiments have shown that a soldier who has been working for 48 hours without a moment's pause will pass up a chance for sleep in favor of a date with a good-looking blonde.

The potentialities of this project are evident. THE END

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Speaking of the Boss

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

revolution every 60 seconds, it goes around every 23 seconds. Every time that little red hand revolves, one new potential customer has arrived for our market. In other words, there is a baby born in the United States every 23 seconds.

"In the brief period I have been talking, the red hand has gone around 16 times. Sixteen new customers have been born. That means $2,000 worth of potential business every hour. Wherever you go, Mr. Spurgeon, keep your eye on this watch. It's clicking off dollars as well as minutes."

I passed over the watch, and as the cheering died down I wound up with a "Well, Sam, congratulations, *bon voyage,* and keep up the good work. Don't forget to smile—even when a competitor undercuts you!"

I sat down, outwardly cool, but inwardly dazed, amid whistles and applause. But I wouldn't have given a rusty safety pin for my chance of being on the payroll after the next Saturday. Through the fog I noticed Sybil looking at me strangely, as if I were somebody she'd never met.

Sam got up and cleared his throat. "I don't know quite what to say," he began. "Never more surprised in my life . . . Never listened to such a speech. Didn't think Tubby had it in him. Well, I don't want to make any premature announcements, but we have long needed a public relations vice-president who can tell the truth about the Spurgeon Company and its products, and do it interestingly. And this evening has given me an idea of who that man might be. Thank you all, from the bottom of my heart," he said and sat down.

Well, as the experts say, "You have to speak to be heard." It's all in knowing how—or in putting yourself in the hands of a good wife. THE END

Long Charles Has His Christmas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

a small voice singing. Out of the whispering it came, a shred of sound, scarcely louder than the whir of flakes along her deck. Soon the shrill music conquered all the other sounds and came clear as the notes rising off his bow.

Long Charles fell back a stride in wonder, for there could be no good reason why anybody should be there in a lonely vessel. That there should be a voice singing, especially a little one, was stranger still. He listened. He heard the tide toiling beneath the Mara and a shrill passage amongst her spars.

In the silence that followed, he said to himself that he had dreamed it, that his longing for a Christmas of the old, old times had tricked him into a dream.

IN THE end, finding no more excuses to delay in the vessel, he put on his jacket, took up his fiddle in its case, and climbed to the deck, his Christmas money heavy in his pocket. A squall of snow struck him so hard that he had to turn his back to it. He stood in the shelter of the dory nests to await the end of the squall. He peered through the snowfall, trying to take a last look at the Mara's gear and her decks. The stranger's voice sent out its melody again, the same one, in notes no louder than a cricket's song.

Long Charles shifted his violin case to the other arm and took three strides aft. There he cried out in vexation because a beam of yellow light ran up from the cabin skylight. It was wrong, indeed, that a careless man had left the cabin lamp burning. It had never happened before. He had no sooner said this to himself when he knew that it hadn't happened at all. No careless man had gone away, leaving a lamp burning in an empty vessel. No, somebody else had lighted it.

"God help us!" said Long Charles.

He said that because he understood a stranger had come aboard, and a bold one, too. Yet he couldn't quite take that as the truth. He couldn't believe it long, and he changed at once to his earlier hope: that the skipper had come back to take him home for Christmas. This pleasure vanished from his heart when the song once more made its way through the fall of snow.

He went aft in a hurried step, and there, his hand on the companionway slide, he saw something lying close to the helm. It was a small trunk of leather, flecked with snow, and the snow already drifted against it. This made him stop in wonder. After a while, he stretched out his hand and touched the leather. He brushed away the snow. It seemed to him like the old-fashioned trunks he had seen in the attics and secondhand stores of Gloucester.

He fell back a pace and stared at the yellow flow of lamplight in the cabin. The beams made their way faintly through the thick glass of the skylight. A stronger beam glittered among the flakes at the slide. Someone had opened it and left it not quite closed. Long Charles knew then that the singer was in the cabin.

Shrill and quavering, not strong enough to send its words far, the voice below began to repeat its song. It was a child singing. Long Charles listened. He remembered the words. He had played them with his bow far away on Banquereau.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh . . .

"Oh!" he whispered, "the children's song."

He put his hand on the slide to push it back. The song came louder and it seemed to him, in a way, to calm a fearful heart.

Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Long Charles pushed back the slide and went into the cabin.

A little boy sat upright in the skipper's bunk. He wasn't more than six years old. He sat stiffly, his hands half hidden by a shabby coat flung over his shoulders. In his hands, which were white in the gloom of the bunk, he held a piece of paper. His eyes shone. They were beautiful dark eyes in a face touched by fear. Yet he never looked directly at Long Charles, and never missed a beat of his song. He sang steadily on.

He trilled out his childish lullaby as if it were a magic chant to be repeated slowly, like a prayer, in time of danger.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh . . .

Long Charles took a stride forward and bent down. He looked in wonder at the charming face. He held out his hand and smiled. The child's eyes avoided his look.

"Now, God help us, who done this thing?"

Anger harshened Long Charles's voice.

THE boy ceased his singing. He kept his eyes fixed on the skylight, where the flakes pelted. His lips closed in a calm set. He sat in silence. Once he took in his breath sharply. His teeth gleamed.

Long Charles said his next words gently. "You speak to me, boy. Are you alone? Who carried that thing here? The little trunk. It's your gear, ain't it?"

The boy made no answer.

Long Charles knelt by the bunk and said, "I'm Long Charles, little one. Cook aboard this vessel and well known in these parts,

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no need to be scared of me. None at all. Come, speak to me! Who left you here like this?"

The boy stared in silence at the brass lamp.

Long Charles touched the folded hands lightly with the tip of a finger. When he saw that the boy didn't shrink from his touch, he took out the piece of paper and unfolded it. There was one sentence carefully scrawled out: "Whoever finds him, give him his Christmas because I cannot, I have nothing."

He read this twice, making sure of each word, and then he took up the boy in his arms. He felt the childish arms stiffen. At this sign of fear, Long Charles whispered to him and gently kissed his cheek. The boy then lay at ease and stayed so all the long journey through the darkening town until Long Charles pushed open the door of his cottage at Folly Cove and placed him on the couch next to the fireplace. He kindled a fire in the stove and made another in the fireplace because the storm had become a true blizzard and the old quarries beyond the village rang with winter.

All night long the boy lay silent on the couch. Three times during the night, Long Charles left his bed and gazed at the staring eyes. When he came from his bed in the morning and made a breakfast of bacon and muffins and porridge, he found the child still staring at the beams, still silent. He wouldn't eat, not even for the cook of the Mara. Neither would he speak.

At noon, seeing that the storm had fallen off, Long Charles hurried down the drifted lane to the house of a doryman and told him all that had happened and asked him to spread word among the households and to send word to the town. The policemen were told. They trudged up the lane to gaze shrewdly at the child and to fumble through the trunk, which was full of well-mended clothes and boots and playthings. They jotted down descriptions of the child and sent them far and wide. No answer came to all those inquiries. A man came from Boston and looked at the child and walked away again.

"He's mine," said Long Charles. "He was given to me. Now I will have my Christmas like the others."

It was the sheriff himself who said it might be so; and the sheriff himself arranged it.

THAT night there came a knock at Long Charles's door. When he called out, the skipper of the Mara walked in, in his hand a Christmas box and on his face a look that had been put there by the hopeless word passed to him by the women trudging home in the snow.

"The doctor will be here soon, Charlie," said the skipper, "and my mother, who knows almost as much as a doctor, will be coming up as soon as ever she can, for she knows this sickness, she does, indeed. Her own niece—that's Captain Gleason's girl—passed a whole year of her life without speaking a word and it was my mother that cured her. How, I can't remember. But someway or other—and she will cure him, no matter what the doctor says. Have no doubt of it, Charlie."

Captain O'Hara went in to sit by the bedside and Long Charles heard him laughing and wheedling the child for a word or a smile. The captain came out at the sound of the doctor's knock on the door. All the skipper had for Long Charles was a sad shake of his head. The doctor, after listening to their accounts, went into the room and closed the door behind him. He stayed a long time and Long Charles listened to the first gay words, the unanswered questions, and over and over again: "Why, there's nothing wrong with you, my lad. Come now, what might you be called?" To this there was no answer.

He came out, at last, and said, "You say you heard him singing and that he lay frightened in your arms until you kissed him?"

Long Charles said it was so.

"And the song he sang?"

Long Charles told him the song.

"And those were the last words he said?"

"Aye."

"It was you that took his fear away." The doctor mulled this over a while and said, "I can take him to the hospital. But to tell the truth, there's nothing in the hospital for him that I don't have here."

Long Charles couldn't tell what he meant by "here," whether it was in his knowledge or in the unopened bag.

The doctor said, "He sang because he was frightened, alone in the vessel. But we can't frighten him again to make him speak. He couldn't stand that. Or anything, anything."

He took the skipper out of the door with him and spoke to him briefly. When the skipper came back in, he tried to tell Long Charles that it was no use. "You can send him to the hospital, Charlie, and spend Christmas with us. Do that, chum, and bring your fiddle."

"No, I thank you," replied Long Charles. "I will have my way. Why shouldn't I? What've I done and what's that poor boy done? I know what the doctor means all right. It's a matter of love, Captain."

"A matter of lost love," said Captain O'Hara, "and I will tell my mother so when she comes." . . .

Wise as she was, the skipper's mother could do no more than ask the same questions that the doctor had asked. In the end, she found the same poor answer. She remembered all the things the doctors and nurses had done to help her niece, but she could give no reason for that girl's recovery from sadness and silence, except that in the middle of a night, she had gone to the bedside and, with no cause at all, had handed the child a mirror. The child had smiled and whispered, "Thank you, Auntie."

Just the same, she tried her best for the boy and stayed a long hour behind the closed door. Once she began singing. Long Charles heard again the song of the evening shadows and the day ending. A silence followed. She came out and Long Charles saw at once that she knew there was no hope for the boy and none for Long Charles.

After they had gone, he waited by the fire until he could stand it no longer. He lighted a candle and let its mild light fall on the whitening cheeks and staring eyes. Long Charles kissed the boy and whispered, "Christmas? Don't you remember Christmas at all, my darling?" Never a word or sound came from those lips, except once, and that was only a sigh given in a dream. Such a lost look came over the child's face at that moment that Long Charles bent close to him in fear and said to himself, "No, my dearie, I know what ails ye. Your little heart is broken and there'll be no Christmas for us."

NEVERTHELESS, Long Charles went searching the woods beyond the quarries until he came to a proper Christmas tree. He marked it and went home. He did this in strong hope. He made the supper and fed the boy spoonfuls of chicken broth and bits of bread toasted and buttered. He held him on his lap by the fire and told him tales of the Grand Banks and the schooners until the child fell asleep.

Then Long Charles climbed into the attic and took out the old-fashioned Christmas ornaments: red and golden balls of glass and silver stars and wreaths of tinsel and the tin angel with its wings spread. In the morning, he sent out word that his neighbors should come to his house to spend part of Christmas Eve as they used to do, now and then, for the fiddle's sake and for his. He sent word, too, that they should bring their children.

"For who knows?" he added. "Who really knows?" . . .

Yet on Christmas Eve, it seemed to Long Charles that there might be no feasting and gifting and no candles flaming in the green tree; for the boy went without sleep, except short, uneasy naps when Long Charles sat by his side and cooled his forehead. Even then, when the boy seemed almost unable to move, he neither spoke nor whispered.

All was ready when the children of Folly Cove came, running on their snowshoes and riding on sleds. He greeted them cheerfully and sent the cider mugs around and handed out squares of maple-sugar candy that he had made in the springtime. The fathers and the mothers and grannies were hopeful that he would play his fiddle for them as he used to do. He wouldn't play. It wasn't in him to play, he said, because it had been his own hope for joy that had made the joy reel from the strings.

While the children laughed around the tree, and the dorymen said that Long Charles's doughnuts were crisper than those at home, the young mothers sat with tapping toes, their eyes full of memories of his music. But Long Charles's eyes kept turning toward the inner room where the child lay, half-seen in the candlelight. Soon the mothers whispered to one another that it was time they should go. So they all went out the door, saying, "A Merry Christmas, Long Charles! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

They left him by the green tree gleaming with its candles and the tin angel smiling down from the topmost bough. Then, for no reason that he could understand, unless it was the angel's encouraging smile, Long Charles took out his fiddle and laid it across his knees. He gazed into the flame-colored wood, well-matched and well-set by a Cape Ann fiddler who had won fame in his day.

Long Charles plucked a string. The single note soared among the cracklings of embers and the music of creeping frost. He laid the bow across the strings and let it play. It played a frosty song and a song of sleigh bells jingling; and then it played a song of spring and of yellow butterflies hovering over blue asters, and of other things that boys remember, the things by which they live and will live. The bow told a tale of the apple trees in Folly Cove and of the blossoms, even then thriving under their coats of ice.

YET, after all these songs, which had cheered the hearts of dorymen many a time, there was silence in the other room. Now the bow began the song of Christmas and of Bethlehem and of angels in the night sky and shepherd boys wondering—long, long ago—what wonder this might be on earth. The bow played on and on and stayed by itself on that same music, as if it were bent on searching the heart and memory of a child. At the end of the song, in a pause of music, Long Charles heard a stirring where the child lay. He didn't dare to look around. The bow sang on in the holy cadence, saying to the child that it had been so once and might be so again.

Long Charles didn't know why the music came and he didn't care to know. He gave the bow its own way and let it go on, calling up all the songs of all the Christmases he had ever known.

"Silent night!" cried the bow. "Holy night!"

And then, suddenly and clearly, the childish voice sang out in the gloom: "All is calm, all is bright!"

Long Charles didn't stop playing. He played on and on until a hand touched his shoulder. He laid down his fiddle and bowed his head and he heard the voice cry out happily: "A Merry Christmas, Long Charles! A Merry Christmas, Father, and a Happy New Year!"

Long Charles held out his arms and took up the child and kissed him. The child lay in his arms and looked up at him, gazed directly into his eyes with the first long and hopeful look that he had ever turned toward him. He drew down Long Charles's head and kissed the storm-beaten cheek. After that, he fell asleep. He slept deep and easy. The sweat that had lain on his forehead passed away. His heart beat slower. In his sleep, he reached out his hand and searched drowsily until he found Long Charles's hand. He slept on and on by the Christmas fire; and Long Charles, his heart full of happiness, looked down and saw a faint hue of rosy color start beneath the pale skin.

The wind of Christmas, which is the promise of spring, made a stir amongst the boughs outside the window; and the same wind stirred an echo deep within the fiddle. Long Charles looked upward to the angel and whispered, "How like ye this, chum? You see, I have my Christmas." THE END

COLLIER'S **"George is so exasperating. How I ever stay happily married to him, I don't know!"** KATE OSANN

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Russia Could Take Europe in Three Weeks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

30 active divisions in 1939, tripled that number soon after mobilization.

Nevertheless, it's one thing to have lofty objectives; it's another thing to achieve them. Just what *is* being done to beef up Europe's defenses?

First, of course, there is the Mutual Defense Assistance Program—the arms-aid project which the United States has backed with a whopping $6,000,000,000 appropriation. This program got off to a sluggish start (although the first money was voted by Congress in September, 1949, by last July the books showed only a puny $110,000,000 worth of arms actually shipped to Europe), but it has begun to pick up speed. In addition, this country is training Western European officers and technicians in the use of arms, and is allocating materials to the European munitions plants to step up their production.

But by far the brightest spot in the defense picture is the military headquarters of the Western Union organization (Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg) at Fontainebleau, a picturesque must-stop for tourists an hour's drive from Paris. Here, in the Cour Henri Quatre—a rambling, ramshackle, 200-room quadrangle of former stables and servants' quarters adjacent to the fabulous royal palace of Fontainebleau—works an integrated staff of some 500 officers from five nations. This team, under the direction of Britain's Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, chairman of the Western Union commanders-in-chief committee, has set up the nucleus of a joint command.

Fontainebleau has no armed forces at its disposal. It was not intended to give Montgomery executive command of any West European divisions in peacetime. Its sole mission was to study the tactical problems of Europe's defense and to plan the full cooperation in an emergency of the military forces of the five Brussels Treaty powers.

Montgomery has long been a controversial figure, particularly among U.S. military men. But no objective observer visiting Fontainebleau could fail to be impressed with what this spare, graying martinet and his multilingual, many-uniformed aides have accomplished since the headquarters was formed in September, 1948.

Two Years' Work Summarized

When I asked thirty-nine-year-old Major General R.F.K. Belchem, Montgomery's chief of staff and one of the youngest top-ranking generals in any army, to spell out the achievements of the past two years he phrased them this way: "First, Fontainebleau has created a high command on completely international lines, with a much higher degree of integration than we achieved even during World War II. To do this in Europe is revolutionary.

"Second, Fontainebleau has made fine progress in standardizing battle techniques, training and equipment. Third, Fontainebleau has made *plans* for using what forces Western Union has available at the moment."

Specifically, I learned, the Western Union has produced an over-all plan for the defense of Western Europe, agreed to by U.S., British and French forces in Germany, under which the Russians will be met and fought within Germany, east of the Rhine.

To stiffen this defense belt, certain military preparations are now being made. All along the Rhine you can see newly bored holes for explosive demolition charges in the support piles of the river's bridges; sighted gun positions have been prepared; and defensive fortifications are going up at the most important traffic points in western Germany and along the border regions of Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and France.

In addition, Fontainebleau has produced concrete evidence of Western Europe's determination to defend itself. An integrated plan of radar air defense has been adopted and tested. Combined land, sea and air maneuvers have been held for the past two years. Standard training manuals in English, French and Dutch have been issued and standardization of arms has been agreed upon. Aircraft and other weapons of British design are now being manufactured for Western Union forces in France, Belgium, Holland and Italy. The British, primarily responsible for Western Union's air defense, now have some 3,000 planes, with instructors, stationed on the continent.

"Western Europe was never better prepared for war—on paper," ruefully remarked Montgomery's spokesman when I left Fontainebleau. "Now we must translate our blueprints into reality."

One of the most pressing steps in this direction is being undertaken now. The defense plans and strategic machinery of the Western Union are about to be swallowed up by the North Atlantic Treaty organization, so that the benefit of this plan-

EUROPEAN

Gen. Jean de Lattre de Tassigny leads land forces for Montgomery

ning will go to all of the Pact nations, instead of to only five of them. What's more, the idea of having an American Supreme Commander to direct European defense efforts is receiving wide acclaim.

This means, among other things, that the international military co-operation practiced so superbly at Fontainebleau is being extended to cover all the nations interested in smashing a Russian drive to the west.

It means, too, that the United States, which has of necessity emerged as leader of this group, seems slated to assume that role actively and officially, in the person of the Supreme Commander.

When it appeared certain that the Pact defense committee would decide to place full responsibility for the safety of Western Europe on the shoulders of an American general, virtually the only name mentioned in the resultant speculation was that of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. As commander of all the Western Allies in Europe in World War II, Eisenhower proved himself not only a brilliant military chief, but also a fabulously successful team leader. Commanding troops of all nationalities, working closely with top officers who wore a variety of uniforms, he won such universal respect that his selection as Supreme Commander of the Pact forces seemed not only proper, but almost inevitable.

The identity of his opposite number—the man who would lead Red forces westward in event of war—has been kept closely veiled. The officer most frequently mentioned is tall, suave Marshal Konstantin K. Rokossovsky, one of the principal defenders of Moscow in World War II. A daring, flashy field commander, Rokossovsky was suddenly released by the Red Army last year, and appointed Polish Defense Minister and marshal of the Polish armies—a spot in which he would be ideally located for the job of co-ordinating the 60-odd Soviet divisions poised in Eastern Europe.

In the effort to forge a defense chain to meet the menace of those Russian divisions, the Western nations are laying heavy stress on the concept of unified command and field action. Nevertheless, no such chain can be much stronger than the nations which are its links. Here, the picture was for a long time a dark one. Lately, it has begun to look considerably better. General Omar Bradley, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, commented recently: "A year ago the defense of Western Europe seemed impossible. Today the chance of accomplishing it is immensely brighter."

Keystone of Western Defense

If there is a single nation which holds the answer to the success or failure of European defense, it is France. Historically, geographically and numerically, the French are the military keystone of Western Europe. Without them, no defense of the West is possible—on the Elbe or the Rhine, or anywhere else east of the Channel. It is for this reason that the American foreign-arms program places major emphasis on rebuilding the French armed forces; during the next three years France has been promised nearly 40 per cent of the total European arms funds.

For their part, the French have responded nobly to the U.S. appeal for a stepped-up European rearmament program in the light of the Korean situation. France has announced plans to spend $5,700,000,000 on defense during the next three years, *above* her 1950-'51 military budget, thus bringing her rearmament expenditure to 10 per cent of her national income (the U.S. defense bill—counting all foreign aid, including economic—comes to 11.5 per cent of our much greater national income).

But what about the state of the French army and the French people? Have they recovered from the demoralizing collapse of 1940? In short, will France fight? And *can* it fight if it wants to? Western Europe will stand or fall on the answers.

At the moment, it is doubtful whether the French, without assistance, could repel a sudden invasion by a tiny army the size of the Swiss. France has 659,000 men under arms, but at least 100,000 of them are merely overseas security troops. Of her regular army of 300,000, some 150,000 men, including most of her professional officers and noncoms, have been pinned down in Indochina.

A year ago an Allied military attaché with long experience in France sharply criticized the fighting value of the French forces. "A general malaise permeates the French army," he wrote then. "The worth of any army depends on (a) vigorous leadership and (b) confidence of the men in their ability to fight and win. Both of these essentials are lacking in the French army."

Today, this same attaché sums up the situation this way: "The future is more hopeful. The French army is on the point of turning the corner."

The reason? Reforms instituted since the war by tough General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, the forceful Frenchman who is now commander in chief of Western Union land forces under Montgomery, and by the new chief of the French General Staff, General Clement Blanc.

Blanc is a hardheaded, forward-looking soldier who has, significantly, specialized in the very branch in which the French army is weak: supply and transport. As new officers have risen to command positions under him they have replaced the Maginot minds of 1940 and smoothed over personal and doctrinal discord in the high command.

De Lattre, concentrating on rebuilding military morale, shoved aside many overage

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officers and made room for new blood drawn largely from the ranks of new conscripts and those who had commanded underground fighters. He also saw to it that recruits received proper training. He junked the centuries-old practice of training rookies on hard parade grounds attached to old, squalid barracks in the cities, and instead set up in the open countryside some 40 *camps légers,* rugged establishments where conscripts combine their basic training with physical toughening and commando-style battle courses. U.S. and British military men in Paris agree that these camps are producing excellent human material.

This new French army will fight. How well it will fight depends on how much time it gets to grow in size and equip itself with modern arms. Present French equipment is a hodgepodge left over from two world wars, and supply officials are plagued by fantastic spare-part and ammunition problems. To handle all the various small arms he might come across in his service, a French infantryman would have to learn the use and care of 80 different weapons! The French have built good new weapons, but they lack the money to put these into series production.

Many of France's equipment deficiencies will be cured by the flow of American arms. A quick end to the campaign in Indochina, for which additional U.S. aid is urgently needed, would speedily solve the French army's other big problem—the lack of experienced officers and noncoms to train new cadres.

How about civilian morale?

The Korean war, which finally convinced most Frenchmen of the immediacy of the Soviet menace to their security, has rapidly evaporated the will to "neutralism," which before Korea reflected the hopes of millions of Frenchmen (some 11,000,000 of whom signed the bogus, Russian-inspired "peace petition") that they could somehow stand aside in a world conflict between the U.S. and Russia. The majority of them are now reconciled to the necessity of rearming, and rearming quickly to make up for time lost.

Thus, apart from the Communists, there was virtually no opposition when it was decided to add 15 divisions to the army, or when national military service was extended from one year to 18 months.

France's Fifth Column

France's Communists, who claim 750,000 party members and have a strong grip on the nation's industry through their control of the main trade-union, are still a dangerous fifth column behind the democratic line. But observers who know France predict that in the 1951 parliamentary elections, provided rearmament costs do not seriously undercut French living standards in the meantime, the Communist vote will be drastically deflated.

There is still great moral strength in the French people. But they also have a shrewd practical sense, and it is that which accounts for their attitude today: "We'll fight if we can gamble on a chance of winning, but we don't see much chance at the moment." Not until they see additional Allied divisions moving into Western Europe—and until they see their own divisions gaining strength—will the French recover their full determination to resist aggression.

A far different situation exists in Britain. Well-armed or not, the British will fight on the beaches, in the fields and in the streets, rather than bow to Russian occupation. "We were occupied in 1066," cracked Shinwell when we discussed this point, "and we don't want any more of that."

Since the war's end the British have increased their military production more than any other nation except the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Previously the only European people with an 18-month term of conscription, they are the only ones so far to boost it to two years. Moreover, under her policy of sharing with her allies, Britain has, in the past four years, provided well over $1,000,000,000 in military assistance to friendly countries, mostly in Europe.

Nor should it be forgotten that Britain's strategic commitments on behalf of the free world literally gird the globe. In addition to her leading role in Western Europe, Britain has the principal peace-keeping burden in the vast arc stretching from Hong Kong to Capetown. As the great power responsible for the security of the oil-rich Middle East, she must maintain garrisons in Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, the Suez Canal and the former Italian colonies in northeast Africa.

Spurred by Korea, the British agreed to boost their defense spending, already taking one fifth of their budget, by another 45 per cent, spending more than $9,500,000,000 in the next three years. This means that, barring unforeseen revisions, they too will be using 10 per cent of their national income for defense.

At present, all six of Britain's active divisions are up to their eyes in commitments abroad. Under her expanded defense effort, Britain has promised to increase these six to ten by the autumn of 1951 and to provide within a year twelve territorial (part-time) divisions which could be formed after mobilization and brief training. Aircraft production has been doubled, tank production tripled.

Third in importance among the Western Union nations is Belgium. Her army now consists of an under-strength division in Germany and the equivalent of one division of conscripts at home, with a second conscript division scheduled. While these divisions in Belgium will exist only on paper until mobilization, American observers in Brussels say that the combative spirit of the Belgian conscripts is as good as any in Europe.

The Belgians also have a small but flourishing air force, regarded by many U.S. airmen as the best on the Continent.

With only 80,000 men under arms, Belgium has been spending much less than her neighbors on rearmament—only 2.5 per cent of her national income, or 15.2 per cent of her budget—although, unlike Britain and France, all her expenditure has gone for European defense, since she has no outside commitments.

As in France, Korea provided the turning point in the Belgian will to resist, by driving home the frightening truth that there was virtually a military vacuum between Belgium and the Red Army. Belgians now profess a willingness to make a greater contribution to the common defense, but so far their political leaders have not seriously put this to a test. And even if the Belgians match the efforts of France and Britain, we cannot count on them to produce more than four or five reserve divisions in all by 1953-'54.

Holland's defense expenditure (23 per cent of her budget before Korea) looks impressive, but much of it went on the abortive attempt to keep Indonesia a part of the Dutch empire. Revised defense plans will probably absorb 30 per cent of her 1950-'51 budget. These plans provide for the formation of three reserve divisions by the end of 1951, mainly made up of some 120,000 repatriated draftees who have been on active service in Indonesia. The three new divisions will be so organized that they can mobilize within 12 hours after the M-day signal. (The Dutch recently experimented with radio mobilization. Although warnings were broadcast that the call-up was a trial, to avert a radio panic, 30 per cent of the men called up reported within a few hours.)

The sturdy, stolid Netherlanders will fight, but for the moment they have almost nothing to fight with. Under the agreement with the new Republic of Indonesia, the Dutch left behind all their military equipment, including small arms and transport. Thus the new Dutch army will have to be re-equipped almost from scratch.

In the direct path of a Soviet push to the North Sea, the Dutch realize they must have a larger army; under their long-term plan they will in time have a reserve of 350,000 readily mobilized, trained men, of whom two fifths will be allocated for Western Europe's defense and the remainder for home guard duties. American military men stationed in The Hague say that, given proper equipment, a Dutch army could be whipped into shape faster than any other on the Continent. But even if the United States and Canada provide arms for the present three reserve divisions, it is unlikely that the Dutch can add more than two extra divisions to the West European pool by 1953-'54.

Weakest of the major links in the Atlantic chain is Italy. With a Communist electoral strength of 8,000,000, a third of the voting population, Italy's value for war is uncertain. Many of these Communist voters would be patriots first in case of war with Russia, but no one can be sure how many. People who know Italy claim that the will to fight will remain weak until the factory workers and landless peasants, the twin pillars of Communist voting strength, are convinced that the West's brand of economic recovery offers them more than the promises of the Communists.

Italy's new republican army consists of some 170,000 soldiers, organized into 10 incomplete divisions. Their physical quality is good but most of their equipment is obsolescent American and British matériel. Given a colossal transfusion of U.S. equipment, the Italians might be able to raise five complete divisions for the West's defense by the end of 1951.

They might bring five more divisions to a state of readiness by 1953-'54.

Three Small, Weak Nations

Neither little Luxembourg (2,000 soldiers), Denmark nor Norway can contribute substantial man power to the West's defense. Denmark and Norway, sitting under the Russian guns, hope to hold out on part of their territory until help arrives. Denmark has some 100,000 men who have had military training, but her need of equipment is so dire—even the mattresses from her barracks were taken away by the Germans—that she can provide for only 35,000 soldiers. In time she plans to have two small divisions, but for 1951 the most that can be hoped for is that she can enlarge her brigade now stationed in Germany to a full division.

Iceland, a member of the North Atlantic organization, has no military establishment. Portugal, the tenth European member of the Atlantic Pact, has some 50,000 troops of dubious quality and doubtful equipment.

The last remaining member of the Atlantic alliance, Canada, is making its contribution to European defense in both man power and equipment. Canada has created a special fighting force which is at the call of either the United Nations or the Pact organization (some of its units have been assigned to Korea). In addition, the Canadians are completely outfitting one Netherlands division and will do the same for another, probably Belgian. Defense production has been stepped up, and military spending ($1,600,000,000 annually) accounts for 7 per cent of national income, an 80 per cent increase over the pre-Korea figure.

Add up the contributions and promises of all the Pact nations and what do you get? The picture is a hopeful one, but nothing to be complacent about.

If—and it is a big if—all pledges are kept and all expectations filled, the West European nations alone should be able to provide close to 40 divisions for service by 1953-'54. With the addition of the five U.S. divisions which we have promised to reinforce the Elbe line, the West should be comfortably over the minimum divisional strength estimated as necessary for its immediate, stand-by defense.

There is one obvious deficiency: Under present plans, the West would have not more than five armored divisions, instead of the 15 thought essential for a delaying defense. An even graver danger would be the shortage of reserve divisions, trained and ready for battle within a few days of a sudden attack. At best, Western Europe alone will not be able to put up more than 20 reserve divisions, and most of these would require prolonged training before they were ready.

It is arithmetic of this sort that makes U.S. and Allied military leaders declare almost unanimously that we must enlist the potential of West Germany if a real defense of Western Europe is not to remain illusory. Unless the U.S. makes a disproportionate effort and provides the missing divisions, it is uncomfortably clear that only by using German troops can the gap be filled.

To the military men, the case for West German rearmament is unanswerable. Germany is the grand prize of the cold war; it is even more true today than in Bismarck's time that "who holds Germany holds Europe." Although only half a country, Western Germany with its 50,000,000

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people is the most populous nation, and has the strongest industrial potential, of continental Europe. As long as Russia's frontier remains on the Elbe there can be no balance of power in Europe and therefore no security for the West unless we enlist West Germany on our side. It is the only nation this side of the Iron Curtain with a ready reservoir of trained man power and, as we know to our cost, the Germans are competent soldiers.

Against this, of course, there are some cogent counterarguments.

German rearmament might provoke an anxious Russia into "preventive war." A rearmed Germany might someday turn its cannon once again toward the west (give a German a gun, say the French, and he will start walking toward France). An unhealable breach might develop between East and West Germany, and this too might be a breeding ground for war. Arms for Germans would have to come out of someone else's quota—and no one has enough to spare. There is, as American High Commissioner for Germany John J. McCloy commented this past fall, "not the slightest demand for rearmament in Germany"—which means that we might have trouble raising a West German army, and more trouble getting it to fight.

All of these arguments are impressive, but even those most fearful of a powerful Germany appear to feel that they do not outweigh the evidence on the other side. The principal problem is how the job is to be done most efficiently, and most safely, to the satisfaction of both the Pact membership and the Germans themselves. On that last point, there seems to be little doubt that, forced to choose between Communism and democracy, the people of West Germany will turn to the free world. And they are being forced to choose.

The German problem is just one of many confronting the military planners who are trying to build a secure wall between the liberty-loving people of Western Europe and the expansion-mad men of the Kremlin. If we move quickly, if we win the armaments race with Russia, if all the nations of the West pull together toward the common goal—and if the Soviets do not strike before we are prepared—then, our top military chiefs believe, a Russian saber flung across the Elbe can be blunted and eventually turned before it strikes to the heart of the free world. THE END

Red Handle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Major Pender sat up fast and said, "Hey, wait a minute, General—"

The general hurried on. "This is no reflection on Major Pender—I have utmost confidence in him as a pilot. But, Tom, you've been with the Baby X practically from the drawing board and know her inside out. You made her virgin flight. I've already contacted Bancroft and if you'll agree I'll have you assigned on a contract basis for the test."

It was funny, the thing that happened then. Sprague was just about to open his mouth and say, "No." He had the word all ready on his lips. For one thing, he knew exactly what the test would be—maneuvers above the speed of sound; that's what the Baby X had been built for. That kind of thing had lost its thrill for him a long time ago.

There'd been a day when he'd enjoyed screaming earthward at four G's, daring himself to black out; turning on a dime in a snarling, high-speed fighter; even bailing out deliberately to test an ejection seat—the prototype of the kind they used in today's airplanes. But the Baby X was just another model off the line so far as he was now concerned. He'd take a Piper Cub. That was what he'd like someday, a job in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, testing brand-new Piper Cubs.

AND then Major Pender popped to his feet, gave Sprague one quick glance, and said, "Sir, after all, Sprague has bailed out twice on test flights in the last month. Er—no offense, you understand, Sprague. I just think this thing's important enough that we can't take chances—"

"Now, wait a minute!" Sprague felt his jaws suddenly get warm. "I bailed out once because my tail pipe was pushing twenty-five hundred Fahrenheit, and the other time because a wing root was cracking. You'd have bailed out, too, Major."

Pender whirled on him. "Listen, old pilot," he said. "I've flown a 51 inverted for twenty seconds without losing the scavenger pump—the manual says ten."

"Then someday, brother," said Sprague, hard and quiet, "you're going to test yourself right into a smoking hole in a cornfield. What are you, a hero?"

"Now, gentlemen, gentlemen," said the general. He was coming out from behind the desk. "There's no use scrapping like this. I'm the one who's made the decision." He tried chuckling. The good-natured technique. "That's what generals are for."

Sprague and Pender were glaring at each other.

"Well, how about it, Tom?" said the general. "Are you going to fly that thing for me tomorrow? We need support in the Air Force these days. We need correspondents and congressmen to see what we do. They're our bosses, you know. So how about it, Tom?"

"Of course I'll fly the thing for you, General," said Sprague. He said it hastily and irritably, as though there had never been any doubt about it.

AFTERWARD, Sprague sat alone at the officers' club bar and tried to recollect, tried to figure out just exactly how it had happened. How in blazes. He must have been out of his mind. What the devil did he care what that glamor boy in pukka-sahib whiskers thought of him? Or anybody else. That was what he kept asking himself—what did he care?

The worst of it was that up until now there had been at least a chance Bancroft and the others, back at the plant, wouldn't decide to fire him—but if tomorrow he lost his nerve and bailed out again . . .

He scowled at himself in the bar mirror.

What he really couldn't get used to was that everything was now arranged, carefully and neatly arranged, and there was something irrevocable about all the arrangements. An onionskin copy of the flight plan was in his pocket right now. At exactly 0930 hours tomorrow morning he would step into Baby X, take off, make a normal left-hand turn at five hundred feet, climb at an angle of thirty degrees, level at forty thousand, adjust to cruising, then feed the coal to her. All she'd take. He'd haul her up above the speed of sound and as soon as she stopped buffeting he would execute all prescribed maneuvers and aerobatics. At close to a thousand miles an hour he would bank and turn, wing-over, dive and *chandelle*, loop. He would flip-flip-flop all over the sky.

He—the guy in the mirror there.

Thomas Lovington Sprague, aged thirty-nine and a half, suburbanite, breadwinner, waterer of lawns—he was supposed to do this. Sprague, old pilot, who didn't have what it took any more. Who didn't believe in science, civilization, the Air Force, the Good Conduct medal; who wasn't really sure about God, either.

The guy in the mirror. Helen was right, he didn't look like a pilot. Maybe he ought to grow upswashed black mustaches and have his teeth polished.

He said, "Oh, hell," and finished his drink at a gulp.

After supper that night he called Helen

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long-distance. There was a phone down the hall from his room in the B.O.Q.

"Hello, dear," he said, when Helen answered. "How's everything?"

Right away she said, "Tom—what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. Did I say anything was wrong?"

"No, but your voice, Tom. Your voice sounds funny."

He changed the subject. "How's Tommy?"

"Tommy's fine. He skinned his hands and knees. Nothing serious. He was trying to parachute from the porch roof with a sheet. He said he should have known the chute—and I quote—had insufficient surface loading area. Sounded exactly like you, Tom."

"Yeah," said Sprague. "Yeah." He had a funny, dry, mohair taste in his mouth.

The rest of it was pretty dull. It was all about who had come for bridge that afternoon, and what the garageman had said about the car stalling, and did he really think Tommy ought to have the eighteen dollars for that model jet engine without earning it?

All pretty dull. It gave Sprague a feeling that was at once pain and warmth, like a too-hot tub, inside. He wondered if that was homesickness. He hung up and thought how he'd like to get drunk right now. Only he couldn't even do that. He had to go upstairs and fly all around the place at a thousand miles an hour. He had to hope the airplane would fly itself, mostly, because he was an old, old pilot, and didn't have what it took any more.

He lay for a long time in bed that night, smoking, and staring up into the darkness.

AT SIX on the dot next morning a corporal knocked. He thanked the corporal, assured him he was really awake, and sent him away. He opened his toilet kit and stepped to the mirror. He saw himself. He saw his naked, morning self—he saw the wrinkles, like cracks in weathered paint, around his eyes.

He shaved and cut himself three times.

He had breakfast at the line mess, and the coffee was too hot, and he burned his lips, and spilled some of it on himself, and he told himself it was because the cup was too clumsy and heavy.

When he finally got to the big hangar it was light, and General Ferdinand, big, pink and moist, was on deck. Pender wasn't around. "Good morning, Tom, good morning!" The general took him by the arm. "Come on with me, and we'll get you some gear from the pilot's bins."

He steered him toward Operations. Some of the very important people had already gathered on the ramp, and General Ferdinand stopped every few steps to introduce him to somebody. Sprague dutifully shook hands each time. He muttered appropriate things, and promptly forgot all names and faces.

In the ready shack he let the general talk away. He busied himself donning a poplin flying suit, crash helmet, and a seat parachute that swung against his thighs.

"Not that we think anything's going to happen," said the general, using an airman's favorite preface, "but you do understand the ejector seat on the Baby X, don't you?"

Sprague looked at him dryly. "I made the first tests on that ejector seat two years ago, before there even was a Baby X. It was my recommendation that got them to streamline the whole compartment that pops out, so she'd go straight like a bullet, and not tumble, and give you a better chance to get out. I even helped design the shape and color of the manual control."

"Well, well, that's good to know. That's good to know, all right," the general said.

Sprague laughed. "You sound more nervous than I do."

The general thought that was pretty funny. He clapped Sprague on the shoulder and said, "No, I'm not really, Tom. I know you're going to come through for us. The engineering gang's depending on you to bring those instrument recordings back, and I'm depending on you to give those big gears out there a show like they never saw before."

Sprague tightened the chute buckles. He thought: *I can still back out, why don't I? Why don't I tell him to get Major Pender after all? If Pender cracks up we can salvage his mustache and bury it with full military honors.*

"I'll see you get a medal," the general was saying. "I think civilians can get the D.S.M. I'll see you get one."

Sprague went on fixing the chute.

A minute later he and the general came out into the full morning sunlight. The hangar doors opened, and they went toward them. The gleaming, needle-nose Baby X came out slowly, stopped. She squatted, basking, on the ramp, while a crew chief went over her polished snout lovingly with a handful of monkey rag.

The kerosene truck rolled up, and the fuel started to gurgle in.

COLLIER'S

"If he's a mischievous little boy this is his meat"

CHARLES D. PEARSON

"Got it all straight now?" asked the general. "Know the flight plan?"

"By heart," said Sprague.

Some of the correspondents came up and asked questions, and he answered as politely as he could, trying not to show his irritation. He couldn't feel that this pale, sunlit morning was real at all, or that he was actually here—he was home in bed, dreaming, and any minute Helen would wake him up and tell him that he was going to wash the car this morning, remember?

HE HAD to sign forms. A waiver; his name on the clearance, AF-23. The crew chief: the hydraulic boost was in perfect shape, checked it personally. Thank you, sergeant. The general moving off, now. He'd be in the tower. He'd be right with Sprague all the way. He knew Sprague would come through for him, all right . . .

Sprague was in the cockpit. They were wheeling the battery cart up. *Back out, you hotheaded fool. You can still do it.*

He looked out of the cockpit and said, "Hook her on."

He fastened his safety belt. He swept his eyes over the instruments; all there, all familiar. He knew more about the Baby X's vital statistics than he did about his own. Baby X weighed six tons, more or less, and had a wing span of thirty-one feet, seven inches, at the rearmost, widest point of her paper-dart wing. She was powered by two J-47 turbojets of fifty-two hundred pounds rated thrust each, plus afterburners, and her wing loading was so low that like the bumblebee she shouldn't have been able to fly—but she did.

"Spark," said the crew chief. The line from the battery cart, bringing the high-tension juice necessary to start the turbine, was hooked in. Her descendants would have auxiliary turbine starters, but they hadn't wanted to clutter up the Baby X. He knew all about her.

"Clear nose and tail," he said.

He got the okay sign.

He inched the throttle, struck his match, and waited. The blades whirred. Metal clanked dourly.

V-r-r-r-oom!

She came to life.

They took the cart away and he allowed her to idle a bit before he nudged the throttle again. Her scoops sucked air; the hot fog shimmered out behind. He made his cockpit drill. He did it all carefully. Old pilots were always careful; that was how they got to be old pilots. That was how they got old enough to lose that extra bit of dash it took to fly through a tough spot or wear a pukka-sahib mustache in public.

And Tommy was already pestering him for lessons at the municipal airport to get his private. What should he tell Tommy about this; about the airman's facts of life? Was it time yet to tell Tommy how a pilot got old?

Baby warmed up in seven seconds and sounded good.

"Let's fly, sweetheart," said Sprague. He trundled her off toward the runway. He looked through the bubble just before he moved off and saw General Ferdinand waving happily. Major Pender was standing beside him now. Major Pender looked sour.

At the corner of the strip the tower clearance crackled in his headsets almost right away. He acknowledged. He swung the Baby X around and aimed her at the wild blue yonder. He shoved the throttle forward. She hung back coyly for just an instant, then suddenly gulped air, and plunged away. She took off like a trained bullet.

Sprague looked around him as he left the earth. The field had been cleared, the air for miles around had been cleared, but just from force of habit, he looked. Old pilot, careful pilot. He turned her at exactly five hundred. He swung her gently, watching the needle-and-ball even though he knew she wouldn't skid.

He tilted her to thirty degrees. She climbed. She was hungry for sky, big, blue sky, all of it she could get. Her instruments moved and countermoved, parts of a symphony. The symphony was being recorded back there behind the panel: little blue figures and wiggly lines were being printed on strips of paper tape so that afterward the engineering gang would know exactly what had happened at any given moment of the flight. Those figures were chromosomes: the important ones would determine the modifications of the whole line of ships the Baby X would spawn.

He checked the dials. Tail pipe, twelve hundred. Air speed, four hundred ten knots on the climb. That was going some. Cockpit temperature, eighty-five degrees. His ears were stuffed. But Baby was behaving: Baby was flying good. No reason why she shouldn't, below the speed of sound.

AND now he hummed tunelessly and thought about himself. Portrait of the pilot as an old, old man, that was what he thought. Thirty years ago, in a small town in Ohio, he'd made balsa models and gaped at the barnstormers who came around. He'd met Helen at a freshman dance. Nothing serious then, just a kiss or two. After school he'd gone through Brooks and Kelly, served his year as a reserve second lieutenant, and then gone to work for Columbia Aircraft, starting at thirty-five bucks a week. The Air Corps called him back when war came and he sweated the whole thing out in Dayton, under Research and Development. When he got back, Columbia was a big outfit. They were a big outfit, and he was a big man. An old man . . .

"Hello, Tom," said the general, tinny in his headsets. "How's she making out?"

He touched his throat mike. "Okay." He didn't feel like talking.

He watched the air speed pass five hundred, five-fifty, and then saw the Mach indicator crawl over the decimals, reaching for the number 1. Mach 1—the speed of sound. Seven hundred and sixty-three miles per hour at sea level at fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit. Slightly less in colder, higher air. But always the speed of sound, always the border between this air world, and the next—

It was getting quieter in the cockpit. The freight-train rumble of the twin jets had fallen behind. Now he could hear the ghostly clinking of parts in the fuselage.

He looked outside. The carpet was six miles below; clouds were bits of lint blown across it. The earth was dark, it curved at the horizon. He could feel both the cool air of the cockpit blower and the baking of the sun. The sun was big up there

Suddenly he felt very much alone; exiled and forgotten. The ship in his fingertips pulled him on.

"Hello, Tom. What's your Mach number now?"

"Point eighty-five."

"That's good. Radar's tracking you. Must be some wind—your ground speed's over six hundred."

Sprague felt like clipping the radio. The general didn't have to call him: it didn't make any difference to anybody what his ground speed was. The general had just wanted to hear his voice and make sure that everything was still under control.

More throttle, relentlessly. He watched the moving, countermoving instruments. Oiled instruments, moving as they pleased. He tried to be very busy with them, so he wouldn't have to think.

The Baby X started to flutter. It wasn't much, just a faint vibration in his fingertips, but he didn't like it. The dial faces stared at him, not caring. Almost Mach 1. Thrust, 9,000. Everything as it should be, all the numbers in place, but the Baby X was fluttering.

Fear in his stomach—yeast—growing. And he was still trying to know why he'd brought himself to this when he could have refused. Backed out. Which was what he could still do, come to think of it. He could still go down and land and shrug and say he didn't think she was acting just right,

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and so he hadn't taken her all the way through the sonic barrier. He'd pay no attention to their shocked looks. He'd disregard Major Johnny Pender's rakish mustache and I-told-you-so smile. He'd get into the company's F-51 and fly home and spend tomorrow watering his lawn. . . .

He pushed the throttle some more.

The ship began to buck. Mach 1 said the dial. She bucked, and he rode her; he handled her delicately and tried to outsmart all the cantankerous forces of time and motion stacked against him. *He wasn't the pilot he used to be—he could feel it as he flew; he could feel the lags, the too late and little pressures, the differences of tenths of seconds that could be the differences of life and death.*

Of course maybe it was just the aileron boost. He worked the stick, and the control surfaces were moved hydraulically; that kept a pilot from getting the direct feel of his airplane. It might be just that.

Then he shook his head and said aloud, "Admit it, Sprague. You just haven't got it any more. You're washed up. Through."

The pitch of his voice alarmed him. He shook his head again, this time to clear it.

The throttle went to the wire. The dial said Mach 1.5—half again the speed of sound. His thrust was a good six tons and his stovepipe would have melted steel. He was past the barrier. The ship wasn't bucking any more.

"Hello, Tom! Hello up there!" The general sounded very excited. "We've got you clocked at a thousand! We can see your contrail!"

Sprague said wearily into his throat mike, "Having wonderful time. Wish you were here."

"Take your first bank now, Tom. See how she turns—try that first."

"I know," said Sprague. "I read the flight plan."

THE general, he decided, must have some of the correspondents and congressmen there in the tower to hear him say something dramatic. Like in a movie.

He started his turn. Jets like the Baby X had flown straight and level for brief periods above the speed of sound before, but standard maneuvers hadn't been done yet. So he was a pioneer. One of the Wright Brothers. He felt as old as one of the Wright Brothers. He felt himself pressing hard into the seat before the bank was half started.

"Easy," he said. "Easy does it."

He kept tilting the stick against the stiff, artificial pressure of the boost. The Baby X dipped slightly to the left, and it seemed to him she fluttered a bit. He wished he had direct feel of the combination elevator-ailerons, then he'd know for sure. He looked back, trying to see them. The Baby X, with her triangular wing sweeping away behind the cockpit, didn't even feel like an airplane when you sat in her. You were simply stuck in your little office, way out on her fuselage, with nothing at all between you and forever, not even a pair of wings.

She was definitely banking now and he eased the stick up to bring her nose around and turn her. Ever so gently. A giant hand was squashing down on him.

"That's the way, Tom! That's the way to do it!" crackled the general. "We can see your contrail turning!"

"For Heaven's sake, shut up!" Sprague told his mike.

He could feel the shocked silence in the earphones. He ripped them off.

Then suddenly he heard a strange, high singing noise, like an organ pipe, stuck, in a cathedral loft. It filled his ears; it penetrated his teeth and spine. He wanted suddenly to scream and sing along with it. Stick and pedals—even through the boost—were unnaturally stiff.

He could guess at the trouble. Something must have happened to the Baby X coming up through the speed of sound. A faint bending of a metal edge somewhere, an almost invisible depression in her skin. Hard to say exactly: the neat formulas didn't yet cover all that happened at the speed of sound. There, your own compression wave—your own sound—traveled with you and couldn't go forward to warn the air molecules out of the way. The air piled up in front, and you got shock waves. That was about as much as the boys with the Greek letters knew, and that was about as much as Sprague knew—and a fat lot of good it would do him if the Baby X decided to disintegrate when he took her down through the barrier again.

The Baby X? No—he'd be honest—it wasn't the ship he mistrusted. It was himself. Those lagging reactions of his. When he took Baby down to Mach 1 again she might do anything—and whatever she did, he'd have to be equal to it. He'd have to more than equal: he'd have to anticipate it.

But you haven't got it in you any more, Tom Sprague; you're an old, old man.

She was turning more tightly and he could feel the blood draining from his neck and cheeks. He could feel his skin pull. Forces, forces all around him. The finger of God. His brain working in flashes, now. If he tried to get back she'd surely blow apart . . . that was what the organ humming was trying to tell him. The Baby X would suddenly be no more, and he'd lob forward, end over end, wingless, a missile, not a man—the world and sky twirling about him on a giant pivot. They wouldn't find remains, but they'd bury an empty coffin anyway, maybe a flag-draped one, and Helen and Tommy would be there, dry-eyed, because they'd know he wouldn't want them crying, and besides they would have cried themselves out long ago. Tommy would think he'd been a hero—that was the real hell of it: Tommy would get a horizon look in his eye, and then go take those flying lessons. Someday, maybe, he'd end up an old, old pilot . . .

SPRAGUE'S head cleared abruptly. He realized that even in his gray daze he'd pulled the Baby X out of the turn. There was still the organ noise, but not as loud. Well, he knew what he'd do now. He'd rather have Major Johnny Pender and the rest sneer at him alive than admire him dead. He wouldn't even try to explain to them that the Baby X probably would have disintegrated if he'd taken her down to the speed of sound again.

As for his job—well, if he stayed with the Baby X they'd probably reconsider. But after this, his third bail-out, he might as well start to think about long days with nothing to do but water the lawn. If he could still afford a lawn.

He turned and reached for the seat-ejector handle, below, on his right. When he pulled it a shotgun charge would send him in an egg-shaped compartment into space, and as soon as it slowed down he could leave it and pull the rip cord. And the general had asked him if he knew how to work the thing. That was a laugh; he heard his own voice saying to the general again, "I even helped design the shape and color of the manual control . . ."

He looked at it. He remembered the sketches he'd submitted showing how it ought to be shaped. He remembered telling them over and over again, "And it's got to be painted red—easy to find—hard to pull by accident."

He looked at it, and it was red all right.

He'd found it with ease; he hadn't pulled it by accident. It was about to save his life. *And maybe,* he thought suddenly, *as time went on it would save other lives. His baby—his red handle—would bring airmen earth again when they brushed too close to eternity up here in the thin, cold air and the bright silence. And maybe something else. Maybe the data now writing itself on paper tape behind the dashboard would save lives too, someday—maybe even Tommy's life when the kid flew with the first squadron to ionosphere or the moon.*

He took his hand away from the red handle. He took the stick again, and the throttle; he started pulling the throttle back slowly. Back to the speed of sound, where the battered Baby X might or might not behave. No matter—he *felt* he'd bring her down safely now, bring her down and hand her, with her data, over to the future. That was his job. In spite of General Ferdinand's public relations, and Major Pender's hunger for glory, the little things like the red handles that saved lives were the real reasons for these flights. Yes, he was sure he'd make it now; he couldn't explain the feeling logically, but somehow his old confidence, and with it, his old skill, was back again. That would be something to tell Tommy—how it sometimes came back just when you were sure it was completely gone. He'd be sure to explain all this to Tommy whenever the boy asked him about that medal the general would give him. No—wait. To hell with the medal: he'd ask for a different souvenir, one the crew chief could procure for him with three shakes of a monkey wrench. He'd ask for the bright reminder—the red handle. THE END

FISCHETTI

Home, Hazardous Home

Statistics prove, though home is sweet,
You're really safer on the street.
No risk you take, where'er you roam,
Compares with those you face at home.
In darkened halls your doom awaits:
You skid on Junior's roller skates;
Or else you climb a shaky ladder
More deadly than the venomed adder.
You take a bath—how tame and dull!
—Until you slip and crack your skull.
You grope around to fix the fuse—
You've only got one life to lose;
You smell some gas, and strike a light—
Oh, yes, there was a leak, all right!
And even if you're safe in bed,
That's where they find most people dead.

Fear not the shipwrecks, plagues or wars
That you encounter out of doors:
Be firm, and face with cool aplomb
The implications of The Bomb;
The odds are good that you'll survive:
You have at least a chance in five;
But in your home, however humble,
The figures take a fearful tumble.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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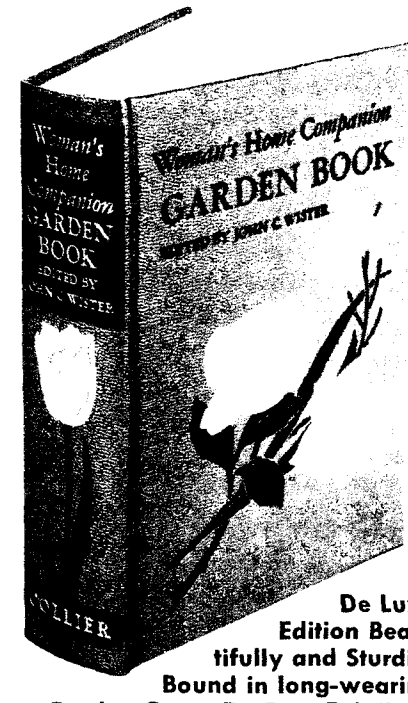

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The Cross Old Bear

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"What happened to that no-good gardener today?" Fred had cried, when he was scarcely inside the door, the night before. "Can't you find someone better, or are you waiting for me to fire him? That lawn looks like a hayfield."

"Oh, Tony's all right," she'd said easily, as she had said it over and over for three years. "He'll probably show up tomorrow." She was ready for his usual grunt or growl, but not for the outburst which almost shook the hall mirror off its hook. "Tomorrow? But that isn't today. If I ran my business the way you run this house—there wouldn't be any. You're slipping, El. Ever since the children left. Flighty, that's what you are, as flighty and irresponsible as Meggie. Maybe that's where she gets it."

"Now, Fred—" she began in the soft voice which had become a habit.

"Now, Fred," he mimicked in exasperation. "Now, Fred, what?"

She put a hand on his arm. "Sh! You'll burst something." She began to smile. "And at your age—"

IT WAS an old joke which had begun when Drew was on the way. "In your condition," Fred would say, and she would answer, "And at your age," because Fred was five years older than she. But now Fred did not laugh. "At my age? What the hell has my age got to do with Tony and the lawn?"

"Oh, well," she said, as indifferently as she could, "let's not get hot and bothered about it. The lawn isn't worth it. It used to go two weeks sometimes before we got Tony."

"Not if I could help it, it didn't," he said. "I'm a busy man, I work hard, but I don't neglect things around here."

"No, darling, you don't. And you *do* work hard. Maybe that's it."

"Maybe that's what?"

"Maybe it's why—" She hesitated, trying to find the right words. Then, without more consideration, she said, "Fred, when did you see Dr. Chase last?"

"Doctor! Ye gods! Now she's got me sick. El, will you leave me alone and stop fussing?"

"I'm not fussing," she said, losing her own patience. "You ought to be married to a real fusser like—like Martha Corsen. Then you'd know what it's like."

"Oh, for gosh sake, stop arguing! I get so tired of it!" He stalked into the library and picked up a decanter there on the small bar, dribbling drops on the polished tabletop as he poured from it. Eleanor followed him. Her cheeks were hot with anger. It had been like this before, of course, but not every day, and not as cruelly unfeeling.

"Maybe I get tired of it, too," she said, wiping up the drops with a piece of tissue from her pocket. "Just once I'd like to have you come home with a smile on your face. What started you off today, anyway? I wish I knew what to do with you—you're not little enough to make you sit on a chair in the corner until you come to your senses. I guess I'm just stuck with you."

She went off to the kitchen to hurry the dinner. Maybe he'd be in a better humor after he'd had some of Anna's good food, though lately he'd got to criticizing even that. But she'd have to straighten him out before evening because the Hendersons were coming over for canasta.

She thought he'd follow her upstairs, but she had just begun to dress when she heard the power mower roaring outside. She leaned from the window to see Fred charging around the lawn behind it. He hadn't even stopped to change. He'd get those light gabardine trousers full of grass stains and then gripe because they wouldn't come out in the cleaning. And he'd come in tired and crankier than ever, and he'd take it out on the Hendersons tonight as he'd taken it out on the Stokeses last week when he'd waited half an hour for her in town because he had made a mistake in the time. He'd been so boorish that night she'd been ashamed of him. It was bad enough when he picked on her in public—she could still laugh, make his temper seem only an amusing bark—and bad enough when he jumped on Lou Henderson and Stan Stokes, his best and oldest friends, but when he called Julie, Lou's wife, a nitwit to her face, it wasn't funny at all.

"Oh, dear, what am I going to do with him?" she wailed, coming away from the window, just as she had wailed at one time over Drew's snobbishness or Meggie's laziness or George's temper. Only she had wailed to Fred then, and they'd worked it out together. He hadn't thought her flighty then.

She picked up the comb to run it through her hair and stopped short to assess herself in the bathroom mirror. Maybe this was the time a man got tired of his wife and usually—in the stories anyway—it was the wife's fault because she had "let herself go." Had *she* let herself go? Was she losing that fresh complexion, had her hair lost that youthful sheen, was she bulging where she shouldn't? She picked up a jar of pink cream that Meggie had left behind. She squinted at the directions and sniffed it thoughtfully. Then she said, "Oh, nuts!" and put it back. If she had to hold Fred Darrow with a pink mess like that, it wasn't a marriage and he wasn't worth holding.

"And every time the ducks came over, Daddy went 'bang, bang' —and scared them all away!"

COLLIER'S — HENRY BOLTINOFF

FRED was finishing off the front of the lawn around the flower border when she came out on the side terrace. She knew he saw her because he began to act up with the mower, swerving it toward the perennial bed, daring her to cry out at him, setting her crazy just as young George had when he played with a baseball in the house, or when he did showy tricks on his bike.

She wanted to call out, "Why don't you try it without hands?" but she didn't. She held her breath until the mower went just a little too close to the corner near the steps and she saw her cherished plant go down under it. Then she did cry out, "Oh, Fred! Look what you've done!"

"What?" he yelled. "I can't hear you." And he went on turning the mower toward the garage.

She was still sitting there, the limp plant in her hand, when he came back. She looked at him accusingly. "I worked so hard over this," she said. "I never have any luck with bleeding hearts, but this was beginning to grow nicely. Look—it even had buds."

"I thought it was a weed," he said, wiping his brow with a great show. Then, as if deliberately opening a valve on his anger, he said, "You should have known better than to plant it so close. How would I know?"

"Tony knew—and it's Tony's business to cut the lawn," she said. "I think the least you could do would be to say you're sorry."

"Sorry? For a puny little plant like that? My word, El, what's getting into you? You're ready to weep over everything these days. I never saw such a woman."

"Sometimes I think it's too bad you saw me in the first place—or I saw you. I'm getting tired of this eternal bickering for no good reason, for no reason at all."

"Bickering? And who started it, I'd like to know?" He stood looking down on her from the top of the steps, and for a moment she thought it might be like it used to be, that he'd drop a kiss on the top of her head and she'd look up and smile and it would all be over, like any everyday squabble. But he had gone up the steps sputtering like a pack of firecrackers, and she heard the screen door slam behind her. . . .

That was last night. Now she sat on the same step and wondered whether to replace the broken plant with a new seedling or take a chance on its coming up again from the roots. She decided to leave it alone. She wished she could do the same with Fred. But she'd tried that and it hadn't worked. He wouldn't be let alone. He forced the issue—like the lawn last night. He didn't really care that much about the lawn.

She thought about the other things she had done: her confidential telephone conversation with Miss Fenimore, Fred's secretary, who had been with him for almost ten years, and the interview with Dr. Chase. Dr. Chase had said, "Send him around for a checkup," but she hadn't been able to manage that yet, and she doubted if that was what Fred needed. He was eating well, and he slept like a log, though he tried to say he didn't. He wasn't losing weight, nor was he putting it on in the paunchy way so many men did after forty. True, he was heavier, more solid, than the slim, boyishly exuberant young Fred Darrow who had won her on that momentous house party at the Vineyard in 1926. They had lost no time getting married, because marrying was easy in those days of plenty. And in their life thereafter, keeping up with Fred had kept her breathless, for Fred, aside from the tidy little millwork business he was helping to build up, was always busy with something, like building a boat or making his own radio or breeding Belgian hares. But she had helped and they had laughed a lot and quarreled a little and loved much.

When the children came she had given up a lot of her kibitzing, but Fred had kept right on with his activities, only now there was more reason to them—playhouses to be built, swings to be put up; a barbecue constructed, a Christmas village to be assembled behind locked doors at night. And Eleanor had gone along as far as her strength and time would let her.

Of course they squabbled, but the children kept them in check, and they usually ended up lined up together against the children. It had never been like this, a quarreling for quarreling's sake. She had been sure of Fred then and proud of the way he made friends and kept them, of the success that followed his industry. He was sales manager and treasurer now of the big firm which had bought out the small one just before the war. She wondered if he had to be as busy as he kept saying he was.

THAT was what she had asked Miss Fenimore—discreetly, of course. Or was there any special tension at the office? Was Fred in any kind of trouble with anybody? Oh, no, Miss Fenimore had assured her, everyone was crazy about Mr. Darrow. He was always so fair, and so good-natured, and such a hard worker. Too much work, perhaps? Well, Miss Fenimore had said, hesitating, not so much now. Mr. Darrow had a lot of responsibility, naturally, but since he'd got that nice young Mr. Spence as assistant he could take it much easier, if he would.

So it wasn't work and it wasn't health. And it wasn't Miss Fenimore, because if it was it would have happened ten years ago, when Miss Fenimore had a little more claim to youthful beauty. For a time Eleanor had tried to forget Fred's moods by losing herself in her own interests, but there was no use going to the P.T.A. any more, and a new clique had taken over the Garden Club. Besides, she'd never liked clubs. She had no voice for the Choral Society and no skill with pencil or paintbrush, and she'd given up the bridge club long ago when she found that Fred always got home ahead of her on those days, and she wouldn't let him down. Besides, it wasn't right that they should divide their interests at this stage when they needed each other more than ever.

So she had gone out with Fred and Stan to play around the new country club course. Fred had finished 82 to Stan's 89 and she had lost count of her own score. It should have left him in a good humor, but he kept biting Stan's head off all the way to the locker room.

She had dawdled behind the two, keeping out of the way, but all afternoon her heart had been doing tricks at the sight of his tall, well-co-ordinated figure ahead of her, his thick hair blowing in the breeze.

A fine figure of a man, she thought, one any woman—

A new, terrifying idea entered her head. Could it possibly be another woman? She

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scoffed the idea away. Not Fred. And when could it have happened? When would he see her? She could account for every minute of his time, chart his every day. No, she couldn't blame his bad humor, his impatience with her, on a new woman. It was ridiculous.

But the shadow of the idea stayed with her, and that night she had suggested a trip, to Bermuda, or Mexico, or Guatemala—anywhere.

"Why?" Fred had asked.

"Why does anyone take trips? To get away from things, see something new, get perspective, a new lease on life."

"You talk like a travel folder. I've done enough traveling to hold me for a long time. And I don't need perspective to tell me this place looks pretty good—if you'd run it right."

"You're talking like an old man now, one who just wants to sit home in a sunny corner. Besides, you might think a little of me. I haven't been anywhere since Meggie's baby was born. Maybe I'd like to see something besides your scowling face across the table."

"Then why don't you? Go ahead. I won't stop you."

"Without you?" she'd said, in honest surprise and indignation; and for a moment she thought she caught the ghost of his old smile.

But when he spoke it was with all his new irritation. "Oh, all right, have it your way. You always do. But not until after the Home Building Show is over, and *not* to Mexico. I don't like tamales, and they say they have roaches down there three inches long."

So she had enlisted Miss Fenimore's help to plan their Caribbean trip and make the reservations, and now they would be off in a week if Fred didn't balk at the last minute. But the prospect of being alone with him all day in strange places, with all the irritants of traveling and no holiday mood to offset them, was not comforting. At least at home she had an eight-hour respite except on week ends.

SHE got up and went into the house with Meggie's letter, through bright, clean rooms that were so empty and well-ordered, to a small plant room at the back, where she had recently installed an old garden chair and a table for her books and sewing. She had been spending a lot of time here lately. Her room was like Drew's tree house, or George's bunk behind the garage, or the big attic closet where Meggie had set up her dollhouse. This desire to crawl away and pull one's hole in behind one was a protest against a troublesome world.

Outside the windows, Eleanor could see Anna hanging out their summer clothes. Anna was singing. She was happy. She was to have a full month's vacation and she was flying to Ireland to see her people. Eleanor was happy for Anna. She deserved the best.

She flopped down and opened Meggie's letter and began to read:

This is going to be some letter, so hang onto your hats. Guess what? Roy has a new job, a wonderful one, but—here's the gimmick—it's in South America in a place called—oh, I forget, but it's in Brazil in the mountains. He's to work right at the mines, which makes him happy as a pup because he was never cut out for straight office work and what's an engineering degree for? Anyway it seems Drew and he cooked this up before Drew left. And now it's come through. B-U-T he can't take Cap and me with him—not yet anyway, not until he cases the joint and sees how things are down there for a wife and a nineteen-month-old baby. Besides—oh, heck, I guess I'll have to tell you. I'm going to have another baby in August. Now don't jump on me. It's happened and we're very happy about it. Roy says it's a good idea to have your children young and get it over with and then you can still have a good time out of life when they're grown up.

Eleanor dropped the letter with something like a snort. That's what I thought too, Meggie. But it doesn't always work.

. . . So you see how impossible it is for me to go with him. And he doesn't want me staying on here alone, which is silly, but maybe he's right. Cap is getting to be quite a handful, into everything, and I don't know what I'd do if Roy weren't such a pet about helping with him. Why, Roy even does the kitchen floor on Saturdays . . .

Fred used to do that. Eleanor thought with a far-off look over the lawn. When Drew was little and Meggie on the way, they didn't have diaper service then and he'd even do that for her on the week ends and he'd shoo her off to the movies or a bridge game and when she got back they'd be on the line and the kitchen floor would be shining and Drew would be all cleaned up in his pen, watching his father wash the car. A tear slid down her cheek and she whisked it quickly away. She wasn't a crying woman.

. . . We've talked it over very carefully and we've decided that I better come home to you for a while until Roy gets settled and the baby born. We'll probably sublet this apartment because we might need it yet. Can we come, please? I'll try not to be any trouble . . .

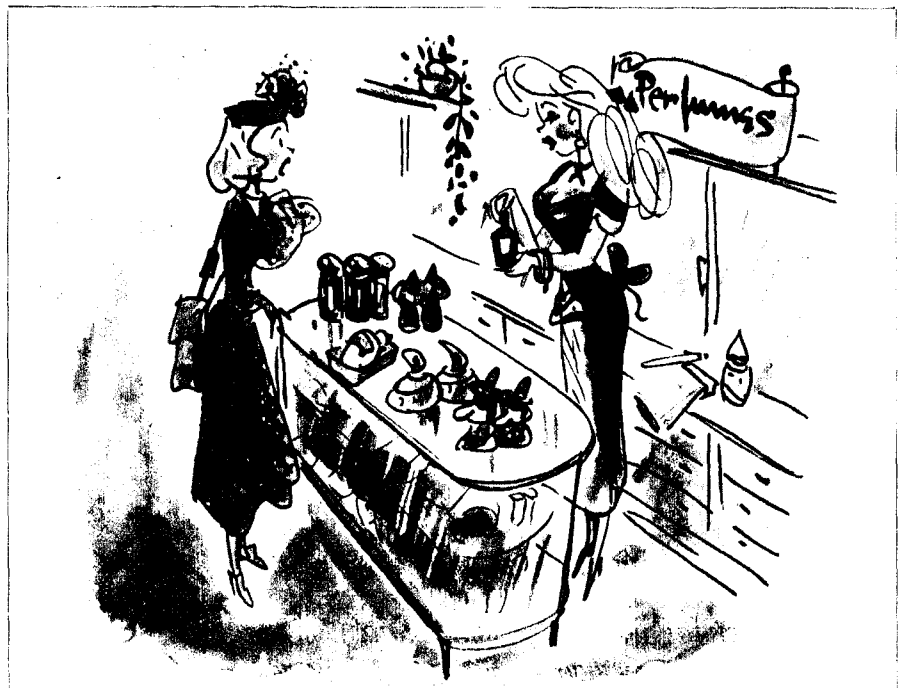
Poor Meggie. *I'll try not to be any trouble.* It was what she had been saying from the cradle up and yet she had been the most trouble of all—and the lovingest. By some queer quirk of nature, Fred and Eleanor had turned out this thoroughly lazy, disorganized child who was so sweet she could melt the heart of a tax collector. Roy was at once a saint to put up with her and a lucky guy to get her.

Eleanor laid the letter aside and looked out to where Anna was struggling with a broken clothesline and thought: I must remember to order a new one immediately if we're to have a baby wash every day. It was only then that the full implications of Meggie's letter came to her. Why, it was impossible! Meggie couldn't come home now. They were going away, and Anna was going too. She tried to remember if she'd told Meggie about their trip or whether Meggie had characteristically ignored it. And Meggie couldn't come if they weren't here. If she were to be alone, she'd be better off in her own little Chicago apartment, where things were compact and convenient. Perhaps when they got back from their trip she'd go out and stay with Meggie until the new baby came.

But she dallied with the thought of Meggie's request. Of course, they could put off their trip, but she wouldn't ask Anna to put off hers. It meant too much to her. It was the biggest thing that had ever happened to Anna in a drab lifetime of hard work. And the house without Anna but with Meggie and Cap was simply unthinkable. She shook her head and murmured half aloud, "I must be getting old. This wouldn't have bothered me a few years ago, but I can't do it now."

And even as she said it she knew it had nothing to do with age but everything to do with Fred, because he wouldn't like the idea at all. Meggie was his pet, but she annoyed him. And now Cap—she shut her eyes against the picture of Fred swearing as he stumbled over Cap's toys or having to get out of the car and wheel Cap's carriage out of the driveway, where, of course, Meggie would leave it. She summoned another picture of herself and Fred on a tropical beach, alone and happy, laughing together as they used to do, but that picture did not come as clear as the first.

She went upstairs to dress for lunch in town with Lou Henderson. They were both going shopping for new slip covers. She stopped at the door of Meggie's old room as she passed. It was fresh and orderly now. Mentally she rearranged the furniture to make room for the crib that was now in the storeroom. Later Cap would be moved to the boys' room across the hall. They could clean out Meggie's book cupboard to hold Cap's toys and keep him upstairs as much as possible. He could even take his airing up here on the deck on which Meggie's room opened. But of course this was idle speculation. Meggie wouldn't be coming.



COLLIER'S **"He's acting like that already. All I want is just a dignified proposal of marriage"** REAMER KELLER

Eleanor crossed the room to the bookcase where Meggie's books still stood. They were a curious mixture, she thought, from the lurid historical romance to a long series of girls' books, from advanced algebra to the dog-eared "first" books which showed the hardest usage. She picked out one called The Cross Old Bear, smiling as she turned the pages which she knew almost by heart because she had read them aloud so often.

. . . then the rest of the animals gathered around to see what the growling was all about, and asked what they could do. But he just growled, grr, grrr, grrrr! The elephant said, "He's thirsty," and went to a nearby spring to bring him water in his trunk. The squirrel said, "He is hungry," and went to bring back nuts from his secret hoard. But the cross old bear kept on growling worse than ever, grr, grrr, GRRRR! Nothing satisfied him . . .

Then the last page—how glad she always was to turn to that one! It was the owl whose eyes could see in the dark who found the thorn in the bear's paw, and the raven who plucked it out with his long beak. *"How little a thing it takes to make a great animal like Big Brown Bear as cross as a lion in chains,"* soliloquized the placid cow at the end.

She smiled and slipped the book back in its place. She did not have to go to books to learn about a cross old bear. But she wished she had the owl's sharp eyes to find the thorn that was making him so crabbed and unhappy.

She dressed quickly and, as she went through the library on her way out, left Meggie's letter on the desk, where Fred would be sure to see it if he got home first. It might save another crisis if he read it alone.

THE lunch with Lou was not too successful. Lou was usually good fun, but she seemed distant today. Thinking it was Fred's peppery behavior at canasta last night, Eleanor tried to apologize without being disloyal to Fred. It wasn't easy. "Think nothing of it," Lou said. "It's probably just his time of life. I guess some men, like some women, take it harder than others."

"But Fred isn't that old. I mean—he's still a young man in looks and everything. That's what makes this—this behavior of his so frightening."

Lou looked at her shrewdly. "Frightening? Are you worried, El? You don't think there's a woman in it, do you?"

"Don't be silly," she said. "I can't imagine Fred with another woman."

"No wife ever can," Lou said.

"But how would he manage it? He never goes anywhere without me except to business meetings, and— Oh, it's just not worth talking about."

But she couldn't dismiss it from her mind. She thought: Perhaps this is the way it happens when you read of a divorce after twenty-five years. Maybe this is the stage when they get fed up with each other, and have nothing to distract them except a new face. She was sure there was no woman in Fred's life now, but if this kept up there might be. And for herself—she thought about that too. She had never given another man a second thought, but if Fred continued to grow away from her, who would blame her if some night a man singled her out from the crowd and said, "You're looking very lovely tonight, Mrs. Darrow," and later, "What about getting out of this mob for a little fresh air?" And she would go and find him gay and interesting and that would be the beginning of something.

By the time she left Lou she was in such a dither that she rushed home almost as if she feared Fred had already gone off with his secret love. But he was there in the library, sitting in his red leather chair, a glass beside him, his paper hiding his face. She took a deep breath, kissed him, and said as brightly as she could, "Early for a change?"

He grunted and flipped his paper as she went and sat in the chair opposite his. Her eyes went to the desk, where she had left Meggie's letter. It was still there. Well, this thing had to be faced, for of course she would not think of dealing with Meggie without consulting Fred. It was one of those things they must do together.

"There was a letter from Meggie today," she began. "I left it for you. She wants to come home, Fred. Roy's got himself a job in South America and—Well, you better read it yourself." She went to get the letter.

"I did," Fred grunted. "I read it."

"Oh. Then you know. Well, do you want to write to her, or shall I? We'll just have to tell her we're going away. Or have you forgotten that?"

He shook his head and rattled his paper impatiently. "No. How could I, with you and Fenimore reminding me of it a dozen times a day?"

"Well, then, I think we better tell her to stay where she is until we get back and then I'll go out and stay with her until the new baby comes. What do you say to that?"

"I say that it's downright heartless," Fred told her.

"Heartless?" Eleanor gasped in stupid surprise.

"Yes. I don't see how you could con-

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sider it even for a minute. To leave that poor girl all alone at a time like this—"

"Pooh!" said Eleanor. "Nobody stayed with me when I was having her, and you were on the road a lot then. Besides, it might be good for Meggie to have to manage by herself for a change. Roy spoils her."

Fred threw down his paper in a burst of indignation. "You've always been hard on Meggie, El. Why, I don't know, unless because she's just like you. This is her home and she's got every right to come here when she needs us. And if I say so she will." He glared at her, challenging her to answer. "I'll phone her myself tonight. And don't think you're going to argue me out of it." He picked up the paper, holding it like a shield before him.

In the green chair across from him, Eleanor grinned broadly. This was more like it. This was the way they used to quarrel. When he defied her to argue him out of something it usually meant that he knew she would try—and succeed. So she said now, as if on cue, "Fred Darrow, put down that paper and listen to me. Put it down. I want to see your face. Why, I don't know, but I do." He compromised by scowling over the top of the paper. "Now listen. You want Meggie to come home just because you think I don't. Well, I do, but not now. We've got a trip planned, a trip we both need, and what's more I've told Anna she was to have the full month off. You know all about that because Miss Fenimore arranged it. She's going to fly over and come back by boat. I wouldn't disappoint Anna for the world, and I couldn't manage Meggie and the baby without Anna in this big house. Another thing: You haven't considered what it will be like having a baby around again. You won't like it—I warn you. If just living with me gets you so out of patience, you'll blow up completely when Meggie and Cap go into operation together."

SHE sat waiting for him to explode, or perhaps give in grudgingly, as he used to do. But, to her surprise, he spoke very calmly.

"Have you finished?" he asked. She nodded. "All right," he said. "Now it's my turn. In the first place, the trip's off. I had to cancel it today. There's a lot of new business coming up at the plant. That means new salesmen, and I have to stick close for a while. Next, I think if you talk to Anna and explain, she'll put off her trip too—or you can get somebody else."

"I won't talk to Anna—I told you that," she said stubbornly. "And where can you find good help these days?" She eyed him hopelessly. "Oh, dear," she wailed, because she could see he meant it, "what a mess! And just when I had hopes that things were going to work out so nicely!"

Fred sat there, looking at her with something in his eyes that reminded her of the tender scorn he had shown when she had wept over her first deflated soufflé, or over the baby blanket which had shrunk to a small, hard board. Then he got up and stalked to the kitchen. She heard the sound of the swinging door—then nothing. What would he say to Anna? Would Anna take it? She was devoted to the Darrow family, but her temper was something to avoid. And this trip meant everything to her.

She waited ten minutes; then she too went to the kitchen. On the hall side of the swinging door she stopped. Anna was singing, high and sweet, over the whir of the electric beater. She looked up at Eleanor and winked.

"I thought I'd surprise the Mister and give him a shortcake instead of the plain berries," she said. "He likes the old-fashioned kind."

"Oh," Eleanor said thoughtfully, running a finger around the bowl of sweetened cream. "Did he—did he speak to you, Anna, about Meggie coming home?"

"He did." Anna leaned down to peer into the oven.

Eleanor regarded her broad back uncertainly. "Of course you know, Anna, I don't expect you to give up your trip, whatever we decide."

Anna straightened up and nodded. "Sure, I knew you'd never do that. But I've decided to put it off just the same."

"No! No, Anna, I won't let you," she cried. "You wanted to be there in the spring, you said, when everything's so fresh and green."

"I did. But Ireland's Ireland in all weathers. Besides"—she patted the pocket of her apron where a folded check showed a pink tip—"this way I can fly *both* ways and save time."

Anna's face wore a broad knowing smile and Eleanor smiled too. The two women stood grinning at each other in the bright, familiar kitchen that was full of the odors of Anna's good cooking.

"He can charm the birds off the boughs," Anna said laughing, "when he wants to."

Tears came to Eleanor's eyes as she turned away, tears of nostalgia for the old, charming Fred, whose whole face would come to life when she entered a room, whose soft words could coax her out of a storm of nerves brought on by the pressures of bringing up a lively family on a small budget with no help. What had happened to that charm now? What was the thorn that was turning him into a cross old bear?

She went toward the hall door. "You can serve the dinner when it's ready, Anna," she said dully, and stopped short. A deafening racket came from the basement. "What's that?" she asked.

Anna did not seem surprised. "The Mister, I guess. He said something about going to the basement to see could he find enough lumber to make a big play pen for the baby. Believe me, ma'am, when the Mister gets finished, that Cap will play in style."

ELEANOR stood there, listening to the banging from below. It had a familiar sound. In the old days Fred had always chosen this time just before dinner to start a new project. It had been maddening. But suddenly she thought she had caught a glimmer of the truth.

"Did he seem happy, Anna?" she asked.

"Sure. He was as happy as a cricket. Listen!" Sure enough, Eleanor could hear Fred whistling tunelessly through his teeth in that nerve-racking way he had when he was absorbed in his work. But now it was sweet music.

"What did I tell you?" Anna said in a pleased way. "I think, between you and me, ma'am, that man *likes* to be busy. It's something he's been missing around here, what with the children gone and plenty of help outside and in. It's a bad age. I've seen it happen to the best of them—not old enough to let up and take it easy but with plenty of steam still and nothing to let it off on. Well, he ought to enjoy his shortcake tonight."

Eleanor nodded and left the kitchen. That was it. Anna had put her finger on it. Anna didn't know it, but she was the all-seeing owl who had spotted the thorn, but it was Eleanor herself, the raven, who would have to pluck it out and keep it out. It would take some doing, because keeping Fred busy and interested would mean that there could be no letdown for her, either, until age finally took over and they ran down together.

She stood still, her hand on the newel post, considering this new idea. She guessed that was what marriage meant, no letdown ever, if you wanted it to end happily. It would mean unending patience.

And for a few bad moments I even thought it might be another woman, she thought, and suddenly she began to laugh, collapsing on the bottom step of the stairs in her relief from the tension of months.

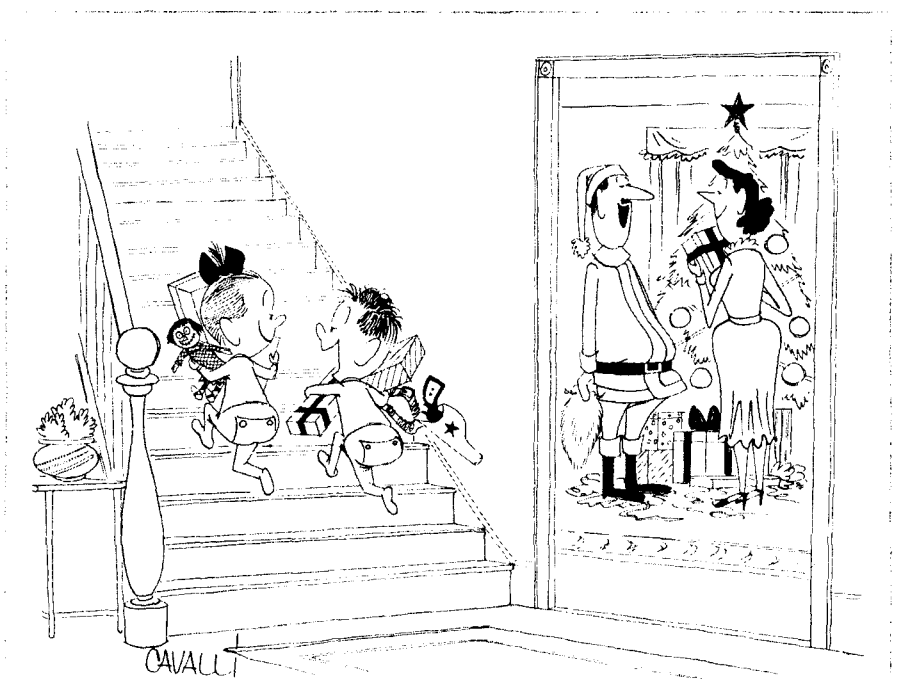
Fred found her there when he came up from the basement a few moments later to wash up. "What are you doing, grinning to yourself like that?" he said gruffly, and started to push past her up the stairs. But she put out a hand to pull him down beside her.

"I've been dreaming up what to do with Meggie and Cap," she said. "Meggie can keep Cap in her own room for a while, of course. But I think we should fix up the sewing room as a permanent nursery, like we had in the old house. Remember how proud you were of that indoor gym? After all, the children will probably be coming home with their babies for a long time and we ought to be ready for that. It's really our only excuse for keeping this big house going, isn't it?"

He made no answer, and she turned to look at him. He was staring straight before him, a deep frown creasing his brow. "Or are you too busy to bother with all that now?" she added cannily.

He shifted his weight uncomfortably and refused to look at her. "Sure, I'm busy," he said quickly. "What do you think I'm paid twenty thousand dollars a year for? But I was busy then, too—when I did it before."

He got up and stretched, but it was the way a man stretches when he is only pleasantly tired. Then he said, "Okay. I'll start on it tomorrow. You win. You always do," and marched up the stairs. But on the way he stopped and, for the first time in weeks, dropped a kiss on her head. THE END



COLLIER'S

"Boy, that was close! Twice I almost called him Pop . . ."

DICK CAVALLI

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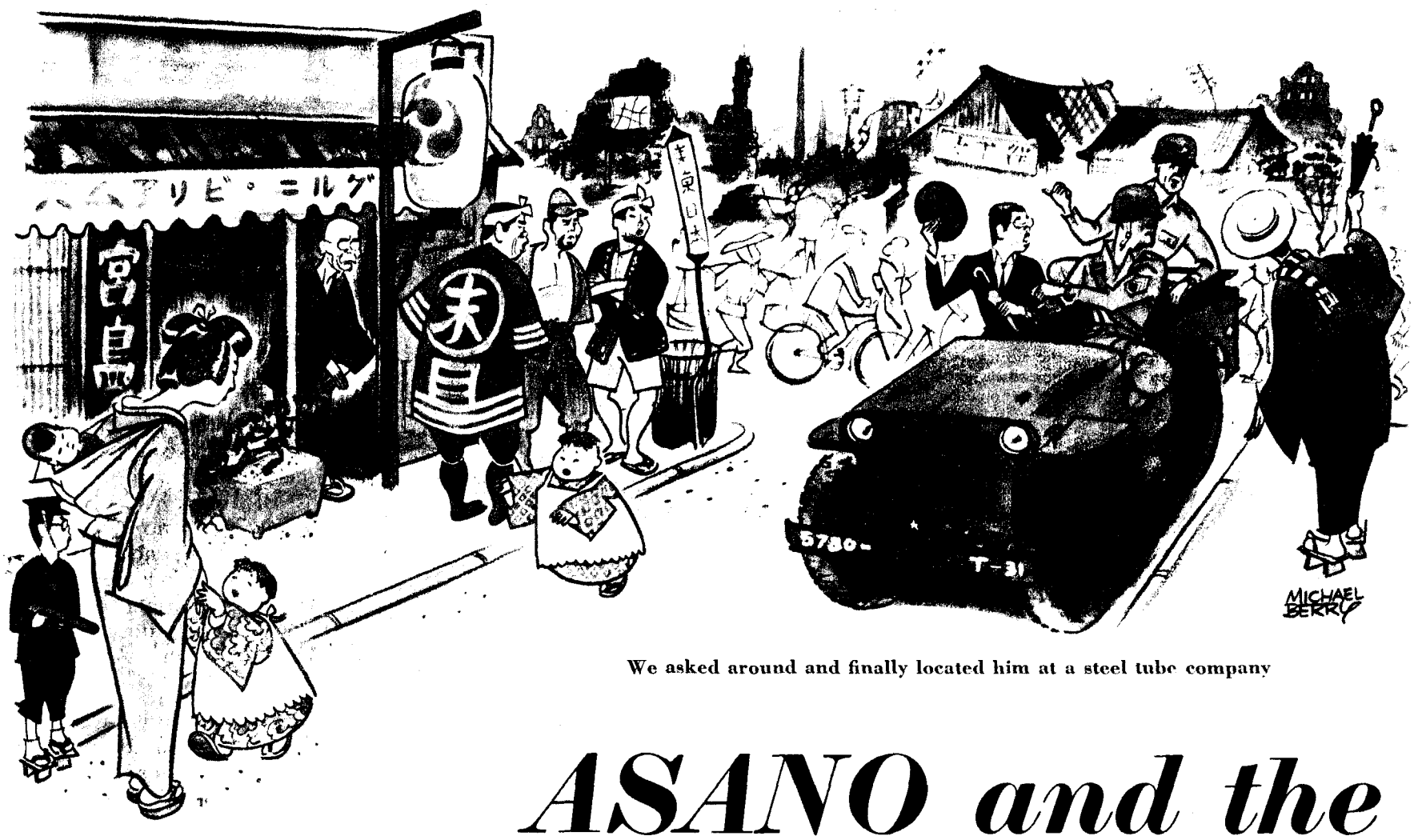

We asked around and finally located him at a steel tube company

ASANO and the Tough General

By PAUL HOLLISTER

AT HARVARD when we were not studying trivia like mining, religious history, troubadour poetry, chemistry or Napoleon, Hanford MacNider and the Jap and I saw a good deal of one another in the years from 1909 to 1911. Ryozo Asano had come to Cambridge, Massachusetts, from a Japanese school with no friends and no knowledge of English worth noticing. He simply swallowed the American idiom whole. And what was more remarkable, he digested not only the words and people, but the ideas and the viewpoint and the scheme.

After we were graduated, MacNider went off to work in the First National Bank in Mason City, Iowa; Asano went off to Tokyo to work for his father in the family's steel mills; cement factories, shipyards and what not. He grew up, worked extremely hard, and gradually took over. MacNider visited him once in Tokyo, and I was told that sake flowed like beer. I myself met him twice over a period of 29 years and he was as merry, clear-headed, modest, profane and vernacular as ever. I never liked a companion better.

But after December 7, 1941, the curtain of war clanged down and he vanished behind it. Day after day I held him personally and increasingly responsible for the Pearl Harbor attack, realizing that he made steel and ships. This went on for four years, during which time the individual, Ryozo Asano, became for me the symbol of Japan. He was the only *human* Jap I thought I really knew, and trusted, and I reasoned simply that war and peace are made only by humans.

In November of 1945, three months after the Japs surrendered, Brigadier General MacNider, A.U.S., surprised me in New York one night with an invitation to dine with his comely wife, Maggie, and General Bill Donovan.

At the restaurant, after the order was given, Mac said to me, "Kid, I caught up with Asano."

"Give me a blow-by-blow," I said.

* * *

When the surrender came (said General MacNider) my combat team was on duty cleaning out a peninsula on a lower Philippine island. The peninsula was held by a Jap navy suicide force. Mean pothole terrain. So it was a month later before I got into Japan.

In Tokyo I went to the staff mess and there was a lot of brass talk at table about how the high Japs they'd picked up and questioned were giving them on-pattern answers—sort of a "government line." I had to go and open my big mouth and say, "Well, I know one Jap, if I can find him, who won't give *me* any 'government line.'"

A big brass said, "Go fetch him."

I got a jeep and a guide and started out. Asano's old address stuck in my head so we went there first. Factory. Absolutely flat; shot to hell. We asked around and they told us to go to another address—another factory. We went there. Flat. The people in the neighborhood gave me a third address: Nippon Steel Tube Company, way the hell and gone. I went there.

Up on the office floor I sent in my name to the boss. He came out. You'd recognize him at once; he looks the same, in a way, in spite of all the gold teeth and everything, but he has a kind of old-man-peering squint through his glasses.

I said, "Asano?"

He nodded.

I said, "My name is MacNider. You should know me."

The Jap just stared. I said, "Are you *Ryozo* Asano?" The Jap nodded again. I said, "My name is *Hanford* MacNider. You should know me."

He stared some more through the long-range part of his bifocals. Then he said, "But you're so old!"

I got kind of mad. I said, "What the hell do you mean, I am 'so old'?"

I admit I haven't got a lot of hair. The Jap kept staring at my head. In college I had some hair, I guess. I forget. Anyhow, the Jap kept looking at me deadpan. I got sore. And I was just about ready to sock him when he said:

"Honest to Pete, Mac, you're so *old!* Come on in my office."

* * *

They went in. The walls were covered with Asano's group pictures from college, his golf team, clubs, class. He pointed to a figure in one, MacNider with hair.

"See? Now sit down, you old twerp," said the Japanese national to the general of U.S. Infantry.

MacNider sat, and said, "Come clean, Ryo—what have *you* been up to? What got you into this? Didn't you know any better, you dope?"

Asano said:

"In the summer of 1941, I heard secret talk we were going to attack the U.S. That was a move in the wrong direction, I knew, so I tried to get a few friends to start a movement to prevent war. I contacted a fellow named Marquis Koichi Kido, who was supposed to be the nearest person to the emperor and who advised him. In addition to Kido, I saw some of the princes of the blood and told them how foolish it was to think even for a minute that Japan could beat America; I insisted it was suicidal, explaining what you could do to us.

"The police began to shadow me, so the only thing to do was to stop my effort for the time being lest I be put in jail where I could do absolutely zero. When war came, all I could do to save my life was obey orders and wait for the proper time

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL BERRY

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to stop the war. I never would even speak to Tojo. Then, in 1944 he resigned, and General Koiso came in as premier. I told Koiso again and again the sooner we surrendered the better.

"But I'm getting ahead of myself. In 1941, when Marquis Koichi Kido told me the plan was indeed to make war on the U.S., I said:

" 'I do not like that. I know those American people. They are slow and sleepy and careless, but they are very tough. They will roll over and wake up, and they will come over here and beat the tar out of Japan. This is not good for Japan, or Marquis Koichi Kido, Keeper of the Privy Seal, or Asano.'

"Kido thanked me very much. But he said, 'The Army is satisfied it will win.' I said, 'You may think so, but you will find these people are hard. I know them. I lived there a long time. I've been friends with them a long time. You are wrong.'

"Kido agreed I knew America once, but intelligence reports from the States modified my welcome advice, because he said America had gone soft for sure.

"I said to him, 'I know what I know. Those people are slow, but they will come right here and lick the hell out of us.' "

Asano paused. Then he pointed a finger at the one functioning blue eye of the American general (the light in his other blue eye had been turned off by a grenade in New Guinea) and the Japanese said:

"Look, Mac. All the time I was talking to Kido and those princes, *you* were the one I meant! *I knew damn' well YOU would be here!*" THE END

How the Republicans Can Win in '52

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

an "all-star" Presidential primary. This was organized by a committee of which I was chairman, and promoted by the Lincoln Journal, of which I am editor. The plan sought to re-establish as a democratic instrument the long-neglected Presidential primary, and to use it to test popular sentiment in a typical Midwest state. Also we wanted to introduce the several candidates to Nebraskans, have each present the issues as he saw them, thus giving our people a chance to reach an intelligent advisory verdict; and to raise a louder than usual voice in the final party decision.

All on the Primary Ballot

The leading candidates were not asked whether they wished to run in this primary. We did not give them a chance to play the game expediently for their own purposes. We put them all in—Governor Dewey, General MacArthur, Harold Stassen, Senator Taft, Senator Vandenberg, Governor Warren and Speaker Joseph Martin. There was some squirming, but we pinned each man down to this test by circulating the required petition in his behalf and getting the signatures needed to place his name on the preferential ballot. A primary that may be entered or not, according to a candidate's judgment, is not a true test, and is very little better than no primary at all.

Nebraska had adopted a Presidential primary law in Wilson's time, when that notable Democrat was plumping hard for his New Freedom and new democracy. In a message to the first regular session of the Congress in 1913 he urged legislation "for primary elections throughout the country at which the voters of the several parties may choose the nominees for the Presidency without the intervention of nominating conventions."

Many other famous public men have proposed effective Presidential primaries, among them William Jennings Bryan, General Leonard Wood, Senator Hiram Johnson, the elder Senator La Follette and Vice-President John Nance Garner. Nine or more members of the present Congress have proposed legislation on the subject. At one time 24 states had Presidential preference primary laws, but the number with mandatory primaries is now down to 14. In several additional states, primaries are optional with the parties.

The primaries have expressed, on paper, the yearning of common people for a voice in uncommon events. But in practice they have been a flop. They failed for the reason any democratic institution—including a party—fails. Belonging to the many, for the many's use, they were taken over by the few, for private ends. The people never succeeded in using them to choose their own leaders, for whom they could have natural, not merely pumped-up enthusiasm.

Their failure lay mainly in the tendency of Presidential aspirants to use them to suit their own purposes. Candidates let their names be entered where they thought they could win—as in their home states. They kept out where they feared defeat.

A candidate strong in the party's inner circles had little to gain and much to risk by seeking approval of the party's outer circles. In 1944, only Stassen and Wendell Willkie contended in Nebraska. Dewey, with the inside track, stayed out. In 1948, the important state of Illinois had no contenders at all.

The primaries didn't work because the politicians came to treat them as their own property, and the people let them get away with it. Scanning our Nebraska law, I found no reason why this should happen. It provided for entry of names by petitions, and there seemed to be no way by which, once entered, candidates might withdraw. It had been assumed they could.

I organized a state-wide committee. It circulated the petitions to put all seriously mentioned Presidential possibilities on the ballot, and promoted the idea with the public, thus making it inexpedient for politicians whose plans were thwarted by our having forced a popular test to throw any monkey wrenches. No doubt the idea was abhorrent to some of them, but a politician simply cannot come out in the open and oppose a plan to let the people make decisions they have a right to make.

Mr. Taft Changes His Mind

We planned to start early before any candidates showed their hands, so none might think we aimed to help or hurt any individual. By coincidence, on the day we announced our plan, Senator Taft said he would be a candidate only in his home state, Ohio. We put him on our ballot anyway. Reluctantly or otherwise, he and the other major contenders came to Nebraska to campaign.

Thus the Journal sought to inform Nebraska voters, and for this won a Pulitzer prize for public service.

For ignoring the lesson of our primary, the Republicans lost the November election. The lesson was that people will most trust the leadership that most trusts the people.

While throngs were welcoming the opportunity to see and hear all the major candidates and then decide for themselves, Taft pooh-poohed the idea that

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they would. Even while beating the Nebraska bushes for votes, he said it was silly. Nebraska voters pooh-poohed Taft. He came in third. Dewey neither pooh-poohed the idea nor entered into its spirit wholeheartedly. His Nebraska campaign was a slick, arm's-length affair. He ran second.

Stassen pitched in with enthusiasm, submitted himself with candor to grilling at every crossroads and campus, and amassed a vote almost equal to Dewey's and Taft's combined. Martin ran a quiet last. No prairie fires were lighted for Vandenberg, and the MacArthur balloon, riddled in Wisconsin shortly before, fell limp. The vote totals: Stassen 80,979, Dewey 64,242, Taft 21,608, Vandenberg 9,590, MacArthur 6,893, Warren 1,761, Martin 910.

The Common Touch Pays Off

Dewey read the obvious in the Nebraska returns. He saw that in this country people like to be taken into the confidence of their would-be leaders. He applied this lesson to the Oregon primary that followed—last of the several state gantlets before the Philadelphia convention. Chucking previous plans and attitudes he dashed to Oregon, extended his schedule, took off his gloves, out-Stassened Stassen with a newly acquired common touch, and won.

(His Oregon campaign, and Stassen's in Nebraska, were previews in miniature of Truman's successful "whistle stop" campaign.)

Dewey went on to win the nomination, to climb on a pedestal, and to forget there had been such a place as Nebraska whose Republican rank and file, preferring Stassen, had shown anyone how to win elections.

But there is time to apply the lesson for 1952, and for the rank and file to demand its application. The people themselves could pick a Republican nominee who best suits the most of them, either through a national nominating primary or through something better than sham primaries in a representative number of states.

In this way the Republican party can offer the people more than a platform. It can offer them itself.

In 1952, the Republican party might hold a preliminary convention in January or February. The purpose of this gathering would resemble the function of our Nebraska committee—it would make up the list of candidates for President and Vice-President—for President, Taft, Dewey, Stassen, Governor Warren, General Eisenhower and all others who now have or who develop substantial popular followings. The screening could be done by taking convention votes, and every one who polled more than a certain minimum percentage of votes would be considered a candidate. That percentage might be 25, or it might be less. The details will have to be worked out. All I am trying to do now is plant the main idea for popular nominations, as distinguished from convention nominations.

"It is a strange thing," wrote Senator Margaret Smith of Maine in her newspaper column, "that in our American democracy, where the will of the people is supposed to prevail, our Presidents are chosen by political bosses rather than by the people. . . . The Republican party could come back from defeat in November, 1952, if it would take every step that it could to nominate its candidate for President by direct primary. . . ."

This preliminary convention would adjourn after making up the "all-star" list. It would not try to determine party policies. This true republicanism I am talking about would not allow a few delegates to tell the people what to do. It would not give them a watered-down compromise platform that means nothing; or a statement of principles so general that nobody gets excited about it. It is not the business of nine or 900 or 9,000 officials to tell the rest of us Republicans what to think. It is their business to find out what we think.

Following this preliminary convention, the "all-star" field would fight for the favor of the rank and file in the state primaries which ideally should be held all on the same date. The regular convention would meet in June or July, as usual, and proceed with the nominating in the light of the primary votes.

COLLIER'S "I don't remember the name, but it comes in a bottle that makes a beautiful lamp" CHON DAY

This convention need not be rigidly bound by the primary results. It might have to decide between two candidates who are practically even in popular support. Some huge event may have taken place after the primaries—but this is unlikely—that would justify departure from the advisory voting by the people. But generally, the nominating convention would have before it a candidate for the Presidency and one for the Vice-Presidency who stand out above the others in popular favor, and failure to nominate the leaders would mean party strife and disunion, and what politicians fear most of all—defeat. The Presidential candidate would dominate the writing of a platform which presumably would follow the lines of his successful primary campaign.

Someone objects that the primary winner would not be a majority choice if he had won from a field of three or more. Then let the model be a new Nebraska statute, under which voters may register their first and second Presidential choices, both of which will be counted in deciding the winner. We adopted this when we saw that our test would have been fairer if it had shown whether the Taft voters, for instance, would have preferred Dewey or Stassen, after Taft.

Someone else protests that a national primary would allow non-Republicans to participate in a Republican decision, in the thousands of towns and vast rural areas where party registration is not required. All right. These are the very votes the Republicans must win.

Would this overburden the candidates? A party dedicated to seeking the popular choice could itself finance a presentation of the candidates. This would dramatize the party's stand for a democratic self-expression by an informed rank and file.

Radio and TV Debates Urged

Let the party itself sponsor such debates among all the stars, substituting radio and TV for the Lincoln-Douglas lyceum platform. Popular education on the issues will be matched by popular exhilaration at being in on their resolution.

A national primary might require a constitutional amendment. This could be accomplished, given favorable public opinion, though time is pressing. All recent constitutional amendments were proposed by Congress and ratified by the necessary states in about the period of time left to clear the path for a 1952 people's nomination.

The proposition is one for which it is easy to rally popular support. I know this from my Nebraska experience. I found it simple to organize a state-wide committee of a wide variety of leaders who had not been active in party affairs, on the single idea that the people generally should have a voice in a top-drawer party matter. I approached 40 men and women throughout the state—labor leaders, business and professional men, clubwomen, young veterans, country editors—most of them strangers to me and to one another. The idea was vigorously boosted by the weekly press. It was something city and country editors alike could readily explain in terms their readers understood. It was a proposition on which folks of many different political shadings could easily agree.

The supporters of MacArthur, Dewey, Taft, Stassen, Vandenberg, Warren and Martin all felt at home together plugging the idea that each should have his chance to register what weight he could. They took advantage of that chance, turning out in record numbers for political rallies, and on primary day.

At a maximum, a nation-wide effort patterned after Nebraska's could secure a constitutional amendment. But merely for the Republicans to propose such an amendment would put them on record for a more perfect democracy, one willing to trust the people. This is the unique opportunity of the party out of power. A party in power, as I said earlier, is also the party-in-the-power-of-its-leaders and, generally speaking, beyond the power of the rank and file to recapture.

To propose such an amendment would serve at a minimum to keep the idea before the nation, while effective state Presidential primary laws were sought in as many states as possible.

A Test That Can't Be Ignored

Any representative group of states with effective primaries can offer a popular test that the convention will not dare ignore. The problem here is to perfect ineffective existing laws and to seek as many new primary laws as possible, striving to follow a uniform pattern.

This requires no superhuman effort. As a consequence of Nebraska's experiment, Nebraska adopted a still better primary law, Minnesota joined the ranks of Presidential primary states. An Iowa legislative committee was assigned the subject. Demands for reform were voiced in Massachusetts, Oregon and Colorado, and discussions started in many states. This was despite the fact there was no co-ordinated backing for the idea, no channel for the distribution of information and, in fact, no more information on what Nebraska had done than piecemeal reports and such reprints as my own office could mail on request.

With organized effort, concentrated in the states where there are the fewest obstacles and correlated on the national level, wonders might be accomplished in extending a reasonably uniform and workable Presidential primary statute through the states.

Working both nationally and in the states, a Committee for a People's Republican Party can reverse the party's way of life and its fortunes, by devoting itself to the one task of opening channels through which the people themselves—which means you—can select the 1952 nominee.

In every human breast is the desire to count for something. It is a built-in urge. Let the Republican party offer people this chance to count and let it deliver on the offer in advance of election, and it can worry less about the promises of the "welfare state." Let it dedicate itself, starting with itself, to extending the practice of democracy, and it will have made the task of defending democracy easier.

Democracy has set the world on fire before with freedom's holy light. It can do it again. The Republican party can rekindle this flame. You can scratch your match. THE END

Next Week

WHEN YOU'RE OLD—WHAT THEN?

A Hopeful Report on Everybody's Problem

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Winged Work Horse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

other allies, the plane was commended by no less an authority than General Eisenhower as one of the four most valuable weapons of the war.

As a freight plane for the armed services, it ferried supplies to the various fronts, hauled gliders and paratroopers in over every major beachhead, carried mail and USO entertainers, and dropped food and ammunition to isolated troops. At least once it masqueraded as a bomber. In India one night a bunch of transport jockeys were whooping it up in a hut. For months they'd been flying their unarmed planes over the Hump, and, in the process, ducking hot metal thrown up by the Japs. This night, fortified by a few noggins of jungle juice, they decided to retaliate.

Taking a few old carbide and gasoline drums, the boys fashioned several homemade blockbusters, loaded them into the cabin of a mountain-weary C-47, and took off. A couple of hours later they swooped low over a surprised Jap airfield in Burma. While a few shoved the bombs out the cabin door, the others shot up the field with tommy guns, carbines and hand grenades tossed from the cockpit windows. "Never had so much fun in my life," one pilot later mused in the confinement of his quarters, where he was awaiting court-martial for unauthorized use of government equipment.

Just as it bought us valuable time in Korea, the DC-3 probably saved us from invasion by the Japanese. In 1942, when we were talking big with a little stick, a Nip assault on Alaska through the Aleutians seemed sure. Our defenses there were nil. A fleet of DC-3s, with civilian crews hastily recruited from the air lines, hauled troops, guns and ammuntion to Alaska on a round-the-clock basis in one of the war's top-secret military movements.

More recently, it was a C-47 that saved the red face of the Air Force high command shortly before Christmas, 1948, when an Air Force transport was forced down on the Greenland icecap.

In the ensuing two weeks, air efforts at rescue resulted only in the wreck of another plane and a glider.

The Navy, always glad of a chance to embarrass its archrival, gleefully loaded a carrier in Norfolk with helicopters and a full complement of reporters and photographers, and headed for Greenland. "If the Navy had made that rescue," one observer has said, "there would have been more Air Force generals jumping out of the Pentagon than there were speculators hitting the pavements in 1929."

But like a Frank Merriwell hero, Old Faithful came through. With Lieutenant Colonel Emil Beaudry at the controls, a ski-equipped C-47 got the men off the icecap with the Navy still 1,000 miles away.

Making the Air Lines Solvent

The affection of the nation's air lines for the DC-3 is akin to the distressed heroine's love for the guy who paid off the mortgage on the old homestead. Just as the Model T brought fame and fortune to Henry Ford, so the DC-3 brought prosperity and honor to the air lines.

The sheriff was at the air lines' doors when the first DC-3 went into service between Chicago and New York City in July, 1936. Air-line auditors were drowning in a sea of red ink, a condition chiefly brought about by the bewildering assortment of airplanes then in use. They had from one to three engines, from three to 14 seats, and their speeds varied all the way from 90 to 155 miles per hour. Timetables were largely myths.

More often than not the air lines flew several types over the same route, and the resultant confusion made maintenance costly and unreliable. A series of air disasters—including the one which killed Notre Dame football coach Knute Rockne in a Kansas wheat field—had whittled public confidence in air travel.

Things were so bad that one air line made its office help take two round trips a week as "shills," just to show airport sight-seers that some people really did fly.

Within a year and a half after the first DC-3 was flown, all other types of plane had virtually disappeared from the skies, so far as the air lines were concerned. From 1937 to 1945 (the year when four-engined equipment made its debut in quantity) the DC-3 enjoyed a virtual monopoly as a commercial plane all over the world. By 1939, 90 per cent of the world's air-line business was being hauled in DC-3s.

Efficiency Brings Progress

And with industry-wide adoption came cheaper and more efficient maintenance, efficient timetable operation and increasing public confidence. It is no coincidence that the history of the DC-3 spans the important growing period of air transportation, for this airplane itself brought the standardization which accounted for much of the growth.

In 1937, domestic air lines, flying a hodgepodge of aircraft, flew 1,130,338 passengers 66,791,079 revenue miles. In 1944, with fewer airplanes than they'd had seven years before (the Army had taken about half their fleets), these same lines flew 4,761,313 passengers 138,732,219 revenue miles. There was a correspondingly louder clink in the air lines' cash registers. In 1938, the first year the industry's earning figures were compiled by the Civil Aeronautics Board, the 20 domestic air lines took in $42,920,683. Six years later, in 1944, there were only 18 domestic carriers, and their earnings reached $160,928,192.

Of course, the transportation boom created by the war helped change the picture. But among the industry's executives the DC-3 gets major credit. C. R. Smith, American Airlines' president says:

"The DC-3 freed the air lines from complete dependency on government mail pay. It was the first airplane that could make money just by hauling passengers. With the previous planes, if you multiplied the number of seats by the fares being charged you couldn't break even, not even with a 100 per cent load. Economically, the DC-3 let us expand and develop new routes where there was no mail pay."

As its tag implies, the DC-3 was the third commercial model developed by the Douglas Aircraft Company. A couple of years earlier, Douglas, then a comparatively small manufacturer specializing in military planes, had bid successfully on a new-type passenger plane ordered by Transcontinental & Western Airlines. Known as the DC-1 in the earliest model and as the DC-2 after it went into production, this first Douglas entry into the transport field revolutionized the industry.

The DC-2 was a 14-passenger, all-metal plane, powered by two nine-cylinder engines —one of which alone could carry a full pay load from Winslow, Arizona, to Albuquerque, New Mexico. It cruised at around 155 mph. There were reclining seats, a galley for serving hot meals, soundproofing on the walls, and a lavatory and coatroom in the back. Besides its two pilots, it carried a pretty stewardess to comfort nervous first-riders.

From an economy standpoint, the brightest aspect of the DC-2 was its maintenance. Its all-metal construction (except for canvas-covered control surfaces) was easy to keep clean and in good repair. There were no cloth-and-plywood wings to whip apart in a high breeze. Three mechanics were able to change an engine in two hours, thanks to an entirely new engine mount in which the gasoline and electrical connections were plugged into permanent fittings, like an electrical plug into a wall socket. (Engine changes on earlier planes took three men eight hours.)

Douglas lost money in selling 25 of the DC-2s to TWA for $65,000 each, but the free advertising made up for it. Air-line men all over the world were amazed at the new transport. The Dutch KLM lines bought and entered a DC-2 in the London-to-Melbourne air races against a field of specially built racers. At the time this was cause for considerable mirth, since the thrifty Hollanders planned not only to make every scheduled stop on their line, but to carry a full pay load of freight and passengers as well. An English racing plane won the race, but the DC-2 stole the show by finishing a close second. The Douglas factory began working overtime to keep up with the orders.

One U.S. line which showed interest in the new plane was American Airlines, a loosely knit amalgamation of half a dozen regional carriers. From the date of its incorporation on May 13, 1934, to the end of that year, the company had lost $1,371,391.91, flying 14-passenger Condors, 12-passenger Fokkers and a variety of smaller planes—most of them empty—over their 4,000-odd miles of route.

But as good as the DC-2 was, American decided it wanted something better. One summer afternoon in 1935, President Smith picked up a phone in Chicago and called Donald Douglas in California. What American wanted, specifically, was a larger, more comfortable plane which would lure the luxury trade.

Douglas, with more orders for the DC-2 than he could handle, was reluctant to take on any new headaches. Nevertheless, after the telephone bill had mounted to three figures, he was persuaded to try a bigger plane. American agreed to buy 20 of them, with an option for 20 more, at $110,000 each. (In those days the aviation business was so run that this $2,000,000-plus contract was accepted over the phone by Douglas, with nothing on paper until months after the first planes had been delivered.)

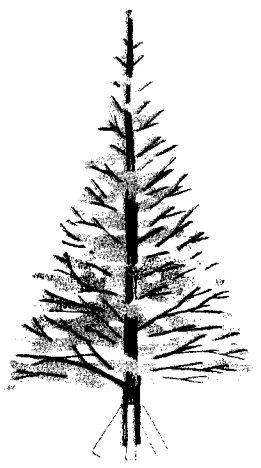
Original Features Retained

With Fred Stineman of Douglas as project chief, engineers from the air line and the manufacturer worked together on the designs for the new plane. They followed the general pattern of the DC-2, but enlarged it in all departments, lengthening the wings and fuselage, boosting the horsepower of the engines, and making room for 21 seats, or 14 berths. The plane was 64½ feet long, with a wing span of 95 feet. It was powered by two 900-horsepower Wright Cyclone engines and it could carry a useful pay load of 9,000 pounds and a gross weight of 24,400 pounds.

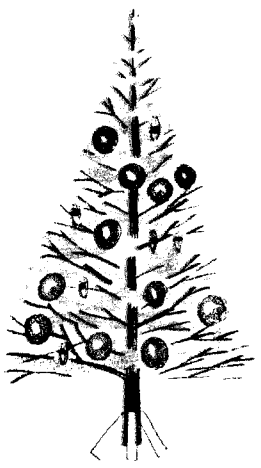
The DC-3 was not only bigger than the DC-2 but also much easier and safer to fly. Pilots had complained that the controls of the DC-2 were stiff and hard to handle. In the DC-3 these kinks were ironed out. The automatic pilot, then only recently developed by the Sperry Gyroscope Company, was placed aboard as standard equipment. Two sets of instruments were installed in the cockpit, each independent of the other; if one set went out of order, the other was there for any emergency. Because the air lines were beginning to go in for night flights, special lights to illuminate the panel instruments had to be designed.

This overgrown younger brother of the DC-2 was test-flown just a few months after Smith had placed his order. So excellent was the design that the basic specifications for the ship were never changed—a rare thing in aviation—although 10,691 commercial and military models were built before the last one rolled off the assembly line at Oklahoma City on May 6, 1946, earmarked for a Brazilian air line.

The DC-3's pay load was one third larger than that of any previous plane, its pas-

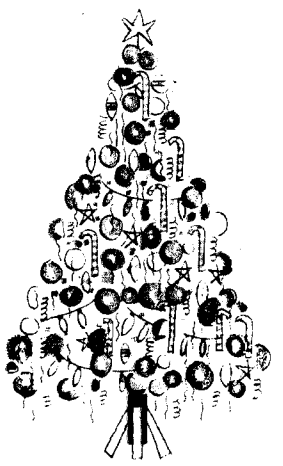


"I read in a magazine that it isn't how *much* stuff you put on a tree that counts, but how tastefully it is arranged"



"No, dear, that's not it. Try another red ball up there to your right"

"It still looks a little empty up top"



"Throw on that box of tinsel and let's hit the hay"

COLLIER'S THE BERENSTAINS

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senger capacity larger by one half. It cruised at 185 miles per hour, with a top speed of 210. It would climb up to 20,000 feet, although it operated best at levels between 10,000 and 14,000 feet.

This ability to climb above 10,000 feet was one of the plane's biggest assets. Most planes previously in use had trouble getting above 5,000. As a result they had to fly straight on through any bad weather encountered in flight. The DC-3 was able to climb above such storms, thus giving the cash customers a smoother, safer ride.

It once made a nonstop special-delivery flight from Los Angeles to Chicago, with enough gas left over to go on to Buffalo. Previous passenger planes had had trouble flying from New York to Pittsburgh without coming down to refuel.

American was first to buy the plane, but others quickly followed. Of all the models built, 448 were sold to the air lines of 28 different nations, including Germany, Russia and Japan, besides this country; 10 went to private buyers, mostly big oil companies; 23 were sold to the Defense Supplies Corporation; one to the Civil Aeronautics Administration, and the remainder, a bulky 10,209, to the military services of the United States and its allies.

The public got its first official glimpse of the DC-3 in May, 1936, when the wings were taken off and it was wheeled through the streets of Los Angeles to the Pan-Pacific Auditorium, to be placed on exhibit at an air show. (This preview was somewhat marred by a sign painter who could not spell. When the show opened, crowds gathered to puzzle over an explanatory sign which read: 14 BIRTHS 21 SEATS.)

"As woman to woman, where is the secret compartment?"

COLLIER'S — MEL LAZARUS

Not So Big by Comparison

In terms of today's airplanes—DC-6s, Stratocruisers, Convairs and Constellations—the DC-3 was a pygmy. But back in 1936 it was a big flying machine, and pilots, a notably conservative breed, were somewhat skeptical of it. Their chief complaint was that the slim, tapered wing was too small to support the weight of the plane. What's more, the wing tips exhibited a slight tendency to flap in flight—a tendency built in by the engineers to relieve structural tension. Unappeased by the arguments of the experts, the fliers nicknamed the plane, "The Flying Vagrant—no visible means of support."

But all doubt about the ability of the wing to support the plane was dispelled a few weeks later when Joe Hammer, an old-timer on the airways, was flying his DC-3, with a full load of passengers, from Chicago to Detroit. Just beyond South Bend he ran head on into what looked like an innocent row of clouds, and in the middle of them he struck a downdraft so severe that passenger seats were ripped out of the floor, and safety belts snapped like paper bands.

Yet the plane kept flying. When it landed at Detroit, inspectors swarmed over the DC-3, looking for structural defects. They couldn't even find a loosened rivet. After that, no pilot was ever heard to complain about the flapping tendency of the DC-3 wing. They accepted it without question as the eccentric trait of a loved one.

Another thing that endeared the plane to pilots and passengers alike was its excellent safety record. Prior to the use of the DC-3, few insurance companies would insure an air line pilot at rates he could afford to pay. After a couple of years the insurance companies offered pilots the same protection as the ordinary citizen. The reason: From 1938 to 1942, when the air lines were going through the greatest expansion in their history, not one fatal crash occurred which government investigators attributed to a structural failure in the DC-3.

A good example of the plane's indestructibility is the flagship Newark, which was decommissioned by American Airlines only last year after 13 years of service. The seventh DC-3 to be built, it first was a de luxe sleeper plane, hauling glamorous movie queens between Hollywood and Broadway; later it became a stripped-down cargo carrier for the Army Air Force, flying unglamorous but vital freight between the U.S. and such outposts as Alaska, Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland and Iceland.

For its last five years it served as a 21-passenger day plane, carrying businessmen from one aerial whistle stop to another. In its long history of 34,000 flying hours, the plane had seven complete overhauls and two conversions. Its right wing was damaged once in a collision with another plane on the ground—its only accident. Having been retired from the air lines with the equivalent of an honorable discharge, it went to Tulsa, Oklahoma, to await a prospective buyer, and it was very soon snapped up.

Not that the DC-3s were perfect. One thing the pilots never could get fixed, though, was the DC-3 windshield. It was a leaker from the first model to the last. Whenever it rained, the cockpit was flooded. Pilots had to carry raincoats all the time. One of them once reported over his radio: "Light rain outside. Heavy rain inside."

It wasn't long after the first DC-3s began to wing their way around the world that the first Bunyanesque tales about their exploits began to take shape. Having no basis on which to judge the yarns that filtered back to the factory in California, more often than not Douglas engineers just shrugged them off.

"No airplane on earth could do that. Not even ours," they said.

But as the fantastic yarns kept coming in, Douglas investigators went out to check. What they learned amazed even the men who had built the plane. They just wouldn't believe that their baby had grown into a giant capable of such impossible feats. But the stories were authenticated and the Douglas files are full of them.

Take the tale of the DC-2½—by now a classic aviation legend. On a flight between Hong Kong and Chungking, in 1941, a DC-3 of the China National Aviation Corporation made a forced landing at Kiuchuan. Five Jap bombers spotted it and gave it the works. When the smoke had cleared away, the plane was a wreck. One wing was blasted off and there were more than 50 holes in the fuselage. Captain H. L. Woods, the pilot, got on the ship's radio and called Hong Kong, asking that a new wing be flown up pronto. The people at Hong Kong told him they didn't have a DC-3 wing and didn't know where to get one. However, they did have a DC-2 wing. It was 10 feet shorter and designed to carry several thousand pounds less weight than a DC-3 wing, but that didn't deter Captain Woods. "Okay," he said. "Send it along."

Lopsided—But It Could Fly

In Hong Kong, CNAC maintenance men bolted the wing under the belly of another plane and flew it 900 miles to Kiuchuan, where they attached it to Wood's DC-3. The plane looked a little lopsided, but it took off and flew like a dream.

Douglas statisticians hesitate to estimate the exact number of DC-3s still aloft. At the end of the war, thousands of hardy veterans of campaigns from New Guinea to Holland were put on the block as war surplus. With price tags as low as $8,000, buyers flocked from all over the world. The only time Douglas hears about these planes is via an occasional urgent cable from such spots as Kuwait, Bhutan or Mozambique for a rush order of spare parts. Unofficially, Douglas experts figure about 6,000 of the planes must still be flying, divided equally between commercial and military service.

Certainly many of these planes will be turned back for modernization, which—besides giving them a brand-new life—increases their speed by 50 miles an hour, doubles their range, and substantially boosts their pay load.

In the light of this, no one will venture to guess how long it will take the DC-3 to fade completely from the aviation picture. But one thing is sure: As long as flying men gather, they'll speak of the plane with fondness and respect. One hardened throttle bender eloquently summed up the case for the plane this way: "When I die and go to heaven, I fully expect to find an air line operating between there and hell. The pilots will all be saints. The copilots will all be devils, and the stewardesses, bless them, will all be sweet-faced angels.

"And the planes? Why, DC-3s, of course. What else?" THE END

Mrs. Tilly's Crusade

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

his wife as she was gasping, "Who? Me?" into the telephone, urging her, "Say yes! You can do it!" They have one son and a nineteen-year-old grandson, also her stanch supporters. A devoted sister, who is a librarian for the blind, lives with them and takes over the house when Mrs. Tilly is on her frequent travels; she spoke in 30 of the 48 states last year.

Her father was a Methodist minister. "Throughout my youth," she recalls, "I saw and heard the troubles of the community, both Negro and white, pour over the doorstep of the parsonage." She learned there that, regardless of color, people were people first. Her mother and grandmother, women of independent mind, helped with the lesson.

After Dorothy graduated from Wesleyan College for Women, in Macon, her first work was among white children, under the sponsorship of the Methodist church. It was Mr. Tilly who set her on her present path.

"During the depression," she says, "he would drive me around Atlanta and show me things I couldn't bear to look at, like little Negro children eating out of garbage cans behind a downtown hotel. I said, 'I don't want to see it because it hurts me and I can't do anything about it.' He said, 'If it hurts you enough you will tell other people and they will do something.'"

She did and they are. But it took a long time.

For 20 years and more she has been traveling over the South as investigator for her various organizations, on the track of horror and injustice.

She was on the scene the second day after the quadruple lynching in Monroe, Georgia, in 1946. Driving from gas station to gas station and buying a gallon at a time, stopping for a soda here and a Coke there, she got the full story from stunned, horrified people—who a few days later had clammed up and would talk to nobody. A local woman told her how she had been on her way home from a church meeting a few nights before the thing happened, how she had passed some cars gathered on a lonely road, and how her heart had frozen, because she had heard rumors, and she felt that she was seeing a rehearsal of a lynching.

"What did you do?" Mrs. Tilly asked.

"Nothing," she replied. *"I didn't know what to do."*

Soon afterward Mrs. Tilly was in Columbia, Tennessee, in the wake of the race riot which wrecked the Negro community and cost the lives of two men killed in jail. A white minister told her sadly: "Our Negro maid called me that night and asked me to do something to stop the madness of the mob. *But I didn't know what to do.* So I went to bed."

With those words echoing in her ears, Dorothy Tilly prepared a leaflet which has since gone out through the Southern Regional Council, forearming members with a few simple rules in the event of a calamity: Call the sheriff and tell him you expect him to do his duty. Call and tell the state patrol the same. Call the local editor, the state-wide papers, the ministers, the civic leaders and the headquarters of the network—the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta.

The major part of her interracial work today is done as field representative of that organization. Beyond that, it is almost impossible to keep track of her connections. A colleague explains: "Mrs. Tilly goes and does what has to be done, and finds out later whom she did it for." She herself has a feminine vagueness about the jawbreaking names of the countless boards, committees, councils, conferences and associations to which she belongs.

But she has functioned, in a policy-making capacity, on the Georgia Interracial Committee, the Urban League of Atlanta, the Georgia Council of Church Women, the Georgia Conference of Social Work and a few dozen other organizations, and above all as a Methodist woman. From 1940 to 1948 she was secretary of Christian Social Relations of the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist Church, southeastern jurisdiction. They paid her travel expenses, but no salary. She has been some kind of officer of a Methodist organization ever since she became president of a juvenile missionary society at the age of twelve.

She is a national figure in all kinds of labor, social welfare, child welfare and rural welfare circles. In 1944 she went to Washington as a lobbyist to save the Farm Security Administration. Congress was going to let FSA die for lack of appropriations, so the Farmers Union, Catholic Rural Life Conference, Federal Council of Churches, AFL and CIO sent her off to the national capital to plead for its continuance. An ardent dry, Mrs. Tilly is probably the only successful lobbyist in recent history to entertain congressmen without a drop of liquor.

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And then there was the affair of the 28,000 names. Georgia never had a training school for delinquent Negro girls until the middle thirties, when the Negro women themselves, through their state-wide Women's Club organization, raised the money for one. That is, they bought a plot of land, and with WPA help built a building on it. Then they presented it to the state. But the legislature failed to pass an appropriation to open it.

"We were angry," Mrs. Tilly says quietly. "Next year we got the appropriation through and Eugene Talmadge vetoed the bill. Then we were angry sure enough."

She appealed to her old allies, the women's church organizations, and they came through. The signatures of twenty-eight thousand Georgia women, pleading for the Negro training school, were rounded up in time for the next opening of the legislature. The lawmakers fell over each other climbing on the band wagon.

"You should have seen the opening of that school," Mrs. Tilly smiles. "On the platform were Negro and white sponsors and speakers—no thought of segregation—and the pastor said: 'I dedicate that which has already been consecrated by the tears of the women of both races in Georgia.' "

Behind all this lies a historical fact: that the conscience of the South is its women. In church or out of it, as many a preacher will tell you, when it comes to courage to do the right thing, the women are far ahead of the men.

One of the first big steps toward interracial decency in the South was the formation, two decades ago, of the Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching.

Today—whether it is because men are made timid by their business and political connections—observers agree that in every county and little town, a handful of women and a preacher or two are first to point out right and wrong, boldly.

Courtroom Scene Shocked Her

In 1947, Mrs. Tilly sat in the courtroom in Greenville, South Carolina, during the trial of 31 taxi drivers for the lynch murder of a Negro named Willie Earle. It left a special kind of mark upon her to see the defendants and the jury making a brazen mockery of the trial, openly talking and cracking jokes back and forth. She thought: People don't know about this. If they did they would stop it. *If the good people were here, just their presence would stop it.*

So last year she and several other women launched an organization which they call the Fellowship of the Concerned, "because it was built on our concern over what had happened in Greenville and several places in Georgia." The idea was so simple it was genius—that if the good people would merely sit as observers in their courts, much evil would be avoided. This remarkable organization has no officers, no constitution and no dues, only a pledge which those "concerned" sign and send in to the Southern Regional Council: "I will sit in the courts, and I will . . . learn how justice operates in my community. I will work with others in times of tension to see that the rights of all are protected."

Mrs. Tilly's aim is to recruit a membership covering every county seat in the South. "There's so much goodness everywhere," she says, "there's not a spot we can't reach."

The strange part of it is that she may be right. Within the first few months after the launching of the fellowship, women were signing up in all 12 Southern states. By now the whole northern half of Georgia is covered and most of the southern half. Twenty-five names came in from one cross-roads village of 500 during the first rush.

"We expect that in three years we can change the pattern of justice in the South," Mrs. Tilly serenely predicts.

Besides sitting in the courts, these women watch the polls to see that Negroes are allowed to vote; they work for a fair break for Negroes in housing and education. In Louisville a number of them got the idea of taking turns watching at the city hospital on Saturday nights—always a hot time, what with brawls and arrests for drunkenness—to gain an insight into community problems. The first problem they noticed was that no Negro doctor was admitted to practice at the hospital. The hospital board will have an uncomfortable time until this is remedied.

Enrolling the "Concerned"

Half of the counties in Kentucky are now organized into the unique network of the "concerned," 14 counties in South Carolina, seven in Tennessee, eight in North Carolina. Some time ago the enrollment passed the 3,000 mark, but when I asked Mrs. Tilly for the current membership she allowed she didn't know—she hadn't had time to count them lately!

Preposterous as it sounds, this all-woman network, a part of the Southern Regional Council program, is carried on singlehanded by Mrs. Tilly. The council, itself as poor as a church mouse, can pay little more than the cost of mimeographing and postage. What may be the most important single effort now being carried on in the field of race relations rests on one small, expendable woman who hasn't even a secretary.

She has had some rough experiences in the course of her work, "though I have never," she insists, "been in any real danger." While Congress was discussing the FEPC a year or two ago, Atlanta papers carried an interview giving her views. "That night the phone never stopped ringing till we took the receiver off the hook. There were threats and snarls."

A bombing threat by the Klan came soon after publication of the report of the President's civil rights commission, which she signed. Mrs. Tilly was in Washington when Mr. Tilly received a phone call from a strange woman who was obviously in tears. "I want to warn Mrs. Tilly that the Klan is going to blow up her home," she quavered.

Meanwhile news of the threat had reached the mayor, who called up to offer police protection, and the Department of Justice, which posted FBI men around the place. Nothing came of it except a lost night's sleep for Mr. Tilly. "He didn't know whether the cars cruising the alley all night in back of our house were the police protecting us or the Klan coming to get us," his wife recalls.

JACK DONOVAN

Preferred Stock

An empty dress in a swanky store
Is ohed and ahed and eyed
By gals galore, but what I go for
Is a dress that's occupied.

—STEPHEN SCHLITZER

She had another run-in with the Klan during Georgia's legislative hearings on a state-wide anti-mask bill, winter before last. The galleries were packed with Klan supporters, "rather pitiful-looking people," Mrs. Tilly describes them. Caught in the throng as they were leaving, she had heels ground into her instep, then was tripped up and thrown. She still has a lump on her wrist where it was stepped on.

Despite all evidence to the contrary, she holds fast to her Christian belief in the ultimate goodness of man—even the Klansman. Pitying the attacker along with the victim, she is convinced that the roots of hate lie in ignorance and poverty.

There are silent members of her network—people whose value to the movement lies in their keeping their eyes and ears open and their mouths shut. And Mrs. Tilly has had some curious experiences with the conscience-tortured wives of Klansmen. But of this she will say very little.

Behind the movement captained by Mrs. Tilly there stands a powerful element—the churches. And behind the churches is a ground swell—a stirring in the minds of the people.

In hundreds of big and little communities all over the South, Negro ministers are being invited to share white pulpits on "Brotherhood Sunday." Bible classes are worriedly discussing the pros and cons of segregation in the light of Christian teaching. When Dr. Ralph Bunche spoke in Atlanta last spring, Atlantans flocked to hear him, and there was a great deal of soul searching afterward. As one woman leader said, "They've come a long way."

A Challenge to Race Hatred

At the meeting of the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Woman's Society last spring, the keynote address was made by one of Mrs. Tilly's ablest coworkers, Mrs. A. A. Hardy, of Thomaston. Her theme was: "Can the kingdom of God come in Georgia—when we have intimidation at the polls and a political campaign based on race hate?"

And speaking of waves of the future, an inconspicuous notice of a few lines appeared a short time ago in a Southern Baptist weekly, saying simply: If you want to know how to fight intolerance in your community, write for a booklet issued by the Anti-Defamation League." (The league is Jewish.) Five thousand post-card replies were received from hamlets and crossroads all over the South.

Gradually it is becoming fashionable to "do the right thing." More Southern communities are building good schools for Negroes and raising teachers' pay. After the Negro school burned down at Conyers, Georgia, this town of 2,300 floated a $50,000 bond issue for a modern consolidated school, and the vote was reported as "almost unanimous."

"You never saw such enthusiasm," said the woman who had led the drive. "They established a playground, too, and named it the Good Will Playground. They seemed to see that it was the only thing to do."

Later I had a talk with another woman member of Mrs. Tilly's astonishing network. She too came from a small town, one of those which are starting to "do the right thing," although it had had its incidents in the past—its floggings and cross-burnings.

After telling me enthusiastically about the various steps her fellow townsmen had taken to improve race relations, this woman said something that seemed to surprise her almost as much as it did me. She looked almost scared, as though she could not control or believe the words she heard issuing from her own lips.

"I tell you, change is coming in Georgia," she declared confidently. "Civil rights are coming. *And you can't stop it!*" THE END

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"He Likes Contests Because . . ."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Golden Fleece, at $6 a year; this carefully analyzes the forthcoming contests and the known idiosyncrasies of their judges. "Judge Lloyd D. Herrold likes a blend of the pictorial with the practical with a dash of the personal," Shepherd may advise. "Does not favor statements in rhyme."

Seated before his glass-topped mahogany desk, Shepherd flashes a discerning eye over his mail. He receives about 500 letters weekly from students, and sends out 10 mailbags at a crack bulging with correspondence and literature. Though he does not, of course, supply winning entries, Shepherd does criticize samples which his disciples mail him or bring to the office personally. He rates slogans according to "aptness, winning slant, clearness, catchiness, rememberability, wide appeal, brevity, nice balance, alliteration and selling punch."

Student's Gag Delights Him

When a student has sent him a particularly apt entry to be criticized, Shepherd is so overjoyed that he often runs into the outer office, brandishing the letter.

"Listen to this one," he may cry to his staff. "Here's an entry for that movie mag's Frank Sinatra nickname contest. 'His Highness of Sinus.' What do you think of that?"

Some of his associates respond with a genuine peal of mirth. Others clutch at their foreheads and moan, "Oh, no!"

The advice contained in Shepherd's correspondence curriculum is fairly simple, once the student hacks his way through the lush verbiage. The first few lessons, bearing titles like Adventure Beckons and The Plot Thickens, are primarily stimulators of enthusiasm. "Go in to win, and to win, go in!" Shepherd's pep talk commands. Or, "Five entries a week add up to 250 entries a year . . . There's gold in them thar words!"

Lesson six, The Big Secret at Last, becomes more specific. "We will assume that you have stoked your mind with the facts about the product . . . its specific superiorities," it declares. "Your first step is to lay about a dozen sheets of nice white paper in front of you. Your second step is to relax. What you are about to do involves no headachy concentration. Your third step is to start putting words on paper.

"Start with the first word that pops into your mind relating to the product. This word will suggest another word. Write it down. Let yourself go! It doesn't make any difference whether your words are good or bad. Simply jot them down as they come to you—*and keep writing.*"

Lesson seven, Superspeedway to Stardom, narrows down this vast outpouring. "In jotting down words," it advises, "your first words would probably be adjectives. This is as it should be. But don't stop there. Add to your adjective list a list of picture words (what is the product like?), a list of action verbs (what does the product do?).

"When you have filled your work sheets with words, you are ready for the second stage in the INCUBATION of Winning Entries, the second act in the exciting drama of playing to win. EXPANSION must be followed by SELECTION. You must select the words that are to be spun into phrases and the phrases to be spun into entries. You must separate the gold coins from the copper coins. This, too, is STAR STUFF!"

The rest of the lessons are largely dedicated to revealing how these words are to be blended or, to use Shepherd's phrase, "minted" to produce artful contest entries.

One basic technique is the use of the "Mystic Three." This means the repetition of three phrases or adjectives. One student won a new automobile with the slogan, "I joined the March of Dimes because you can do so much, for so many, for so little." As lesson 12 gravely puts it: "Even Julius Caesar used a Mystic Three Verb cluster when he uttered his famous words: 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'"

"Fusing," which means yoking two words together, seems to have produced many prize winners. "Butter" and "fluff," Shepherd notes, fused into "Butterfluff" to create a winning name for a spongecake. "Jonquil" amalgamated with "lovely" came out "Jonquilovely"—a $1,000 winning title for a lemon pie.

Another popular technique is simplified phonetic spelling. "Pic-L-Joy" once won $1,000 first prize in a pickle-naming contest. Then there were "Dan-D.-Gro" and "Bildquick" for a chicken feed, and "Tik-L" for a soft drink.

Above all, students are asked to employ a "Visual Virtue" phrase. This means a quality or benefit of a product is made vivid by the use of a picture word. In Shepherd's words, "It transfers an idea into an 'eye-dea.'" A few selected from Shepherd's numerous examples are "garden-fresh, hospital-clean, pussy-willow-soft, jewel-bright, corn-sweet, igloo-cool and T-bone heartiness."

Shepherd's attitude toward his scholars is one of paternal benevolence. He refers to them fondly as his "Shepherdlings," and knows at least 400 of them by their first names.

For their part, Shepherd's students, a folksy group, refer to him affectionately as "Shep" or "Wilmer." Some 80 per cent of them are housewives who live in small towns—predominantly in California, Texas, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania, in that order. Shepherd feels this is all for the best, since he believes sponsors tend to favor contestants living in the hinterlands rather than big cities. His youngest disciple is Sharon Gobel, a fourteen-year-old school girl of Fairbury, Nebraska, and recent winner of a $2,500 first prize. His eldest student is Mrs. Kate R. Spain, seventy-five, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, winner of three Grand Prizes totaling $8,000.

Shepherd feels that too many novices enter contests with the intention of winning giant prizes right off the bat. "Does a neophyte architect begin with building a cathedral?" he asks. He advises amateurs to start with small, local contests and, as a model, he points to George Hill, a shipping clerk in Seattle, a student who has collected 1,332 prizes valued at more than $8,000 from local contests. Among other *objets d'art*, Hill's prizes include 13 bicycles, 15 radios, 33 watches, various lamps, $500 worth of photographic supplies, and a two-year supply of bread.

Shepherd also points out that a major hazard faced by his elite scholars is the volume of crank letters they receive after they win a bonanza. One example is Mabel D. Abramson, a survey interviewer from Minneapolis, who has won 400 prizes in her time and is considered the top money winner among Shepherd's students.

Once, after Miss Abramson won $20,000 first prize in a national puzzle-and-essay contest, she was bombarded with 600 begging letters. Among them was a letter from a Midwestern woman who demanded $500 to publish her potential best-selling book; and a lonely Minnesota farmer wrote that he was pining for a wealthy wife to look after his garden and chickens.

Wilmer Samuel Shepherd, Jr., who has tried never to let the grass grow under his feet, was first smitten by the contest mania at the age of twelve while attending Philadelphia's North East High School. One day a local ice-cream manufacturer advertised a contest for the most eloquent letter in praise of his product. The ad came to the attention of the future contest tycoon. "After that," recalls his mother, "Wilmer was never the same."

Young Shepherd's letter won. He was taken to a drugstore, where he was fed all the ice cream he could hold, and then paid $5. Soon he was entering every contest in Philadelphia, and to this day, the Shepherd touch continues to grace the trade slogans of many local establishments.

When he was eighteen, Shepherd began working as a $20-a-week clerk for a local insurance organization. When the firm offered a $50 prize for a letter extolling the deeds of William Penn, Shepherd, naturally, was the winner. But his joy was short-lived. "My employer thought I'd composed the letter on company time, so he bawled me out," Shepherd says.

Brooding over this injustice, Shepherd eventually took his talents to a firm of men's tailors at $50 a week. He was happy there, writing sales letters, until the depression year of 1930, when he lost his job.

Licking his wounds, Shepherd decided the only thing left for him to do was become a professional box-top contestant. He began entering contests. In 1931, he won $1,000 first prize in a national contest sponsored by the now defunct Bosch Radio Company. After his name was announced as winner, Shepherd was snowed under with letters. Some skeptics wanted to know whether he actually did receive the prize. Others were curious to know what his entry had been (then, as now, sponsors of most national contests refuse to reveal winning entries, for fear the losers might squawk, "We wuz robbed!").

Still other letter writers sent along their entries for his professional criticism—and that gave Shepherd the idea of starting America's first contest-technique academy.

"After all," he reasoned, "if I'm not an expert, who is?" Charging $20 for his course, he became a one-man school. He typed out lessons, cut stencils, and ran them off on a mimeograph machine in the bedroom of his home. The correspondence he kept in files in his cellar.

Bowing Out as a Contestant

The school did not make much money the first few years, so Shepherd continued to enter contests. He won some 100 prizes, valued at $5,000, including an automobile in one contest and a trip to Bermuda in another. By 1937, his school had begun to prove so profitable that he wrote the National Contesters Association, a thirteen-year-old fraternal organization whose membership consists largely of Shepherd alumni, that he would henceforth never enter another contest. "I don't want to be charged with competing against my students," he said.

Today the only member of his staff who enters contests is his assistant dean, Buell Snyder, a pleasant former advertising copywriter of thirty-five, who has been Shepherd's right-hand man since 1938. Snyder is a connoisseur in the art of whipping together questions for radio quiz shows. He wins from 75 to 100 prizes a year.

Snyder's greatest difficulty is convincing people that he works—and likes working for—a contest school. When he was inducted into the Army during the last war, he faced this quandary when he was interviewed at Camp Lee, Virginia.

"What do you do for a living?" the interviewing officer asked him.

Snyder coughed nervously. "This will take some time to tell."

"Well, this is a big war," the officer replied wearily. "I've interviewed everybody from tap dancers to pearl divers. Just give it to me simply."

Snyder recalls that the officer became so absorbed in his recital that it took two hours to inform him. Even then, the officer was hesitant. "What shall I put down for your vocation?" he asked.

They settled for "public relations man."

Whatever the proper name of his business, for Shepherd it holds open vast and rosy vistas. His eyes glint with fervor as he talks rapturously of firms planning more and more contests and offering more and larger prizes. He foresees an increasing number of people becoming amateur philologists, manipulating an increasing number of words, until they have cultivated what semanticists may recognize someday as a new kind of American Contest Language.

"And just think," says Shepherd, "of all the millions of Americans who have yet to enter a box-top contest!" THE END

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "Hi, Butch. Workin' hard?" LARRY REYNOLDS

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The Happiest Man in Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

for Hollywood cow hands and the heart of movietown's Poverty Row. The Katzman working capital totaled $80. But his bride was earning $125 a week as a film player under contract to Pathe, and her income kept the sheriff at a safe distance while Sam was making good.

Katzman's first venture as an independent producer was not a serial but a feature-length picture, His Private Secretary, which he wrote himself. He attributes his success at putting it over to those of his friends, including John Wayne, the actor, who let Sam take advantage of them. Sam would hire his players on a promise-to-pay basis. He used the same formula to rent stage space at the old Beachwood Studios, now part of Columbia Pictures. Wayne was featured in the picture, which Sam made in six days at an over-all cost of $13,000, virtually all of it on paper. The film paid off, and so did Sam.

Proudly graduating from Poverty Row, Katzman has been in business for himself ever since. For years now his annual income has never fallen below $100,000. Today, in addition to cliff-hangers, he produces low-budget features including musicals.

In 1937 he made his first serial, Blake of Scotland Yard. Sam bought the original story from Robert F. Hill, a director-writer, at a price under $3,000. In anybody's book this was a bargain. The purchase price included Hill's services as a writer and director, and moreover he helped design the sets, although that wasn't part of the deal.

The leitmotiv of the movie serial has always been the hazard which the good people must meet and overcome. Since the days of Pearl White and Ruth Roland this has remained classically the same, although scientific developments such as radar and the atom bomb keep opening up new and wider vistas. Yet the old stand-bys continue to be explosions, fires, speeding trains, floods, cars careening off the highway and, of course, the cliff.

The Men Who Risk Their Necks

It all looks like risky business. Actually it isn't—at least not for the heroes whose exploits are seen and applauded. In the old days nobody thought of using a stunt man to double for the star. Today, Sam can't afford to let his leading players take risks. An accident to a leading player might prove fatal to the production—to say nothing about the player. The risks are taken by professional stunt men, who invariably double for the star in the actual filming of the hazard, which is always shot from afar. The crash or the leap accomplished, the camera then moves up closer, at which point the hero takes over.

The real-life derring-do which characterized cliff-hangers of the Pearl White era and made their filming a genuine hazard has now been reduced to a minimum by the use of special effects, miniatures, animation and camera tricks. Katzman insists they are *tricks*, not *fakes*.

In Atom Man versus Superman, for example, there's a ship burning at sea. That scene is the real McCoy; the ship was the old Morro Castle and the scene was clipped from an old newsreel shot of the fire which gutted her more than a decade ago off the Jersey coast. But suddenly, in the Katzman opus, Superman is seen flying over the ill-fated vessel; he is there through the courtesy of a skillful artist who, using the simple expedient of pen and ink, has superimposed an animation of Superman on the old newsreel shot.

When Superman, in the person of Kirk Allyn, swoops down on the deck, he does indeed swoop—by the use of suspended wires. In a trice, he rescues two people by snatching them up in his arms. At this point the camera stops rolling; the very next scene, where Superman is seen bearing his human cargo through the air, is again the handiwork of the animated-cartoon man.

Katzman turns out cliff-hangers at the rate of three or four a year. Each comprises 31 reels and is completed in from 24 to 28 days of shooting. He has produced among many others, Hop Harrigan, Chick Carter—Detective, Son of the Guardsman, Jack Armstrong, Brick Bradford, Congo Bill, Bruce Gentry, Superman, and Batman and Robin.

Speed, not perfection, is the essence of serial production. What careful preparation there is goes into the readying of a Katzman script—the responsibility of George Plympton, a veteran of the film capital who since 1920 has been associated with the writing of 85 cliff-hangers. The script is written, rewritten and polished before the first scene is filmed.

"It's necessary," Katzman explains, "to know in advance exactly where we're going and how we're going to get there."

Cameras Shoot at Swift Pace

Once filming begins, however, the pace is breakneck by feature-length movie standards. Cast and crew move swiftly from one scene to another; the director briefly explains the action, calls "Camera!" and the action starts and ends quickly. There are no retakes. A scene, in order to be passable, does not have to be 100 per cent right. The Katzman criterion is: "Will it get by with a serial audience?"

That it usually does is proved by the fact that virtually no Katzman serial is without profit at the box office. Serials cost an average of $200,000 to $300,000 to produce—peanuts by comparison with most Hollywood ventures—and profits range from $10,000 all the way up to $500,000. Atom Man versus Superman is expected to gross over $1,000,000 in the long run. It is being exhibited in 30 foreign countries in six languages—French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Hebrew and Arabic.

Katzman is an independent producer, a status, he says, which suits him to a T. He has a contractual agreement with Columbia Pictures whereby that studio releases his films and, in addition, furnishes him office space and the use of stages and equipment. But he is free to hire or fire as he pleases and to pick his stories without front-office coaching.

This arrangement is a decided advantage for a gentleman like Sam, the value of whose material depends so largely on being up-to-the-minute. Just a few weeks ago, for example, Sam saw a chance to detour briefly from his satisfying serial-making rut; taking his cue from the Korea headlines, he raced into production with a quickie titled A Yank in Korea.

"The picture has as much suspense as any of my cliff-hangers," Sam says. "We went into the trenches in Burbank every night for a week. We fired real bazookas, blew up an ammunition dump, crossed 'enemy' lines and rescued a stalled train carrying wounded GIs.

"Finished our job," Sam says proudly, "well ahead of two other producers trying to beat us to the punch with a Korea story."

All of which goes into making Sam chief contender for the title of happiest man in Hollywood. But the final clincher may well be his proud conviction that his "babies," as he calls his cliff-hangers, are a medium for good. "I know not what course others may take," Sam says, taking his cue from Patrick Henry, "but as for myself, I always intend to produce serials. They have a wholesome effect on youth. They point up a moral—that good triumphs over evil."

Sam doesn't consider it his fault that this does not always follow in real life. It's his theory that good *should* triumph and in his productions it always will. THE END

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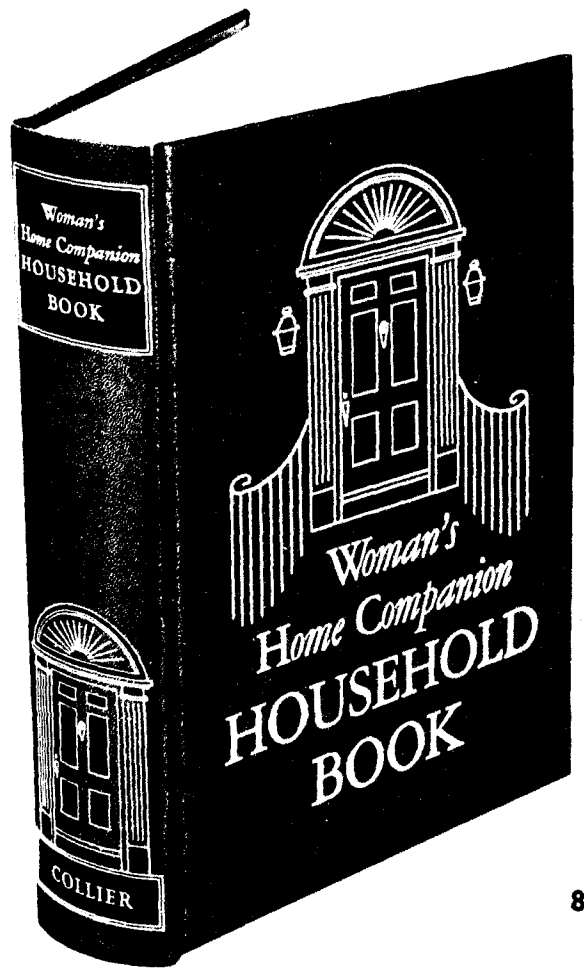

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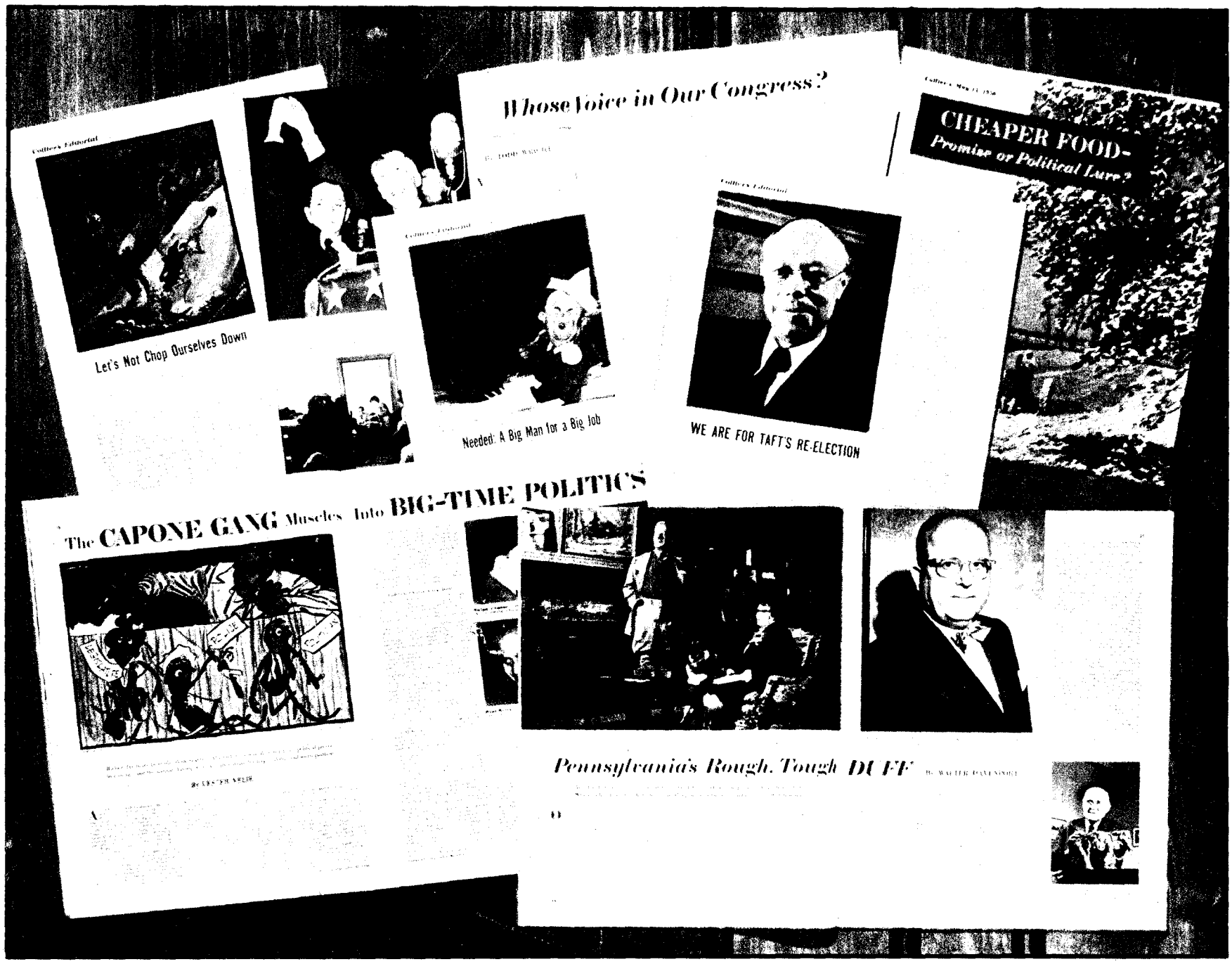
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WILLIAM O'NEILL

CAUSES and EFFECTS

HERE WE ARE AGAIN at the season of good intention when people customarily take a year-end time out for a backward and forward look. So this department, not being one to fracture tradition without good cause, will now proceed with a few retrospects and resolutions.

First of all, there won't be any radical new looks or new policies for Collier's in 1951. Our aim, in every department, is to put together an interesting, informative, entertaining and attractive magazine. We intend to keep on doing what we have been doing, and to try to do it better.

The last statement isn't born of complacency, and isn't meant to sound so. At the same time we all take a real satisfaction in some of the revelations and recommendations that we made in 1950, because we have seen them translated into public action. Collier's isn't making any immoderate claims to singlehanded influence on the November elections or other significant happenings in government and politics. Yet we believe that the magazine's part in some causes and effects was more than coincidence.

For instance, an article by Lester Velie last September lifted the lid on an unsavory mess in Chicago and revealed the close connection between remnants of the Capone Gang and the city's political leaders. (The Chicago Daily News paid us the rather unusual compliment of reprinting the whole article, which suggests that much of Mr. Velie's story was exclusive as well as explosive.) Two months later the voters of normally Democratic Chicago lowered the boom, with the result that the Cook County party machine was practically wrecked, its boss man resigned, and not only the remarkably rich cop who was running for county sheriff but also Mr. Scott Lucas, majority leader of the Senate, wound up on the losing side.

Collier's teed off on Vito Marcantonio, the way-to-the-left Representative from New York City, and Congressman Marc got beat. It did a piece called Pennsylvania's Rough, Tough Duff, and Governor Duff won a seat in the Senate. It came out editorially for Senator Taft's re-election last January, and Mr. T. ran up his biggest plurality in winning.

Collier's exposed gambling, gangsterism and political string-pulling in other cities besides Chicago and, accidentally or not, the Kefauver crime-investigating committee came into being shortly afterward and started covering the same territory. This magazine launched the campaign for the removal of Louis Johnson as Secretary of Defense. Mr. Johnson has departed.

On several occasions Collier's blew the whistle on the Brannan Plan, the take-the-big-out-of-big-business campaign and other aspects of the "welfare state." When the electioneering started, Mr. Truman's so-called Fair Deal was pretty well hushed up as a vital issue, and most candidates who tried to sell it big seem to have wound up taking quite a thumping.

There were other matters, such as the urgent importance of Hawaiian statehood and the decent necessity of a memorial to the victims of the Pearl Harbor attack, which Collier's has supported vigorously and which have won public and official support. We don't mind saying that we're glad they have.

It isn't enough for a magazine like ours to reflect public opinion. You've got to keep a jump or two ahead of it. And that's what we are trying to do, all the time—this year and next year and every year.

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